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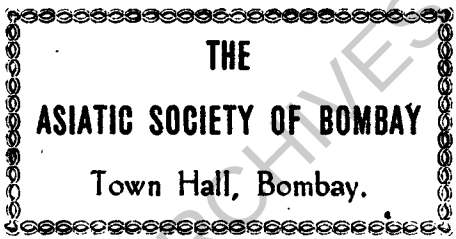

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THE COLLECTED PAPERS
OF
SIR A. W. WARD

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

VOLUME FIVE
TRAVEL AND MISCELLANEOUS

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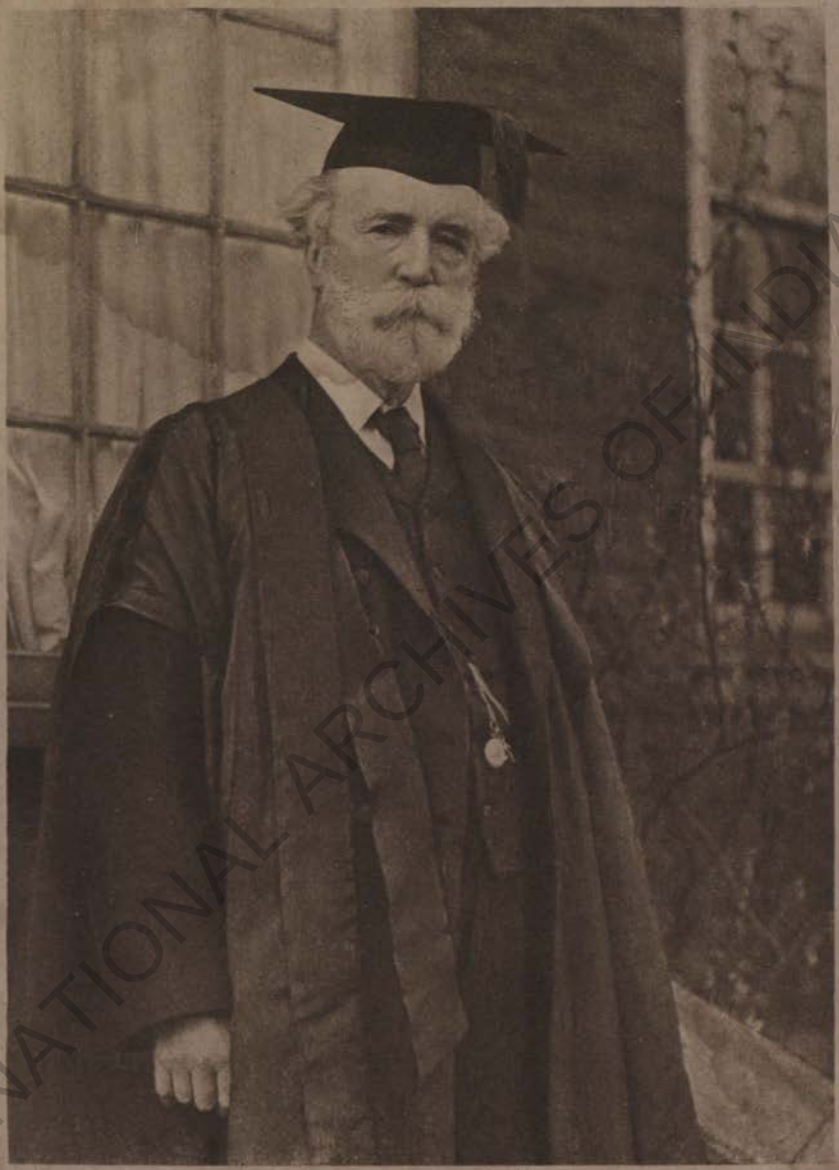

A. W. Hume

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF INDIA

COLLECTED PAPERS

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, TRAVEL AND MISCELLANEOUS

BY

SIR ADOLPHUS WILLIAM WARD

LITT.D., HON. LL.D., HON. PH.D., F.B.A.

MASTER OF PETERHOUSE

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VOLUME FIVE

TRAVEL AND MISCELLANEOUS

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PREFATORY NOTE

I AM unwilling to send forth this concluding volume of my Collected Papers, without once more thanking the Syndics of our University Press for their kindness in publishing them, and on so generous a scale. I have, in conscience, felt obliged to omit some papers which I had hoped to include in this volume—among them a few addresses to the British Academy and to the Royal Historical Society, which will be found in the Transactions of those learned bodies, over which I have in my day had the high honour to preside. I have also confined the reprint of a long series of theatrical criticisms, contributed by me in my younger days to the *Manchester Guardian*, to a single example—a tribute to the greatest English actress of the last generation. As it stands, the contents of this volume will be allowed to be miscellaneous enough; but the kindly treatment experienced by its predecessors encourages me to hope for it a similar fate.

A. W. W.

PETERHOUSE LODGE.
August 1921.

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SIR A. W. WARD . . . . . FRONTISPIECE

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CORRIGENDA

p. 42, l. 10. For *spouse* read *mother*.
p. 71, l. 22. For *Lombardy* read *Livonia*.
p. 125, note 2. For *Forcade's preface* read *Forcade on the Preface*.
p. 161, l. 4. For *Antonius* read *Antoninus*.
p. 162, l. 21. For *Gallius* read *Gellius*.
p. 413, l. 6. For *Blomfield* read *Bloomfield*.
p. 417, l. 7 from bottom. For *Monro* read *Munro*.
p. 430, l. 12. For *Cathcart* read *Calvert*.

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1882. Dickens. (English Men of Letters.)

1889. The Counter-Reformation. (Epochs of Church History.)

1894. The Spider and the Flie. By John Heywood. Ed. by A. W. W. (Publications of the Spenser Society.)

1894–1912. The Poems of John Byrom. Ed., with introduction, by A. W. W. (Chetham Society's Publications.) 3 vols. Manchester.

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The following chapters are by A. W. W.:

Vol. I. ch. 13. The Netherlands.
Vol. III. ch. 5. The Empire under Ferdinand I and Maximilian II.
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ch. 3. The Protestant Collapse.
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Vol. IX. chs. 19, 21. The Congress of Vienna.
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The following chapters are by A. W. W.:

Vol. V. ch. 1. Origins of English Drama.
ch. 14. Some political and social aspects of the later Elizabethan and earlier Stewart period.
Vol. VI. ch. 4. Thomas Heywood.
Vol. VII. chs. 8, 9. Historical and Political Writings (latter part of the 17th century).
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Vol. XIII. ch. 11. The Political and Social Novel.
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COLLECTED PAPERS

TRAVEL AND MISCELLANEOUS

1. DELPHI

(*The Cornhill Magazine*, July 1877.)

I

We had (speaking figuratively) hung up our bridles in the temple of Athene Chalinitis at Corinth before taking boat across the eastern half of the gulf. After a dreamy passage through its blue waters, we found ourselves landed in the full heat of noon at Itea, the Scala, i.e. stair, or landing place, of Salona, which occupies the site of Amphissa, the chief town of the Ozolian Locrians. No horses are to be met with at Itea; and the camels stalking beneath their burdens along the quay were clearly not designed by Nature for the climbing of mountain passes. Soon our humble procession of mules was jangling across the dusty plain; and our pilgrimage to Delphi—the dream of many years—had begun in earnest.

Fields of corn and clumps of olive-trees and vineyards, with the berries trailing along the ground, cover the Crissæan plain—and all are overspread by a grey coat of dust. Unlike the mules of the Phæacian princess, our beasts show no disposition to run with speed and move well onward with their legs, but they too shall in time gain praise as strong-hoofed and as the most

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sure-footed of mountaineers. Meanwhile, their guardians, stepping briskly along in gaiters and petticoats of many folds, are urging them on with long-drawn cries, melancholy and monotonous. These cries, varied now and then by amœbæan strains of unmitigated discord, are to be the accompaniment of our journeyings for many days, till at last we bid farewell to our honest muleteers as they sit at their parting feast before the steaming cookshop of St Demetrius in Thebes fair. Today, we are only on the eve of our toils through the Parnassus-country. Not a breath of air is stirring in the sultry noontide. Above, the sun is blazing out of a cloudless blue, and the birds are asleep, in silent concert with the dozing boy aloft on his scaffold of straw in the field.

The plain through which we are riding, in ancient times as now, furnished an easy access to the Delphic pass; and the seaport of Cirrha, whose remains are sought a little to the east of our landing-place, had grown wealthy in consequence. With wealth came insolence and outrages, and in the course of time vengeance overtook the citizens of the flourishing seaport; a Sacred War, waged in the interests of the Temple and its pious visitors, destroyed Cirrha and consecrated the whole of the plain to the Delphic Apollo. The victors employed the spoils in founding the Pythian games, which were at first no doubt celebrated on the plain itself. The chariot of Clisthenes of Sicyon, whose ships had cut off the supplies of the Cirrhæans in the Sacred War, gained him the laurel-wreath in the second of these contests, which three centuries later the great Athenian orator could still call the common *agôn* of the Greeks. But there was another purpose of a more useful

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character, for which the whole of the plain between Mount Cirphis and the sea was left untilled. Whoever approached the oracle had first to offer sacrifice under the superintendence of its priests. The Cretan mariners whom Apollo had chosen for the founders of his temple had faltered at the outset, when bidden to build a temple on the rocky height. "How," they had asked of the god, "shall we be able to live in such a spot?" "Foolish men and fainthearted," the god replied, "who think but of toil and trouble. I will give you counsel easier to follow. Each of you take his knife in his hand and be ever ready to sacrifice sheep; these shall be brought to me in endless numbers by the people; guard ye the temple and receive its visitors." The lesson of faith was soon learnt, and during long centuries the priests could say, as Ion said to Creusa, "The altars have nourished me, and the ceaseless flow of visitors." The plain thus became a pasture-ground for the destined victims of the Delphic sacrifices, and remained untilled and unpeopled. But the seaport was, after all, a necessity for the temple itself, and in course of time it crept into a furtive life again. When, in after days, King Philip of Macedon had established the headquarters of his intrigues at Delphi, his good friends the Locrians of Amphissa took possession of Cirrha and began building there. But a well-organised fit of religious enthusiasm swept away the encroachments; and, nominally to avenge this petty trespass, another Sacred War was kindled, which laid Amphissa level with the ground, and which in its results —for such are sometimes the results of little wars in which great Powers have a hand—extinguished the liberties of Hellas.

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From this fatal plain, over which Apollo was long lord from the hillside to the sea, a gradual stony ascent conducts us to the village of Chryso, at the entrance of the Delphic gorge. Here we pause, as the pilgrims may have paused of old, to drink from one of the welcome springs of the village, and to mend the scanty furniture of our mules. It is the first of the villages of Parnassus where fancy (for it is nothing more) supposes the Greek population to survive in unmixed purity of race. Nowhere, at all events, are taller and lither mountaineers to be found than among the Parnassian villagers; for the beauty of their daughters it is better not to seek too hopefully. During our brief halt at Chryso we are the centre of an undisguised but unobtrusive curiosity; a patriarch on his doorstep conducts the conversation with our eloquent travelling servant, and from the lattice above we are silently surveyed by heads half-hidden in the rosemary growing out of the *οὐχί* and *ναὶ* of a ballot-box.

Chryso stands on the site—it can hardly be doubted—of the ancient Crissa, the Phocian city to which Delphi originally belonged as a mere local sanctuary. The Homeric Hymn to Apollo, written about the 8th century, does not regard Delphi as a separate place from Crissa. "Come," it says, "to Crissa, under sunny Parnassus—a height turned to the west; over it hangs a rock; beneath runs a hollow precipitous ravine." Crissa was the natural acropolis of the plain of which Cirrha was the port, and commanded the rocky valley, where its citizens established sanctuaries of religious worship—doubtless of other deities in the first instance, and then of Apollo. When the Dorian advance from Thessaly

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to the rear of Parnassus opened the connexion between Delphi and Tempe, when the sacred road was built from Delphi to Mount Olympus, and when the Dorians gave the impulse to the foundation of the great League which took Delphi under its special protection, the local sanctuary became a national one, Hellenic instead of Crissæan. The question thus at once arose whether the Crissæans, or the Phocians, of whom they formed part, could maintain their claim to administer the revenues and manage the affairs of the Delphic Temple, or whether the latter, self-governed and independent, should be emancipated from local control. As against Crissa, the question was settled early in the 6th century by the Sacred War already mentioned, in which the seaport of Cirrha was destroyed, and Crissa itself (for its precise fate is unknown) was at all events permanently reduced to insignificance. Athens—with Sicyon—had on this occasion come forward as the champion of national as against local pretensions; the whole war had been Solon's work. For Athens had been recently consecrated as a city to Apollo, who had hitherto only been the god of the Eupatrid families; and the Sacred War seemed a fit enterprise for a community once more at peace with itself, and looking forward to a legislative settlement of its institutions. The later Delphic policy of Athens is not wholly consistent with the earlier; for, as regards the Phocians, it suited the Athenians in later times to espouse their claims to the management of the Temple, which they asserted by force in the days of Philip. The brief epoch of Phocian ascendancy ended in the ruin and desolation of Phocis itself.

Thus, Crissa at an early period lost its share in the

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glories of Delphi—and became merely the entrance or portal to the road over which it had of old naturally exercised sovereign control. Such fragments of marble and other ancient remains as are still observable at Chryso may have afterwards been brought from Delphi in the days of its downfall, and need not detain us on our journey. That journey, it can hardly be doubted, takes us along the very road by which the *theoriæ* or sacred processions usually approached the Temple—since it is difficult to suppose that, instead of passing along the middle of the western ridge of the valley of the Plistus, they followed the bottom of that valley itself, whence the sacred edifices of Delphi would have appeared at a giddy height above the pilgrims' heads.

Even without its associations, the two-hours' ride from Chryso to Castri, from Crissa, i.e., to Delphi, may be called unsurpassed in the impressiveness of its scenery. Next to its lacking all associations, the safest test to apply to the effect of natural scenery is perhaps to imagine the wrong ones—like the faithful Murray, for instance, who thinks himself safe in describing "all around" as "stern, a fit approach to a shrine of gloomy superstition." This is, perhaps, the very last way of describing the character of the Delphic sanctuary on which one would have naturally fallen; but the description of the pass, before the neighbourhood of Delphi is reached, seems accurate enough. Nature is indeed stern and gloomy, as viewed from the road between Parnassus and Cirphis in the valley of the Plistus, and the precipitous sides of the mountain, along which lie scattered in wild chaos the stones and rocks torn off by the earthquakes in their wild sport, descend with

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tremendous severity to the bed of the little stream below. But the awe which nature inspires in her self-inflicted desolation, the terror which she would inspire if the tempest were up on the mountain side and the rocks were quaking on their bases, and the streams in the valley were swollen to a destructive torrent, are feelings not in harmony with the worship in the Temple beyond, sacred to the god who had cast them out. The book is open before us in which to read the meaning of the name of the Pythian Apollo. For what is the slaying of the dragon Python, from which the god derives his best-beloved name, but the victory of light over darkness, the staying of the powers of destruction by the divine beneficence, the arresting of the horrors of inundation and decay in the valley of the shadow of death beneath? The significance of the myth easily extending itself from the material to the moral world, it became the symbolic basis of most of the festive solemnities of the Delphic temple, and the triumphal cry which first arose when the monster lay smitten by the shaft of Apollo became the vocal device of victory and thanksgiving throughout the Hellenic world. Ἰὴ ἰὴ Παιῆον, no longer shall the earth-born monster desolate the fields, and destroy men and beasts, and drink the rivulets, and scare the nymphs, and encircle the mountains in his terrible embraces; a helper and a healer is come, and the power of the sun-god has broken nature's winter.

In the days when the Delphic Temple was honoured as the common sanctuary of the Hellenic world, and even for some time after its most glorious period had passed, neither Temple nor city seems to have required the ordinary protection of walls. Delphi was certainly

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not a fortified city so late as the middle of the 4th century B.C., when it was forcibly seized by the Phocian general, Philomelus; and when, rather less than a century afterwards, it was attacked by the Gauls, it is expressly stated to have had no other than its natural defences. This was the occasion when the god, being asked how he would defend his Temple, replied by the mouth of the Pythia, "I will provide for that—I and the White Maidens." The White Maidens, whose onset confounded the Celtic host, were the snowdrifts on the heights of Parnassus. We saw one of them next day, hiding on the side of one of the peaks of the mountain, away from the rays of Apollo, the lover of her sister Chione. On the north side, Delphi needs no walls, for here rise the twin natural parapets of Nauplia and Hyampeia; on the south the mountain side descends—the inlets are only to the east and the west. But that to the east is described already by Pausanias as steep and difficult; it is that which leads up from the Schiste—or Divided Way—where the three roads from Daulis, Ambrysus, and Delphi meet. Doubtless this route, difficult as it was, was much used by the pilgrims from Thebes and Athens; it formed part of the Pythian road proper, which the Athenians gloried in having themselves opened, and which their royal hero Theseus was said to have purged of robbers. A famous legend testifies to its narrowness. It was before the entrance to the Schiste that the chariot of the ill-fated Œdipus met that of Laïus in the narrow path. We saw the spot on our journey from Delphi, and listened to the narrative of a horrible event which has attached to the scene a new memory of blood. Hardby, there rises a monu-

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ment in honour of Megas, once a notorious brigand, and afterwards brigand-catcher in the service of King Otho's Government. He had caught in the trap of the cross-roads one of the brigand chiefs, whose head he had promised to bring home to Athens to the good Queen Amalia; and the dying robber begged his captor, an old comrade, for one parting embrace. Megas could not refuse it, and his captive stabbed him dead as they kissed. The eastern road, then, required but little defence; and it was on the west only that, in the later days of the Temple, the Delphians built their wall, the traces of which are among the first Delphic remains meeting the traveller's eye on the western road. Before he reaches these, however, he has already noticed sepulchral excavations in the rocks, where the citizens buried their dead—where, perhaps, weary pilgrims may at times have been laid to sleep in the vicinity of the restful sanctuary.

Soon we reach the houses of the village of Castri, which occupies the site of Delphi itself. We are in a great natural amphitheatre of terraces, descending towards the bed of the river Plistus beneath, and ascending to the base of the rocky wall behind. The first part of the circle of rocky mountains above Delphi consists of the Phædriades, whose crags shut out the view of plain and sea, except through the inlet of the gorge, and, as seen from the other end of the Delphic enclosure, receive the first rays of the morning sun. Immediately beneath these lay the *stadium* or race-course—constructed in the later days when the art of architect and engineer did not shrink from so difficult a task—the theatre, the *lesche*, and lowest the Temple of

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Apollo itself, built on a terrace supported by an ancient Pelasgic wall. It was this wall which was in part brought to light, with the inscriptions covering it, by Ottfried Müller and Ernst Curtius, when they paid a visit to Delphi in the year 1840. It was a fatal visit for the elder, and at that time more famous, of the pair; for exposure to the sun while he was copying the Delphic inscriptions, followed by a journey through the Copaic marshes and their evil exhalations, threw him on a sickbed from which he never rose. French scholars, deputed by that French School of resident archæologists at Athens which has done such noble service to the exploration of Greek antiquity, followed in the track of these illustrious predecessors; and it seems probable that their labours, and those of MM. Foucart and Wescher, will at no distant date be resumed by the Athenian Society of Archæology, of whom we met an eager and courteous representative on the spot. The French discoverers found some drums and capitals of Corinthian columns, which seem to belong to the ancient Temple—to that which was begun by the Alcmæonidæ towards the end of the 6th century, and of which a Corinthian, Spintharus, was the first architect. They found subterraneous chambers—probably those in which the treasures of the Temple were concealed in the Homeric days, and whence the Phocians would have snatched them, had not the god, by the warning sounds of an earthquake, stayed their impious enterprise. And—following an indication given by Pausanias—they reached the very place of the *adyton*, or holy of holies, of the Temple, whither the water of the fountain Cassotis, descending from the Phædriades and passing underground, carried

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its inspiring stream. The water of Cassotis for a time ceased to flow; and underneath its calcareous deposits were found inscriptions of the 2nd century B.C. Where the line of the stream crosses the enclosure of the Temple must have been the spot on which the Pythia set up her tripod, and whence she delivered the oracles of the god from under his golden statue.

Leaving the ruins of the Temple of Apollo and the houses of the village which cover so large an unexcavated part of them behind us on the left, we pass the rocky fissure which separates the two beetling rocks of Nauplia and Hyampeia—whose twin points caused the ancients to call Parnassus, of which they are by no means the summits, the two-headed mountain. It is through this chasm that the Castalian fountain once poured its lustral waters into the basin beneath. Part of its course is still discernible in a cave into which we penetrated, but which in winter the melting snow renders inaccessible; the rocks, however, have been moved by the earthquakes, and one of the last of these—in 1870—crushes out of sight the basin itself. But in the rock by its side may still be seen the niches where votive offerings were doubtless placed for the nymphs, and in one of which the inhabitants to this day deposit their tributes to a Christian saint. A pool of clear water, which we may fairly call Castalian, is still bubbling from a perennial spring: and we drink a draught of the ice-cold element without whose purification no worshipper approached the temple, and the Pythia herself did not dare to utter her prophecies.

A little further, hard by the locality of the ancient gymnasium, and on the spot—or near it—where the

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temple of Athene Pronaia rose to welcome the Athenian pilgrims arriving on the Schiste road, is the little monastery of the Panagia—the Blessed Virgin—served (as most monasteries now are in Greece) by a single priest. He makes us welcome to his little house and yard, where over pavements of ancient marbles one may step into his little church, barbarously gay in its solitude with the tawdry ornaments of modern Greek devotion. From the wooden balcony of the house we watch the shades of night gathering in the gorge, the whole length of which lies stretched out before us, and lie down to rest. Day passes into darkness and darkness into light without a change in the temperature, with scarce a stir in the deep tranquillity around, till at last "the lustrous car with yokèd steeds, the sun is shining o'er the earth, and banishing before his fire the stars into the sacred night. The trackless summits of Parnassus now are lighted up and joyously receive for mortal men the chariot of day."

II

To the historical student, Delphi is not indeed the navel of the earth, but the centre of much that is noblest and most elevating in one of the noblest and most elevating spheres of human history.

One of the influences which gave to Hellas and Hellenic culture during a long period much of the measure of unity which they possessed, not only had and was acknowledged to have its actual centre here, but was historically identified with the name of Delphi by the Greek world and that part of the outside world which came into contact with it. This influence was

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that of the Apolline religion and worship—a worship which, so far from seeking to oust or depreciate those of other deities, rather elevated and strengthened them by uniting itself with them, and tended to range them all in a system which reached its apex in the worship of Zeus Hypatos, the Highest God. Thus the temples of other divinities rose by the side of that of Apollo in the Delphic valley—there at the eastern entrance was worshipped Athene Pronoia or Pronaia (likewise worshipped on Apollo's sacred isle of Delos); there burnt the sacred fire of Hestia, *omphalos* proper of the earth, where all who came to consult the Oracle were first bound to offer sacrifice; there Dionysus, as Plutarch expressly tells us, was honoured as zealously as Apollo himself, and the grave from which he annually rose was guarded in the *adyton* by the side of the Pythian tripod. To his father Zeus, Apollo paid the highest reverence; the temple at Olympia was built under the sanction of Delphi; and, in the degenerate days when religious belief had stiffened into calculating superstition, it was thought a safe plan—not to call it a pious dodge—to obtain an oracle from the Olympian Zeus and then have it confirmed (for contradicted it could not be) by the Pythian Apollo.

This Apolline worship itself was (speaking of the Hellenic world) singularly cosmopolitan. Crete shared it with Delphi; and it was familiar to Attica and the whole of Ionia. When the Dorians established a seat of the Amphictyony at Delphi, a whole series of Apolline foundations arose along the road from Mount Olympus to the valley of the Plistus. For a long time at least, the Dorians, even in Peloponnesus, preserved

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a peculiar attachment to Apollo; nor could a bitterer shame have been inflicted upon Sparta in after days by the victorious Thebans than her exclusion from the Pythian Games. In these Games we recognise a specially characteristic influence of the Apolline religion. Unlike those of the great Hellenic festivals, they included competitions in music as well as the gymnastic art. Indeed, at first Apollo had disdained other than music contests near his sanctuary, and, had our piety been more wakeful during our ride through Delphi, we might have remembered Tilphusa's protest in the Homeric Hymn, while our thirsty mules were jostling one another for a share in the water descending from the Phædriades. "Thou art vexed by the sound of swift horses, and by mules quenching their thirst from my sacred springs." By these festivals, and the devotion to music which they expressed, Delphi became a school of Apolline art; and the flowing Ionic robes of the cither-player are those of the festive dress of the Delphic Apollo. The route of the processions which repaired to these Games was an almost unbroken chain of Pythian temples and oracles; and Pindar sang of this marvellous extension of the worship of Apollo in the form of a legend of the wanderings of the god himself. But that power through which he most specially and effectively diffused his influence was exercised through his oracles themselves, and above all through those delivered in his Temple at Delphi.

The Delphic Oracle was of course only one among several institutions of the same kind in the Hellenic world; and it may therefore be well at once to enquire wherein for us consists its singular significance. There can be little doubt that the wisdom of the earliest Greek

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Oracles—of which Dodona in Epirus was the most ancient and the chief—was originally a weather-wisdom, and that the earliest prophetesses consulted there were the birds of the air—the black doves who settled in the branches of the prophetic oak. The Dodona Oracle was, in short, as it has been called[1], a great meteorological observatory; but such an observatory, if it can be relied upon, is of primary importance for a population consisting entirely of husbandmen, and entirely dependent for its sustenance not only upon the harvest but upon the harvest of its own soil. Soon, the discovery was made that not only the birds are sensitive to the warnings of the atmosphere, but human beings as well, among them more especially women. Asking advice on one subject leads to asking advice on another; and counsel was soon sought from the wisdom of Dodona on other matters besides those directly connected with the change of the seasons and the coming and going of the storms. But if the heavens were watched and the foreknowledge they disclosed of coming events was interpreted to eager questioners, so was the earth, whose succession of products likewise seemed to reveal the same innate prophetic gift. Thus the personified Earth came to be honoured as the most primitive of prophets, and from her it was supposed that her prophetic power was communicated by her mysterious outpourings—her exhalations and her springs. Many oracular localities thus acquired fame—among them, at an early date, the rocky Pytho, where natural instinct (goats were said to have discovered the Delphic Oracle, and doubtless they were the earliest and will be the latest inhabitants

[1] See E. Döhler's admirable lecture *Die Orakel* (Berlin, 1872).

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of the gorge) revealed the prophetic spot. The Earth —the Night—Themis, the law-giver—Posidon, who shakes the earth with his trident—Athene Pronoia, the goddess of foresight—Hestia—all these were successively connected with the Delphic Oracle before it was taken possession of by Apollo. He did not expel their worships when he established his own among them; he was but a prophet among prophets, but the most powerful among them all—the all-seeing one, whose beams shed light upon all things, and evoked from the responsive earth the inspiring exhalations.

But the full significance, the historic significance properly speaking, of the Apolline Oracle at Delphi, only begins when it became the centre of a great political organisation, which, without being strictly national in its extent, yet partook of the character of a national institution. The agricultural tribes had now grown into political communities, their interests and needs had come to extend beyond questions of seed-time and harvest-time, and the counsel they asked from their established centre referred to questions of social conduct and political life, to questions of war and peace, of legislation and constitution, of public institutions and party contests, of the foundation of settlements and colonies. No merely human instinct, fortified by merely human experience, seemed capable of satisfying such demands as these. Divination became inspiration; it assumed the forms of that fine frenzy which possesses the poet; it clothed itself in rhythmic language, and communicated itself through the lips of women wholly under the dominion of the god. It is in this period that the influence and authority of the Delphic Oracle were

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indisputably at their height. Freed from the local control of a Phocian country town, it had become an independent power free to manage its own affairs. Noble families from whom the priestly officers were chosen stood at its head, with a council, and in later times an assembly, a small civic community, and a tributary rural population. Among the priestly officers a body of five ἅγιοι, or Holy Ones, seems to have formed a directory; they have been, more or less aptly, compared to a College of Cardinals. The sanctity of the Delphic territory was guaranteed by the Amphictyony, and the Delphic State occupied a position in Greece something like that which the Papal States would have held in the reorganised Italy contemplated by Napoleon III after Villafranca. But its strength lay in the piety which it commanded throughout Hellas and wherever the Hellenic name was honoured. Cypselus of Corinth, Clisthenes of Sicyon, Solon of Athens—these are among the names connecting themselves with its greatest age; it was honoured by Phrygian princes and by the kings of Lydia, by the Etruscans and the Etruscan family on the royal throne at Rome (the Tarquinii), and by the founders of the young Republic. Its civilising influence spread in a network of roads close to its Temple through Greece; it pointed the way to the Greeks on their expeditions of foreign discovery and settlement; it welcomed, in the name of Hellas as it were, foreign princes who desired to enter into relations of intimacy with the Hellenic world. It stirred and directed the national activity by the impulse of its counsel and the fulness of its geographical knowledge, and was acknowledged as the consultative centre of the political world

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of Greece both at home and abroad. The legislation of Lycurgus at Sparta appealed to a Delphic sanction; indeed, Apollo himself is sometimes mentioned as its author. It was his behest which commended the laws of Zaleucus as the healing remedy for the dissensions of the Epizephyrian Locrians. Solon was called upon by Delphi to place himself at the helm of the Attic State; and the reforms of Clisthenes, which perfected the operations of the Solonian Constitution, were consecrated by the same authority. Such was the power of Delphi in the days of its greatness—about the time when the conflagration of the Temple befel, and when the piety of Greece, above all that of an exiled family of Athenian nobles, restored it with munificent splendour.

After this climax came the beginning of the period of decline. The primary cause of this decline is to be sought in the decay of that spirit of national unity of which Delphi was the representative. Sparta had become a Peloponnesian Power; and as she had done nothing for Delphi in the First Sacred War, so, though she still revered, and at critical seasons followed, the Delphic behests, her eyes were turned rather towards Olympia than to the northern sanctuary across the gulf. She had encouraged the establishment of other festive centres, all purely Dorian in origin and association. The growth of Athens was preparing the fatal dualism which was to rend Hellas asunder; but Athens was fermenting in revolution and Tyranny, from which Delphi, holding fast to the old order, averted its eye. When the great trial of the Persian Wars came upon Greece, she would have fallen, a trembling prey, into the grasp of the conqueror, had not Athens, at the bidding of one statesman

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of transcendent genius and foresight, placed herself in the van—virtually alone in spirit. At this crisis, Delphi hesitated and held back, and when the war had been waged and the victory won, proved unable to mould itself to the new times and the new greatness of Athens, Delphi's own truest defender of old, as she had now shown herself the truest champion of Hellenic freedom. Though the courage of Delphi revived with the courage of the nation which Athens and her great statesman alone had kept from sinking, yet after the victory the priesthood not only rejected the gifts of Themistocles, but refused to reconcile itself to the democracy whose sway he made a reality. Delphi would not recognise the fact that (to use the words of Grote) the real protectors of its treasures were the conquerors of Salamis and Platææ, and contented itself with promulgating the story of the repulse of the Persians from the Temple of Apollo by the interposition of the god himself.

Thus, after Delphi had proved untrue to its national task at the national crisis, because it had been unable to assume the true function of a directing Power—which is to direct—it gradually passed into a false position towards the true heir of the future of Hellas. Refusing to go hand in hand with Athens, it became a mere factor on which the selfish conservatism of Sparta could more or less count—a conservatism which could prevent the progress of another Power, but not conduct its own. At the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War, Delphi summoned the Locrians to join the Spartan Confederation—acting the part of a patriarch thundering in the name of a tsar—and a good understanding with Athens was only restored temporarily, in the days when the pious Nicias

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had patched up a peace with the baffled conservative Power in Peloponnesus. The political authority of Delphi continued to sink, nor was its importance ever revived except in a way and in times fatal for Hellenic freedom. Epaminondas had employed its agency against Sparta with Napoleonic determination; Iason of Pheræ, who thought to inherit the supremacy of Thebes, had opened his brief career as hegemon by a display of his royal splendour at Delphi and a hecatomb of a thousand bulls. The Phocians attempted to carry back its history to the traditions of the Crissæan days by forcibly seizing its management, but soon ended by melting down its treasures into pay for their mercenaries and ornaments for the mistresses of their chiefs. The golden gifts of Crœsus, the necklaces of Helen and Eriphyle, had become the spoils of a sacrilegious local patriotism, when the restorer of Delphi and the avenger of Apollo arrived in the person of the Macedonian Philip. He redeemed the honour of the god; but what place was there for a national Temple and a national Oracle in a dependent province? Delphi recovered much of its splendour, and preserved it through Macedonian and even through Roman times; but its Temple had lost its national importance, and the chief significance of the sanctuary had, perhaps, come to lie in the facilities which it furnished for one of the most humanising institutions of Greek and Roman society—the institution of enfranchisement. To this a large number of the recently-discovered inscriptions refer. Its Oracle had become a resort for private occasions only, and its authority in this direction was being gradually superseded by the activity of lower forms of divination—corresponding,

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like the most ancient of which we spoke, to physical rather than moral needs. The gods of the dead were taking the place of the gods of the living; and a superstitiously mystic pantheism sought its aid in the fancies of an enervated religious sense. A gentle sceptic like Cicero could surmise the fictitiousness of the ancient Delphic oracles and weigh the evidence for them in the balance of diplomatic criticism; a speculative believer like Plutarch could sit with his friends in the precincts of the Apolline Temple itself, and mingle with daring physiological conclusions credulous anecdotes which would rejoice a spiritualist of our own age of reason.

In conclusion, since it seems possible and even necessary to distinguish between several periods in the history of the Delphic Oracle, might it not be likewise well, in applying a justified scepticism to its operations, to attempt a similar historical distinction? Of the first period—when the oracle was a mere *μαντεῖον χθόνιον* —giving the responses of the Earth to the questions addressed to her as to her own physical phenomena—we know little, and are relatively little concerned to know more. Our interest in the character of the Oracle becomes deepest when it becomes an essentially moral interest, and when we enquire into the causes which sustained the moral, social, political, and religious control for a long time indisputably exercised by it over the Greek world. That interest is proportionately diminished, when we recognise without difficulty that the moving power is becoming a moved one—not a mere puppet, unless on quite exceptional occasions, but still a machine responsive to the touch of the instructed hand. Finally, it sinks into comparative indifference, when the organism

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is seen to have survived its highest purposes, and, while still filling an important place in the social and even in the religious life of the civilised world, fails to tempt us aside from a survey of the main currents by which the progress of that life was determined.

If, then, we had—which of course we have not—anything like a complete collection of the Delphic oracles, I doubt whether we should wish to see them arranged on the principle which appears to have been followed by the philosopher Chrysippus in his collection: that of gathering together all the oracular responses which had been visibly fulfilled. As to the mere question of the event, one may rest content with the simple observation of that worthy military man, Q. Cicero, that the Oracle of Delphi would never have been so celebrated and honoured, had not all ages proved the truthfulness of its responses—and this, even if one agrees with the statement of the same honest critic (as to oracles in general), that at times things which have been predicted happen in a less degree (*minus eveniunt*. One enjoys these gentle ironies of the classic tongues). Indeed, at the risk of seeming to beg the difficulty, one may venture to say that it is a quite secondary question, whether to an enquirer of after times it seems, or does not seem, as if the oracles had always proved true. The primary question is, whether they fulfilled themselves in the eyes of the generation to which they were given; whether they accomplished their purpose. And this makes it necessary to ask, what in point of fact was their scope and object? to what end were they shaped, what was their legitimate relation to the life of the nation?

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"I have come," says Hermes in the prologue to the play which I have inevitably cited more than once (for the *Ion* of Euripides is a poetic handbook to the Delphic Temple)—"I have come to this land of Delphi, where, taking his seat in the very navel of the earth, Phœbus utters his chants to mortals, ever soothsaying to them both that which is and that which shall be." Observe the phrase: soothsaying that which *is*—distinct, if you like, in the poet's mind from prophesying that which shall be. Now, the plain truth is, that the basis of all true practical wisdom—and it was such that men pausing on the brink of action sought from the Temple of Apollo—lies in insight into the present, of which foresight into the future is a mere derived corollary. Nor was it the future which Apollo was fain to reveal to mortal enquirers; on the contrary, this remained resting on the knees of the gods, its wants were only darkly hinted at. But as to the present, and the present as affecting the future, he spoke with a very different force; bidding men act with circumspection, with prudence, with piety; supplying them with that moral impulse, that encouragement, that counsel to act and not stand irresolute, which was the real help, so long as religious faith and religious hope were dominant in the Hellenic mind, sought by the Hellenes from the Delphic god. Or can it be supposed that the Greeks were—what their whole ethical system proves them not to have been—sheer fatalists—that, when they went to consult Apollo as to the establishment of a code of laws, the foundation of a religious worship, the averting of a pestilence, the building of a temple, the settlement of a colony, they did so in the spirit of gambling imbecility which decides

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between two courses of action by the turn of a coin, whether it be pile or cross? It was counsel and the consecration of the will which the Oracle could give and which were sought from it, not the substitution of a mere command based on a foreknowledge pliantly revealed to human irresolution—the irresolution of the man who does "not know why yet he lives to say the thing's to do," when "he has cause and will and strength to do't."

Now, if we adhere to this point of view, we shall without difficulty understand wherein lay that moral force of the Delphic Oracle which it indisputably wielded in the days of its greatness. We shall, likewise, advance some way towards understanding what may at first sight appear paradoxical—that these oracles, which we are accustomed to regard as primarily the revelations of the future, were to outward seeming so obscure. In the first place, it may be incidentally observed that much of this obscurity, as it seems to us, was not really such to the recipients. This is a point which has been copiously illustrated by Lobeck in his *Aglaophamus*. Unlike those profound critics who start with the notion, in itself absurd, that the object of the Pythia was not to enlighten but to mystify enquirers—as if men would have resorted to Delphi for centuries to hear curious riddles—he endeavours to account for the form in which the oracular responses were usually couched. He recalls the fact—which the history of literature so abundantly exemplifies—that allegorical speech is more moving, more pleasing, more esteemed than direct; and this, not because it conceals the truth, but because it conveys the truth more impressively. He further

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shows that there was a poetic language, dealing largely in metaphor and paraphrase, which was certainly not used in the ordinary conversation of men, but which was partly derived from ancient and popular speech, and perfectly intelligible when used in its proper place, to wit the surviving language of gods and of antiquity—might I venture to call it the biblical speech—which, like that of the oracles, serves to illuminate and not to obscure the oratory or conversation of periods remote from it in date. More than this. Delphi had formed its own language, partly in connexion with its own religious traditions, partly in connexion with local dialect; and though this might become more difficult to be understood in course of time, yet it admitted of study, and there were special officers, both at Athens and at Sparta at all events, bound to keep up a familiarity with it. Undoubtedly, these peculiarities of expression must have had a tendency to stereotype themselves in the course of time, to harden and stiffen as all language does, especially when ecclesiastics have the manipulation of it; and at Delphi, where erst the Pythia had chanted her untutored verses (inventing the hexameter by the way, according to the excellent Pausanias)—as all primitive literary expression is apt to take a rhythmic form—the Temple in later times no doubt had its college of poets, who adapted the responses to the traditional metric conditions. But what seems to us obscurity of form could not have been primarily intentional.

It is of far greater importance that, in whatever form they were delivered, the oracles, as all testimony agrees in showing, exercised the moral force of a power directing men to those courses of action which were in

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harmony with the national progress and development on the one hand, on the other with the eternal laws of right. There is no obscurity in the counsels which the Oracle must have given, because we know they were followed, to Battus the Prosperous, the second founder of Cyrene, or to Cypselus, the regenerator of Corinth. And if we ask for the fulfilment of a prophecy of evil we may remember the Sybarites, for whose murderous impiety vengeance was threatened by the Oracle when affronted by a terrified enquiry, and whose city was shortly afterwards laid level with the ground by their neighbours of Croton. The god had no remedy for the fears of the evildoer but a warning of the approaching punishment. Not a pilgrimage to Delphi, nor gifts devoted to its sanctuary, would expiate the doom of insolence and sin.

And this brings us face to face with one other question which has often been asked with reference to the Delphic Oracle. How far was it amenable to the moving and corrupting influences of power and party: to what extent was the god, through the Pythia, a mere instrument in the hands of the Delphic priesthood, and were these a mere instrument in the hands of those who chose to play upon it? As to the former part of the question, it may seem idle to ascribe the inspiration of the Pythia to the exhalations of the earth beneath the tripod, to the lustral waters of Castalia, to the laurel leaves chewed by the priestess before she addressed herself to her sacred task. On the other hand, it seems an equally unjustified assumption to suppose the Pythia to have been a mere tool in the hands of the sacerdotal college. We are

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informed that the women chosen were not, except in the earliest times, of a youthful age, and that they were simple and ignorant. To this latter statement, which is Plutarch's, we may attach as much value as we choose for the earlier times: but it seems clear that there was no training, no schooling of agents in the case. Pausanias knew of only one instance of the Pythia having been corrupted by a bribe, and then speedy punishment and deposition overtook both her and the corruptor. The Pythiæ, then, were women of the people, in constant contact, of course, with the influence of the temple, and in constant consciousness of the sentiments, the opinions, and the moral tone of its priesthood. These are the data which we possess, and from them we must draw our conclusions. If the oracles were in the main utterances of the divine sanction to courses of action commending themselves for confirmation, of the divine warning against the consequences of wrong, there is no difficulty in understanding how the Pythia should have been a fit and a ready agent for their primary expression. That in the course of time these utterances should have been—to use the word in no ill-meaning sense—*edited* by the priesthood, was simply an inevitable necessity. But herein lay precisely the significance of the Oracle at the time of its greatest influence, that the ideas to which it gave expression were at once those of the Pythia who uttered, the priests who promulgated, and the leaders of the people who received them. Afterwards the priests became partisans, but so did, if I may use the expression, the very Temple itself, and its Pythiæ with it. To my mind, the part taken by these simple women in the operations of the Oracle

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is one of the surest and at the same time most striking proofs of the vital sympathy which in its best days existed between it and the nation. The Pythia degenerated with the Oracle, and though in its later times she may have "philippised" unconsciously, I have no doubt that she "philippised" with heart and mind, without having been bribed like her predecessor in the days of King Cleomenes.

When, therefore, we read in a critical historian[1] that the oracles which are handed down to us in the pages of Herodotus may be classified as mere puzzles wrought out by the ingenuity of a mythical age, as the expressions of a shrewd and politic ambiguity, as answers dictated by a calculation of probabilities or extorted by political and personal influence, as responses which enforce a moral principle, and lastly, as predictions made up after the event, we may acknowledge the accuracy of the classification, but need not by it be deterred from pursuing such reflexions as the above. Why, as Cicero very pertinently observes, should we esteem Herodotus more veracious than Ennius?—In other words, every one of his statements—and among them those as to oracles more or less nearly accomplished—is open to the test of historical criticism, and this will no doubt prove many of them to have no value but that of legendary ornaments, and others to have been made up after the event. In the earlier times, however, it will be difficult to trace in more than one or two oracles—if, indeed, in more than one (for I cannot include the support given to the policy of the Alcmæonidæ)—even a suspicion of corrupt influence. The ambiguous oracles will be found to

[1] See Cox's *History of Greece*, vol. I, p. 273.

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contain less ambiguity from a moral point of view than from others; indeed, though the prediction which told Crœsus that the passage of the Halys would be followed by the ruin of a great power may seem to have been uncommonly safe as a prophecy, was it not also undoubtedly sound as a warning? There remains that class of oracles of which unfortunately but few have descended to us, but which beyond all doubt was the largest and the most important of all. These were the oracles which upheld the distinction between right and wrong, which in the spirit of all true religion confirmed the conscience and encouraged the moral will, which did not trick the enquirer into tempting fate, but guided him in the path before the choice of which he was faltering, and sent him forward in it with a high heart, and with the blessing of the Pythian Apollo. These were the oracles which expressed the essence of the worship which they fostered—a worship in which no impure heart might engage, and from which the god rejected the questionings of impious minds.

But the sun is mounting over Parnassus; though he no longer shines upon the Temple in all its glory of marble columns and golden statues, upon the treasuries of Athens and Corinth and Sicyon, upon the endless memorials of gods and men—from Cronos' legendary stone to the golden lion of Crœsus, and the bronze wolf by the great altar, with its mocking record of the rivalry between Athens and Sparta—upon the offerings from Corcyra in the western seas and Tegea among the Arcadian hills and Tarentum in the Calabrian bay—upon the trophy of Marathon, and, alas! the trophy of

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Ægospotami—upon the gifts of warriors and the gifts of athletes, and all the mythical and historical array of which the list is written in the pages of Pausanias—upon all the wonders which survived the greatness of Delphi —upon its stadium and gymnasium and *lesche*, and the mighty order of its terraces, as yet unbroken by earthquake and decay and undefaced by the mean superstructure of a wayside village. It is time to pursue our journey over the crags and through the ravines of Parnassus, past the Corycian cave on the hillside, where of old the Delphians took refuge in days of the Persian danger, faint of heart, and not trusting in Apollo's power to protect his sanctuary. It is now deserted and lonely, for the very brigands have happily abandoned their haunts, and an eagle is swooping in the air, monarch of the solitude around. Thence we are to cross the plain at the base of the central cone of the great mountain—on which a village, well-named Calybia, i.e. huts, recalls, if you will, the Cyclopean period of Greek architecture, if you will otherwise, the desolation of Achill Island on the Atlantic shore. Then, after slaking our thirst with lumps of snow at the *strunga* or shepherd's hut, whence in spring the flutes send their music through the hills, we dismount from our faithful beasts and climb the height of Parnassus, and survey a vast map shrouded in mist, but disclosing the whole expanse of country from the Thessalian to the Arcadian mountains. We shall sleep well that night among the vineyards and cotton-fields of distant Arachova, and even the singing of the village maidens, armed with spindles and sharp tongues, will not prolong our vigils far beyond the midnight hour.

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Our homeward journey will take us past the groves of the Daulian nightingale and the solitude of the Chæronean lion to Lebadea, the smiling and prosperous town by whose rushing streams lies the cave of Trophonius. Its oracle was a foundation of the Delphic Apollo, who, as one legend ran, rewarded the restless brethren Trophonius and Agamedes for their labours as the architects of many temples—among them his own at Delphi—by sending them a tranquil death on the seventh day after the completion of their task. But another legend told how Trophonius, escaping from a foe, had vanished under the earth at Lebadea; and here his Oracle—as that of a chthonic god—was reverenced already in the days of the Persian Wars, and in later times—when the power and influence of Delphi had already sunk—still continued to be visited by eager enquirers, in search of relief for their bodily maladies. The burnt-offering of a ram was the decisive sacrifice demanded by this deity; the victim was killed at night-time, when the votary descended into the cave to learn from the soothsaying priest whether Trophonius was favourable to his prayers. It was high morning, however, when we paid a rapid visit to the rocky recesses, where the niches still tell of the votive offerings, of the hope which sick men happily always bring to a physician who has confidence in himself, and where the streams hardby challenged us in vain to decide which of them is that of memory, and which of oblivion.

We might have profited by a draught from either, before we some days afterwards found ourselves at home once more in Athens. From the stream of memory, for much that will be sought in vain in this

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imperfect record; from the stream of oblivion, for the tediousness, ineffable and indescribable, of the Bœotian plain. But, whatever the morrow might bring, we had left Parnassus behind, probably by us to be visited no more—and enclosed in its mighty folds Delphi, never to be forgotten by any of its pilgrims.

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2. TREVES, THE BELGIC ROME

(*Bentley's Miscellany*, October 1863.)

To that small but annually increasing class of summer tourists who are not irresistibly carried away up the Rhine towards the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy, the pleasant banks of the Moselle remain no longer untrodden ground. The opening of the new railway, which connects the valleys of the Saar and the Nahe, has rendered still more easy the accomplishment of a trip which used to depend on the somewhat broken reed of the steam communication on the Moselle itself. Either by branching off from Bingen, or by travelling south-east from Namur, it is equally easy to reach one of the most interesting cities of Europe—Treves, the Belgic Rome. Here the traveller will find himself, while surrounded by the red sandstone hills which bear the wholesome grape of the Moselle, at the end of a long chain of historic memories. Yet, art having done but little to enhance those monuments of the Sancta Treviris, which date from the Middle Ages and more modern times, and political changes having levelled to the ground the ancient electorate, whose palace Prussian prose has turned into a barrack, the imagination is ready to overleap the gloomy centuries during which the fair city herself and the fertile district around were at once contributing cause and favourite battle-field of the ceaseless contest between divided Germany and rapacious France, and to pass to the days when Treves was really great and glorious. Those were the times in which the gentle muse of

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Ausonius sang of the beauty of a region rivalling even sweet Baiæ on the Mediterranean shore, of the infinite pomp of the villas which studded the green hills on the banks of the Moselle, and of the city below, deemed worthy of the Imperial Throne. The days of the Antonines and of Constantine will rise to the traveller's mind; nor will he need the further stimulus of mythical exaggeration, such as is suggested by the venerable inscription on the Old Red House Inn in the market-place at Treves, announcing with metre and veracity of equal doubtfulness how

Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis mille trecentis.

The antiquities at Treves, though more than sufficient to impress a distinct character on the entire place, are neither many in number nor, as antiquities too often are, fearful and wonderful things to understand. Speculations on the old walls and streets, and as to the traces of the Roman bridge still discernible in the present modern one, may for want of time be readily left to the patient research of the local antiquarians, of whom Treves has produced a goodly crop. The stranger will probably content himself by visiting the Porta Nigra, the Thermæ, the Amphitheatre, and the Monument at Igel, and will find full occupation for his time while thus restricting its application. The Cathedral, built in a hundred successive styles, and fondly declared to be the most ancient Christian church on German soil, still displays vestiges of its earliest form in the Roman period, while the Basilica has been entirely restored and renovated, by the orders of the late King of Prussia, to a complete reproduction in form of its Roman predecessor. But the visitor is loth to examine vestiges and

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to appreciate restorations, when within a few yards there rise before him Roman remains pure and simple—remains of buildings which recall days when they, like other schemes, were carried out on a scale which must, reasonably or unreasonably, for a moment dwarf in his own eyes even the most self-conscious planner of the 19th century.

Among the four monuments (for ruins two, at least, among them can hardly, in justice, be called) abovementioned, the most remarkable have only very recently been, so to speak, restored to life. The Thermæ lay buried, two-thirds of their height, in the accumulated and ever-accumulating soil, and it is owing to the direction of the late King of Prussia, continued by his successor, that they are now beginning to display themselves in proportions approaching their original grandeur. A fixed sum (of fourteen hundred dollars) is still annually granted from the royal treasury for this purpose. The Porta Nigra, which the saintly barbarism of the Middle Ages had converted and mutilated into a church, was restored to its ancient purpose of a gate, and to the naked grandeur befitting it, by no less imperious a master than Napoleon. Its history is altogether curious enough to deserve a brief recapitulation.

We may premise that all the information concerning the history of the Porta furnished either by the ordinary guide-books, or by the local ciceroni, is, to say the least, apocryphal. After carefully imbibing a large quantity of contradictory statements on the subject, we were enabled to dismiss them all after a visit to the Treves Library, the courtesy of whose learned librarian, Dr Schneemann, enabled us, by a series of views of the Porta arranged in

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due chronological order, to approach the truth. There is but little doubt left that the Porta Martis, afterwards popularly called the Porta Nigra, formed, if we may use the expression, the keystone of the fortifications by which Constantine the Great, at the commencement of the 4th century, enclosed his then favourite residence. This fortification, which was, not improbably, coextensive with the walls as they partially remain at present, is mentioned in a contemporary panegyric addressed to the Emperor at Treves in the year 310, when the *quinquennalia*, a festival celebrated in honour of the opening of Constantine's reign five years earlier, were celebrated. Coins are still extant bearing on one side the head of the Emperor, and on the reverse a representation of the Porta Martis (so called from the neighbouring hill and field of Mars), with an inscription in the Imperial honour. It is needless to add that there has been no lack of other opinions concerning the date of the origin of the Porta, the more ancient one placing it in the free age of the Celtic Treviri, the most modern paradox (propounded by Professor Kugler, of Berlin) moving it forward to the Merovingian period. Whensoever this gate may have been built, its purpose and destination, at all events, are sufficiently obvious. It served at once as a gate and as a fortification, being built of large square stones fastened together in a most singular manner by mighty iron clamps. Its shape is called by some *pseudo-dipteros*, but does not agree with the definition of that term given by Vitruvius. Originally, it was provided with a short tower at either end, whence the Roman archers and slingsmen might take their aim with ease and safety. But the days of peace and piety came,

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and, in the first half of the 11th century, there dwelt in one of these towers a holy man and a recluse, a Greek monk of the name of Simeon. Seven years he led a gracious life within its walls, and on his death his merits procured him canonisation at the hands of Pope Benedict IX. But, unfortunately, the pious zeal of Archbishop Poppo, of Treves, in whose company Simeon had originally come from Greece, prompted him, in honour of his sainted follower, to convert the hermitage of the latter into a church, or rather into two churches. One of the towers was levelled, the other overtopped by a spire; the earth was heaped up around the base of the gate, and, while from without a broad staircase led up to the tower, a narrow flight within conducted to the higher of the two churches, for which room had been found within the walls of the mighty fortress of Constantine. To the east end, which had been deprived of its tower, an addition was made for the purposes of a choir, which is still allowed to spoil the effect of the Roman gate. Thus matters remained for nearly eight hundred years, with the subsequent addition of green walls and a green spire in the approved hideousness of the last century's taste. It is true that an evil-minded Elector, moved by anything but veneration for antiquity, who was none other than Philip Christoph, so notorious amidst the intriguers of the Thirty Years' War, had at one time formed the design of reconverting St Simeon into a fortress. But his plan was not accomplished; and when, towards the end of last century, war broke out between the French Republic and the German Powers, the soldiers in an army of the former, happening to be at Treves, which was

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again tasting the horrors of war, saw the leaden roof of the church, and were tempted thereby. They immediately unroofed and took away the lead, according to their straightforward habit of securing whatever they thought valuable (of which they gave abundant proofs at Treves on this and subsequent occasions, relieving the monasteries of books and other treasures, and the library of its now restored pride, the *Codex Aureus*). But a few years afterwards Napoleon himself arrived in the Imperial city before the Gate of Constantine, and immediately ordered its restoration to its ancient form. The disembowelling below, and the uncovering above, were at once taken in hand; but it was not till after more peaceful times had returned, under the Prussian Government, that they were accomplished. In 1817, the gate was once more thrown open; and though the earth around is still believed to stand some five feet higher than in the Roman times, yet through one of the portals, at least, the citizens of Treves again pass, as passed their ancestors on their way to the sports of the Campus Martius nearly fifteen hundred years ago.

The interior of the gate has been of late very appropriately used as a museum of antiquities, in which are preserved countless fragments of statues and votive tablets, and stones with inscriptions from the graves which lined the road outside the Gate of Mars. There are also delicately-coloured marbles from the Basilica, and from the baths in the Thermæ of Constantine, interspersed with rude carvings of saints and crucifixes, speaking of the rough beginnings of Christian art. Hither, as to the Museo Borbonico of Naples from Pompeii, are transported all the more perishable anti-

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quities that are daily dug up in Treves and its neighbourhood. A hawker of antiquities showed me an unmistakably genuine bronze Venus, beautifully preserved, which had been fished up only a week before by a boatman out of the clear waters of the Moselle.

But the Porta itself is, beyond doubt, one of the most complete and best preserved Roman remains extant in the northern part of the great Empire. To gaze in the daylight on its mighty walls, whose stones, united by no cement, and in many places broken down to half their size, yet bid fair to stand firm and fixed for many a succeeding century, recalls at once the great purpose of its construction—to serve as a defence for one combatant against another in the struggle for the prize of the Roman Empire, the dominion of the civilised world. Better still, at night, to loiter in the shadow of its giant walls, towering through the darkness like those of the Coliseum at Rome; for at that hour the petty edifices around vanish from the sight, and nothing is perceptible but the trees waving in the wind, round the outline of the walls within which dwelt the fierce Constantine and the gentle St Helena, and the mighty tower which guarded them and theirs. Then, indeed, the significance of the name of the Black Gate is manifest, and it becomes symbolic of the stern ferocity which marked the character of the future champion of a grateful Christendom.

A short walk takes us from the Porta to the Thermæ, if that be the correct appellation of a large mass of buildings in whose remains unmistakable traces of baths have been discovered. Originally, the entire mass was supposed to be the presidential palace of the Imperators, and went by the name of the Palace of Constantine,

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without, however, the slightest evidence to support such a nomenclature. It is impossible, from the confused mass of ruins, to determine whether this edifice, or these edifices, were originally an Imperial palace or a public building for the purpose of baths, and all the luxurious appendages attaching, in the Roman sense, to such an object. The proximity of the Amphitheatre and Campus Martius would appear to warrant the latter assumption; nor need any objection arise from the evident size and extent of these buildings, when it is remembered that the population of Treves, in its most flourishing days under the Roman Empire, approached the number of two hundred thousand souls. Such is the scale on which these Thermæ were executed, that one of the window-arches, for a long period in the Middle Ages and succeeding centuries, served as one of the city gates, and was christened the Porta Alba, a name originally belonging to one of the four gates of the Roman Treves. The efforts of recent years have succeeded in restoring something of its pristine grandeur to this gathering of palaces; but how much remains to be done in the matter of excavation, may be seen from the fact that, even as the ruins at present stand, they rest on an elevation of eleven feet of earth still encumbering their original base. The shape of the basins, declared to have been used as baths, is somewhat surprising, being not that of a circle or elipse, but of a half-moon. Triton shells, and other appropriate decorations, have, however, been found.

The remains of the Amphitheatre, which, according to custom, lies on the slope of a hill, are more fully laid bare to the eye. Its shape is an ellipse, and it is said to

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have afforded room for fifty thousand spectators, so that it is by no means one of the largest of its kind. The passages are still plainly observable through which the gladiators passed into the arena, and others through which the wild beasts sprang from their cages upon them. A large vaulted opening is supposed by some to have formed a roof for the private seat or box of the Imperator, and the popular appellation of *Caskeller* attaching to it has given rise to the most ingenious explanations. It is said to be derived from the words *cella caji*, the latter being an old Gallic word signifying, according to an ancient gloss to Ausonius, an enclosure. (We may compare *koje*, a cabin on shipboard.) For ourselves, we doubt altogether the employment of so solid a piece of masonry for such a purpose, without venturing, however, to suggest any other, such as that of a grand entrance for all the gladiators before the commencement of the contests. No doubt can prevail as to the objects of a kind of gutter, excellently preserved, which runs round the base of the Amphitheatre, and was certainly destined to carry off not only the rain, but also the blood of the unfortunate victims, man and beast, poured forth in such horrible profusion on the sand within. Nor was it always the blood of wild beasts and of wretched gladiators. The readers of Gibbon may remember a passage in which he relates how, "after a signal victory over the Franks and Alemanni, several of their princes were exposed by the order of Constantine to the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre of Treves, and the people seem to have enjoyed the spectacle without discovering, in such treatment of royal captives, anything that was repugnant to the laws of nations or of humanity." He refers, in a

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note, to passages from Nazarius (who, in a panegyric of the young Emperor, compares his exploits to those of the youthful Hercules, and speaks of these *famosa supplicia* with reverential approbation) and from Eutropius, who, in his *Breviary*, also recalls these butcheries as a *magnificum spectaculum*. These are memories of Constantine which in truth agree better with the character of him so deservedly insinuated by the historian than with that with which the ecclesiastical traditions of Treves, full of his name and that of his sainted spouse, would fain invest it.

It is in a far different aspect that the Monument at Igel, beyond doubt the most unique among the Roman remains at Treves, brings the memories of the Roman Empire. The soldiers who thronged the turrets of the Porta Nigra, and the gladiators who waged no less bloody combats in the Amphitheatre, are the familiar figures of the pages of Suetonius and Tacitus. The passionate delights of the Circus, which is said to have stood hard-by, and the magnificence of the mock sea-fights declared to have been waged in an adjoining artificial basin, are equally the themes of Roman poets and satirists. The Monument at Igel gives us a glimpse of Roman domestic life, and of the trade and industrial occupations of men who were, after all, not always fighting or looking on at fights. No empire is kept up for five hundred years by the sword and the lance, nor could the Cæsars have handed down to one another the Imperial sway during so many centuries, had there not been whole families and peoples as interested in the maintenance of peace as others were for the quicker growing fruits of war. Of such a family dwelling among such a people this

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Monument tells. Assuredly, we need not tantalise our imagination by the dreams of those who have discovered —by what process, it is hard to say—in this construction a memorial of the marriage of Constantine and Helena —names which, in truth, are the bugbears of all who look for rational and natural interpretations of the Treves antiquities. Still less need we trouble ourselves about the theory of the ingenious Lorent, sufficiently indicated by the startling title of his treatise, *Caius Igula, ou l'Empereur Caius Cæsar Caligula né à Igel.* Rather, may we assume at once, what there seems so very slight reason left to doubt, that this seventy feet high tower of grey sandstone—or, to cite Goethe's description, this architecturally-plastically decorated obelisk—is a sepulchral monument erected by the family of the Secundini in honour of the founders of the glory and prosperity of their house. The inscription, of which not many letters are effaced, declares it to be placed by certain of the living heirs of the Secundini in honour of other Secundini, their departed parents, and of themselves. Not much is known about this family; but their name occurs occasionally in places of honour and power in these districts, and from the Monument itself it may be safely concluded that they were rich merchants, whose wealth and position had procured them the administration of various departments of the provincial government. Thus, it is suggested they were *frumentarii*, or corn contractors for the army, and *veredarii*, or *entrepreneurs* of the postal communications in the Provinces.

The exact date of the Monument it is necessarily impossible to fix; Goethe, who has left an appreciative

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notice of it in his published works, presumes the times of the Antonines, others a later date. The sculptures, which in relief cover the four sides of the Monument in the richest profusion, are in the florid style of a late, but not debased, period of Græco-Roman art. It rises in a succession of five stories from the basement to the attic, which is topped by a slim semi-conical turret. At the summit four female figures (busts) support a ball, on which the remains of a pair of mighty wings are still visible. Whether they belonged to an eagle, or, as is more probable, to a winged genius—the genius of the Secundini family—must ever remain a doubtful point. A youthful head was recently found embedded in the ground near the Monument, which is conjectured to have appertained to the genius in question. The subjects of the relieved work which covers each of the four sides of the obelisk, and is in parts very perfectly preserved, are partly mythological, partly illustrative of the history of the family prosperity. On the former it is impossible to dwell in these brief limits, though there can be no doubt but that they are all symbolically connected with the purpose of the Monument. They are principally confined to the attics, and to their largest or main divisions, which are on all sides surrounded by a charming series of amourette-geniuses. On the southern or front façade, above the inscription, three figures are represented in size much larger than any others on the Monument; the two taller of whom hold a third by the hand. The two are doubtless the Secundini in whose honour the Monument was erected; the third is diversely explained as a youthful Secundinus, as a female of the family, or as the goddess Concordia. The chief interest, however,

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attaches to the smaller fields above and below, in which the official, commercial, and domestic life of the family is depicted with unmistakable truth. The south front presents a board-room or counting-house, and in the attic above a drying workshop, with men bringing and taking from it pieces of cloth. In fields on the other sides we see the wares transported by land and sea to the place of their destination. Nothing could be more curious than the sculptures representing carriages, with driver and mules, and wheels and load complete. In one, a tree indicates an attempt at an open landscape; in another, a cart, startlingly similar to a carrier's conveyance of the present day, is passing by a milestone with the inscription L IIII, generally interpreted to signify *Lapis Quartus*, which might well have denoted the distance from Igel to the gate of the city. The illustrations of domestic life busy themselves principally with kitchen and larder, the chief, if not the sole, joys of a Roman's home. Vivid as all these pictures of the every-day life of rich merchants of the days of the Antonines are of themselves, they become still more so by their exposure to the free air and heavens, the only museum of which, as a whole, this Monument could ever have stood in need.

More than two centuries ago, however, Treves had wellnigh lost its most unique ornament. The celebrated Count Peter Ernest of Mansfeld, Governor of the neighbouring duchy of Luxemburg under Charles V and Philip II, conceived the desire of bodily transplanting the tower of the Secundini from Igel into his garden at Luxemburg. He had already succeeded in removing thither a somewhat similar pyramid from

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Arlon, but was fortunately unable to secure the rarer prize. It is, however, conjectured, that in the attempts made by his orders some of the damage now visible was inflicted on the Igel Monument. More has been done by the irresistible influence of the weather, the effects of which are chiefly observable on the eastern side. Meanwhile, the Romans built not for years, nor even for mere centuries; and the Monument by which the rich Secundini honoured the founders of their wealth has survived, and bids fair for many a day to survive, the memory of their family itself and its riches; and the Empire itself, of which they at once reaped the benefits and swelled the prosperity, finds in its stones a memorial of rare and solid splendour.

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3. THE CITADEL OF THE GERMAN KNIGHTS

(*Address delivered to the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society*, December 1887[1].)

I DO not know whether the bare title under which this address has been announced—"The Citadel of the German Knights"—conveys its meaning to many of you. There certainly was a day when it would not have fallen altogether flat upon English ears. Henry of Bolingbroke, who afterwards, as Duke of Lancaster and Hereford, challenged and gained the Crown and realm of England, vacated by the deposition of his redeless cousin, Richard of Bordeaux, in his eager and adventurous youth, saw many strange men and lands; and, though neither then nor afterwards was he able to carry out his wish of visiting the Holy Sepulchre in person, yet he smote many an infidel, and among them the heathen Prussians, against whom he rode forth with the Teutonic Knights from their citadel near the shores of the Gulf of Danzig. And, even in his day, there was nothing altogether novel in this particular line of adventure; for, when the courtly poet, who certainly owed something of his worldly prosperity to the prudent John

[1] Printed in *Transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society*, vol. v, 1887. Besides the ordinary authorities on early Prussian history, I have used for this address Treitschke's essay, *Das deutsche Ordensland Preussen*, in vol. I of his *Historische und Politische Aufsätze*; A. L. Ewald, *Die Eroberung Preussens durch die Deutschen*, I. Buch (Halle, 1872); R. Bergau, *Das Ordenshaupthaus Marienburg in Preussen* (Berlin, 1871); and a good illustrated guide to the Marienburg, by M. Rosenheyn (Leipzig, 1858).

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of Gaunt's prudent son, and to John of Gaunt himself —when Chaucer was drawing the picture of a knight of the old school, not a mere carpet knight of his own latter days—he said of him, as we all remember, that

> Ful ofte time he hadde the bord b'gonne
> Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce,
> In Lettowe hadde reysed[1] & in Ruce.

Now, the real personage who had sat for the portrait of Chaucer's knight, or rather for that painted by the French poet, Guillaume Machault, whom Chaucer copied, was King John of Bohemia, the blind king who fell at Creçy, charging the English ranks on his horse tied to the horses of his fellow-knights, and shouting "Praha" (Prague), as he had shouted it on more than one Lithuanian field. He lost the use of his eyes, which had always been weak, among the winter fogs of those districts, and showed his royal temper afterwards by ordering a French oculist, who had tried in vain to cure him, to be drowned in the Oder[2]. The exploits of the blind King John, and of Henry of Bolingbroke after him, among the Baltic heathen were quite in the fashion of their day, when the Crusades to the East had come to an end, but when the spirit which had prompted them —a spirit of adventure sanctified by religious emotion— had not yet been extinguished. In those times, no body of men enjoyed so high a reputation as a school of chivalry and high emprise as the Order whose citadel was the mighty castle of which I wish to speak to you

[1] To *reyse* is to travel, to make an expedition, and seems to have been used as a quasi-technical term of knights travelling in quest of adventure, knights errant.

[2] Palacky, *Geschichte von Böhmen*, III, 225–6.

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tonight; and kings, princes, and the flower of the martial manhood of the age thought it an honour to be more or less closely associated with its members, and to take part in their company in those expeditions against the pagan (*Heidenfahrten*) which sallied forth, as for the lordly diversion of the chase, in honour of the distinguished guests of the *Marienburg*.

The *Marienburg* or Castle of St Mary, from the beginning of the 14th century onwards the chief citadel and central seat of the Knights of the Teutonic Order or German Knights, rears its head to this day as incomparably the most massive and impressive extant monument of medieval chivalry. I say impressive, not magnificent—for there is a stern economy about the edifice, which is not the least characteristic of its features. It is accessible enough to the modern traveller; indeed, the town clustering round it is a station on the main line of railway which leads from Berlin to Königsberg, and so on to the Russian frontier and St Petersburg; and at Marienburg there is a junction by which, just like the Knights of old, you may take, as I remember taking in the days of my enquiring youth, a short cut into Poland. But, then, the people who travel into Russian Poland for pleasure are few and far between; and as for the Berlin-Königsberg route to St Petersburg, the only possible train within the twenty-four hours goes by night, when darkness covers the vast plains of the Vistula and conceals impartially the achievements of the medieval architect and those of the modern engineer. For, when about thirty miles south of Danzig and twenty west of Elbing, the train crosses the Nogat, a tributary of the Vistula, it passes over a mighty lattice-

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work iron bridge, similar in construction to that which crosses the Vistula itself at Dirschau; and among the towers and outworks forming part of the military defences of this bridge (of which we might perhaps hear some interesting news in the event of certain European complications finding an unpleasant solution) is the old Buttermilk Tower, which helped to guard the outer wall of the Knights' Citadel, where it was washed by the river. The name has a pastoral sound, notwithstanding the awful legend, according to which a cruel Grand-master forced the peasants to make the lime for the building of this tower with buttermilk instead of water; probably, however, it dates from the much later Polish times, and simply commemorates the imprisonment in the tower of peasants who had failed to furnish a satisfactory supply of buttermilk, or of butter *and* milk, to their masters. At the present day, the round Buttermilk Tower stands isolated from the rest of the Citadel, as the whole of the external fortifications of the Castle (*Vorburg*), which extended for the better part of a mile between the riverside and the outer foss, have been laid level, or have been used up as materials for the modern buildings now covering the ground. What traces of these walls and works remain, show them to have been, like the Citadel itself, of brick. "*Margenburg*," says a lumbering old hexameter, "*ex luto, Ofen ex saxo, ex marmore Mailand*"; and, as we shall see, there are few stronger testimonies than the Citadel of the German Knights to the durability of the humblest of these materials. Passing across a second or inner foss, we come to the Middle Castle or House, which consists of three sides of a quadrangle, and, further on still, to

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the High or Upper Castle, the earliest part of the entire edifice built about the year 1275. Of the Middle Castle, the eastern half was demolished in the utilitarian days —the days, I believe it is the fashion to call them, of benevolent despotism—which began with Frederick the Great, and which deliberately destroyed more than had been allowed to run to waste in generations of Polish misrule; of the lofty four-storied western part, it has been possible to restore much of the ancient imposing magnificence. Here were the Grand-master's apartments, and here is the charming common-room or *Conventsremter* of the Knights, with its groined ceiling resting on three granite pillars, spreading majestically like palm-trees. Of the Upper Castle, which is the most ancient portion of the Citadel, built on the height of the rising ground, and originally, no doubt, a mere collection of wooden huts behind walls of earth, the southern side contains the well-preserved church of the Order, in its internal decorations betraying, if I remember right, the influence of the Jesuit taste—a very bad taste —which held dominion there in the later Polish days, but finely proportioned and containing two noteworthy monuments of art. The one is the so-called Golden Portal, a deep archway, consisting of a serried succession of pointed arches surmounting two long rows of pillars, the whole being accounted one of the most perfect achievements of medieval brickwork. It seems formerly to have been connected with a cloister, which was still preserved at the end of the last century. Of the other monument I do not know how to estimate the artistic value; but this is quite forgotten in its symbolical significance. At the extreme east end of the church, in a

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tall niche hollowed out of its outer wall, stands a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Child in her arms, and the heavenly crown on her head. The statue itself is of stucco, but covered with a kind of mosaic of coloured and gold-rimmed glass, which gives a peculiar dazzling effect to the whole. There was a legend that a wonder-working image of the Mother of God had existed in a Christian chapel on this spot already in the days of the 13th century, and that it had been sought out and cherished by the early Christians of the land; but this legend was manifestly an *ex post facto* growth. The many-coloured statue was, of course, the semblance of the Divine Protectress and Patroness of the Order, designed to typify to the dwellers on the flat lands around and to the foe who might approach, as many did approach, the walls of the Citadel, the strength in which the Christian Knights trusted, a strength more resistless than walls and sword and shield. Like Athene Promachos on the Athenian Acropolis, so this Patron-Virgin could not in the days of their direst calamity ward off the foes from the Citadel. She could not—or would she not? Heaven helps those who help themselves, and abandons those who themselves betray their trust.

May I essay in what follows briefly to sketch for you the history of these German Knights, and in outline to recall, with the origin of their greatness, the causes of their decline and fall? I almost think such an attempt may better serve to interest you in the great historical monument to which I wish to direct your attention, than any detailed description of it and of the restorations which have been effected in it by Prussian patriotism

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and under the influence of the Romantic Revival. Perhaps there are certain details in these Restorations which one might have wished otherwise; but I had rather not venture a cavil of this description, and the whole movement, which preserved the Marienburg from utter decay, may almost be compared to that which finished the building of the Cathedral of Cologne. It was started by the celebrated President of the Province of Prussia, Schön, who had in him not a little of the heroic obstinacy of his contemporary and fellow-worker Stein. It was carried on to a stage which ensured, if it did not accomplish, its completion under the patronage of the late King of Prussia, who, like his more fortunate brother, the present venerable Emperor, worthily represented some of the best and noblest aspirations of his age and country.

Who were these German Knights, what was the country they conquered, and, when they had conquered it, what did they do with it and with themselves? The German or Teutonic Order of Knights, the latest-born of the three great chivalrous Orders which are to be reckoned among the best and noblest fruit borne by the enthusiasm of the Crusades, like the Knights Hospitallers of St John and the Templars, took their origin from small beginnings. So early as the former half of the 12th century, the piety of a wealthy German established a House at Jerusalem for the reception of sick and helpless pilgrims of his nation, with a chapel attached to it dedicated to the same Blessed Virgin whose image afterwards glittered in the east window at Marienburg. It was called the German House, and the brethren attached to its service were pious pilgrims of

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German nationality following the Austin rule. But, though it had been placed under the protection of the Knights Hospitallers of St John, this German House, with many other Christian institutions, came to an end in the days when the Holy City had once more fallen into evil hands—although they were the politic hands of the tolerant Sultan Saladin. Christendom could not bear the shame, and while the titular King of Jerusalem, Guy of Lusignan, lay for many a long month before Acre, the key of the region west of Jordan, the Sovereigns of Europe armed for the great effort which we call the Third Crusade. Among them was the greatest potentate of the Christian world, the mighty Hohenstaufen Emperor Frederick I Barbarossa, whose vast armada might have turned the tide in favour of the Cross more effectively than the forces of the quarrelsome western Kings, had not Heaven willed it otherwise. On the river Seleph he sank to his long rest, from which generations of patriots and poets in vain sought to awaken him nearer home in Kyffhäuser. But among his soldiery, who lay with the troops of his allies before Acre, famine and disease came to rage more fiercely than the scimitar of the foe; and while Frenchmen and Italians were tenderly nursed in their sickness and sufferings by the Templars and the Knights of St John, the Germans sickened to death without either roof or resting-place. It was then that, little conscious of the great Alliance which they were knitting for centuries still unborn, certain citizens of the great mercantile towns of the German north, Lübeck and Bremen, who were among the Crusaders besieging Acre, took pity upon their afflicted countrymen, and erected for them, first a kind

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of hospital-tent made of the sails of a ship, and then a more permanent building, which King Guy promised to endow with an estate in Acre when the city should have been conquered. And, before long, the thought came to the dead Emperor's second son, Duke Frederick of Swabia, who was himself to sacrifice his life in the siege, that a German Order of Knights should be permanently established at Acre to tend the sick and helpless, while its members should still bear themselves as doughty warriors in the defence of the Holy Land and of the Church of Christ. Thus in due time the Order was founded; and its founder, Duke Frederick of Swabia, when his hour came, was buried in the church which joined its hospital and dwelling-house. The Popes blessed the Order as part of their system, and the German nation rejoiced in it as part of their nation; and it flourished so greatly that, before a generation had passed away, it was held to have left both Templars and Hospitallers behind, and to have established itself as the mightiest and most influential association of Knights in the Christian west. Oddly enough, such records as we possess of the progress of the Order in its early years are mainly records of growing wealth, of donations of lands at first in the East and in Italy, then in Thuringia and other parts of Germany. These were afterwards known as the *Balleien* or bailiwicks of the Order, outlying possessions enclosed by the territories of divers princes and lords, and doing their utmost further to confound the confusion of the political geography of the Middle Ages. I remember once how, strolling about Utrecht, I found myself in a sort of manor-farm by the river, in which I recognised a remnant of one of these

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Balleien, of which I afterwards found the history open to perusal in a national exhibition at the Hague. But, though munificence and good investments can do much, and, though the success of the German Knights excited considerable jealousy among their brethren of the older Orders, yet there is no real greatness possible without some element of imaginative power in the making of it, and the German Order did not understand its destination till in 1210 it chose the Thuringian Knight, Hermann von Salza, for its Grand-master. Hermann von Salza was a native of Thuringia, where Christian culture flourished, and had been trained in the school of the Emperor Frederick II, from whom he had learnt at Palermo some of the secrets of his statecraft, without being infected by his lax cosmopolitanism—a tendency then, as now, irreconcilable with active patriotism and religiosity. In return for the services which the Grand-master had rendered to the Emperor, Frederick II created him a Prince of the Empire, and thus it came to pass that the Black Imperial Eagle found his way into the centre of the Golden Cross on the silver coat of arms worn by the Grand-master of the Order, and afterwards into the Ducal and Royal Prussian Arms. (The German Knights wore black crosses on white cloaks, and black-and-white are the Prussian colours. The Templars, who wore red crosses on the same, disputed the right of the German Knights to wear white cloaks, but a papal decision allowed their claim to do so, provided their cloaks were made of a different material. The Knights of St John wore white crosses on black cloaks.) And now we arrive at the very period when this eagle first winged his northward flight. Hermann von

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Salza had the mind of a true statesman—the man who uses his times and their opportunities without forcing them. The spirit which had carried the Crusaders into the Holy Land had all but fled; in the so-called Fifth Crusade, which ended in 1204, not so much as a blow was struck on the soil of Palestine, and years were consumed in preparing for the Sixth, which ended fatally with the excommunication of the Emperor by the Pope. Hermann von Salza perceived that the time had come for the activity of his Order—an activity in default of which it would grow fat and lazy in its bailiwicks—to find new outlets. First, the Knights lent their aid to King Andrew II of Hungary, against the heathen Cumans (a Turanian tribe); and for a time they held and cultivated a settlement in Transylvania, where they learnt some lessons which proved of use to them afterwards. Thus, when the message came which summoned them to the task of the conversion of Prussia, they were by no means unprepared for the call. And yet, though mighty things were to come of their enterprise, it had perhaps been better had they never engaged in it. By the sword they conquered, and by the sword they were destroyed. At the time when they set about their mission of blood and iron, a chain of German commercial settlements was already spreading around the Baltic; the Hansa was forming; and in time these agencies would probably have sufficed to reach and to transform the land east of the Vistula which still remained pagan.

Here, between Vistula and Niemen, dwelt the Prussians, a people more closely akin to their north-eastern neighbours, the Lithuanians, than to the nations on their western, southern, and south-eastern borders,

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the Pomeranians, the Poles, and the Russians. Their language, to which Lithuanian and Lettish stood nearest, was Old-Prussian, a tongue long since extinct, and treated by the German Knights with no more kindliness than has usually been shown by their countrymen towards the tongues used or cherished by annexed populations. There is a Marienburg legend, telling how, as late as the middle of the 14th century, on the occasion of the election to the Grand-mastership of Winrich von Kniprode, under whom the Order flourished as never theretofore, a Prussian bard ventured, after the banquet, to chant the honour of the chief of his native gods in his native tongue. Though nobody understood a word of his song, the Grand-master was wroth at his audacity, and bid them by way of guerdon give him a dish of hollow nuts, and drive him from the castle. And, as he was driven out, he lifted up his voice once more, and (perhaps, like Lord Byron, he could curse in any European language) those who had not understood his song understood his execrations, and shuddered at having mocked a poet who could express himself with so much force. In the beginning of the 13th century, these Prussians were as unconverted from the paganism of their fathers as they were unsubdued by foreign conquest. What knowledge could history possess of a race thus secluded from civilisation? Herodotus knew that amber came from their shores, and one thrills with the thought of Nature's calm inexhaustible productivity, as, steaming along the endless sand-banks of the *Curische Haff*, one notices the mechanical devices for gratifying the luxury of our own times with the precious material which was brought

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from the same shores to the Hellenes. But Herodotus knew nothing, and Tacitus, five hundred years afterwards, knew little more, of the amber-land itself and of its inhabitants; and, established as they were behind impenetrable marshes and forests, there seems no reason for supposing that these populations were in any perceptible degree affected by the movements and changes of the great Popular Migrations. The first representative of civilisation who visited these lands, and to whom we owe a description of their inhabitants, was Wulfstan, who is supposed to have been a native of Jutland, and whose account of his Baltic voyage was added by our King Alfred to his translation of the *Universal History* of Orosius. His picture of the Esths (by which name he mostly designates the peoples dwelling east of the Vistula, while those west of it he calls Wends) agrees with what we know of the manners and customs of the Old-Prussians in rather later times. They were strange manners enough, including a system of wakes such as I have witnessed carried to a quite extraordinary excess at the present day by the Lithuanian peasantry; though I do not know that they, like their ancestors, artificially freeze the corpse of the deceased, so as to prolong the good time which they have over it before the last parting.

There was no lack, before the 13th century, either of hostile attacks by powerful neighbours or of peaceful attempts by Christian missionaries upon the land between Vistula and Niemen; but the former only achieved a transitory success, and the latter, which brought the crown of martyrdom to the Slav Saint Adelbert and to the Saxon Brun, were failures from the

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outset. The sword was hardly more successful than the Cross, though, by the middle of the 12th century, a small corner of Prussia in the south (the so-called Kulmland) had fallen into dependence on Poland. From here in the year 1209, the monk Christian, a member of the Cistercian foundation at Oliva, west of the Vistula, set forth as an apostle to the heathen, and after several efforts was appointed Bishop in Prussia by Pope Innocent III. But what he had planted was speedily uprooted by a rebellion of the natives; and the result was, in the next pontificate, the issue of a papal summons to a crusade against the northern heathen. Honorius III made very careful arrangements for securing a direct control to the Holy See over the acquisitions that should be made by this new crusade; but for various reasons it came to naught—or, rather, the efforts made to bring it about ended in a mainly Polish and Pomeranian raid (1222), which had little permanent effect, and led to a retaliation in which the very convent of Oliva, the real source of Bishop Christian's mission, was sacked by the furious heathen. Many interesting speculations suggest themselves as to what might have been the result had this essentially Slav crusade succeeded in mastering the destinies of this stubborn land; but we pass them by. In 1226, the Duke of Masovia (N.E. Poland), a vassal of the Polish Crown, whose lands had been laid waste by the Prussians, summoned the Knights of the German Order to invade Prussia from the south, taking the Kulm lands which were made over to them for the purpose as the basis of their operations, and to conquer this rude remnant of heathendom for the honour and glory of God. Hermann von Salza, to

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whom, as will have already appeared, no offer could have been more welcome, took good care that there should be no mistake about it. The esteem in which he was held by Frederick II enabled him to obtain from the Emperor not only a confirmation of the transfer of the territory offered by the Polish Duke, but also, for himself and the Grand-masters who should succeed him, investiture with all the lands which the Order might take from the Prussians, with as full a territorial jurisdiction and lordship as those exercised by any Prince of the Empire. In 1230, the diplomacy of Hermann of Salza was rewarded by a confirmatory papal bull, and in the following year the conquest of Prussia was begun by the German Knights, who by no means at once transferred their seat thither from Venice, where they were very comfortably established, but sent an advanced guard, which sat down in 1229 in a wooden fortress on the Vistula, opposite Thorn in the land of Kulm, called in the chronicles by the idyllic name of Vogelsang. Rather unfortunately for the future relations of Germany and Prussia, this conquest was in theory made for the Church and not for the Empire; for these were the days of unbounded papal claims; and in 1234, the Pope declared the country conquered the property of St Peter, bestowing it as a fief upon the Order, which in its turn acknowledged the relation by the payment of a moderate rent-charge.

The process of conquest, once begun, went steadily on, supported by the Holy See with all the means in its power. It is well known that in the Middle Ages Crusading armies were not the most select bodies of campaigners—a fact easily enough accounted for when

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it is remembered that indulgences attached to participation in a Crusade[1]. Though among the Prussian Crusaders we do not hear of an element such as that which alloyed the invading army of William the Norman (and that too was in a sense almost a Crusading army), yet the Pope had thought proper to absolve from the proper penances of their sins all the soldiers of the Order—even those guilty of heinous crimes, of incendiarism, of the maltreatment of priests, or of Ghibellinism—an enumeration of offences recalling the Puritan sentence on the Oxonian who had been guilty of drunkenness, bad language, and bearing arms for the king. Furthermore, the Pope had granted to all husbands who joined the army a dispensation enabling them, should they prefer it, to divorce their wives. The conquest of Prussia was, hereupon, effected in a series of campaigns conducted with a regularity and system quite unusual in those times. No sooner had the Knights made themselves masters of a stretch of territory, than German ships, largely no doubt owned by Danzig merchants, brought them building materials up the Vistula, and fortifications were erected, the judicious choice of which to this day excites the admiration of strategists. Thus arose the castles of Thorn, Kulm, Marienwerder, and, named in honour of Ottokar, the great King of Bohemia, who had ridden north to gain glory and benefit for his soul in these conflicts, the fortress in Samland called Königsberg. After each castle had been built, the natives usually awoke to the perception that it was time to rise

[1] See, as to the privileges conferred upon the Templars with reference to the admission into their Order of excommunicated persons, an article on the Templars in *Königsberger Studien*, Heft 1 (1887), pp. 166–7.

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against the invader, and knocked their heads against his walls in vain. Thus (for I must not dwell on the successive steps in its progress) the Order, after absorbing into it certain other Orders, of which the most famous was the Livonian Order of the Sword, not only secured to itself the possession of the whole of Prussia (East Prussia, as it is now called) between Vistula and Niemen, but became the ruling authority along the whole Baltic coastline of Prussia, Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia, from Danzig to Narva on the Gulf of Finland. Everywhere Christian churches were built and the Christian worship was established, and in the wake of the Knights came citizens of the towns of Lower Germany, who established themselves in the towns beneath the castles, and were granted a liberal measure of rights and privileges. Of course, the inevitable happened; and an awful native revolt, inspired by the last fanatic efforts of paganism and directed by chiefs who had gained some insight into the ways of their foes, had to be quenched in blood. The struggle lasted for the better part of a generation, and was fought out with unparalleled fury. What was the warfare of the East—warfare, for instance, against a civilised adversary like Sultan Saladin—compared with the horrors of this great heathen rebellion, in the course of which we hear of a captured German force being offered up, iron armour and all, as a burnt sacrifice to the god of thunder? By the year 1283 all was over, and the Black Cross triumphant.

To this very period belongs the foundation of the Marienburg on the Nogat, of which the most ancient part was probably built about a generation before, in

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1309, the Grand-master, Siegfried von Feuchtwangen, held his solemn entry into the castle as his official residence. The greatest days of the castle fall in the latter half of the 14th century, when a whole series of puissant Grand-masters were buried in the vault of St Anne, beneath the castle church. In this period, the territories of the Order were strictly organised on the footing of a military State; and, as in a military State no real division of authority can be permitted, so the Order would not allow even the Church to pose as a rival to itself, but filled up the bishoprics and chapters in Prussia with its own members, who were little awed either by the Archbishop at Riga or by the Pope at Rome. There was no longer any love lost between the proud Knights and the Spiritual Power which had claimed them as vassals; what goodwill could there be between the creatures of the French Crown at Avignon, and this Order of soldier-monks, safe, unlike the Templars, from the clutches of King or Pope, in their northern fastnesses? Once, indeed the thunderbolt of excommunication fell upon them, but left them unharmed. They were on good terms with the citizens of their towns, which, from 1311, by a masterly stroke, had come to include Danzig, the wealthiest under their sway of the Baltic cities, though no halo of historic greatness surrounds its name, like that of free Lübeck, because their interests supplemented rather than clashed with one another; as for the peasantry, they were held down rigorously to their contributions and their services.

It would take me too long to attempt a sketch of the Constitution of the Order, or of the system of policy whereby it was enabled to hold high its head, trusting

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in the last resort to that military and afterwards naval strength, without which all policy is doomed to be found out. As to its policy, it consisted in a steady adherence to certain principles deduced from well understood self-interest: with the Hanseatic towns, cooperation, and to those towns under the supremacy of the Order, a large measure of liberty of action; towards the Scandinavian Powers, a haughty championship of the German name, and the claim of protecting the German trader against potentates and pirates; a share, accordingly, in the great achievements among which the conquest and reconquest of Gothland belong to the Order's historic glories. Against the Poles and Lithuanians, an attitude of vigilance the reverse of benevolent, an endeavour to create divisions and schisms among them, and the germ of a plan for the first partition of the hated neighbour kingdom. As to its system of administration, the Order, like most of the Monastic Orders of which the Orders of Chivalry are, after all, a mere species, presents a curious mixture of monarchical and oligarchical principles. Wandering through the Marienburg, one is not unlikely to overrate the regard paid to the former. The Grand-master, whose style of address with the Sovereign Heads of Europe was "my dear Brother," resided, in princely fashion, in the central portion of the citadel, whence he could observe the stir and bustle in the quadrangle, the *rialto* of its daily life. His audience-chamber is a lofty hall, with a thrice-vaulted ceiling, supported by two of the elegant granite pillars which are among the choicest architectural features of the Marienburg; behind it lie "Master's chamber" and "Master's little chamber," large enough in utilitarian

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days to house a little colony of cotton-weavers—for those celibatarian walls refuse to whisper that in the Polish times they sheltered a fair lady favoured by Augustus the Strong. A further door leads to the Master's small *Remter* or hall, supported by a single pillar; and thence through a noble vaulted corridor we reach the Master's large *Remter*, the great meeting-place of the Knights on occasions of state and solemnity, forty-five feet square, with ten lofty windows looking out on the plains, and opposite them the mighty fireplace, carved out of a solid mass of stone. But the pride of the great hall is the solitary pillar of polished granite, on which the sixteen-ribbed structure of its ceiling is concentrated. It was by a cannon-ball directed against this pillar that the Polish King Jagello intended, during the siege which ensued after the battle of Tannenberg, to bring the Grand-master and all his Knights to a sudden end; for he knew the hour of their meeting in the great *Remter*, and, indeed, had suborned a traitor to place his red hat as a sign in the window overlooking the plain; but the Blessed Virgin watched over her Knights and the stone ball flew, at a distance of a few inches, past the pillar into the wall, and may now be seen preserved as a memorial over the mantel of the fireplace. Well might the Knights exult in such a Patroness; for, when in an interview with the Polish King the Grand-master had expressed his trust in her protection, the Pole had mocked at her impotence, and bid a gunner aim at her counterfeit in the east window of the castle church; and the gunner had aimed, and aimed in vain, and had himself been smitten on the spot with blindness for the rest of his days.

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But we may think of the Master in more peaceable season and mood, as we pass from his official abode into the part of Marienburg lying in the immediate vicinity of the castle, which to this day bears the designation of the *Wälsche Garten*, i.e., the Italian garden. One recalls involuntarily those gardens ablaze with the fiery flora of the south, through which one has fancied the Knights of St John pacing under the sun of Malta; indeed, these gardens with their southern exotics, and often (as here) with the garden of beasts—the zoological garden, as we prefer to call it—adjoining, were distinctly associated with the experiences and acquisitions of the Crusades. Further on was the Master's falconry, celebrated as the best in Europe down to the days of the Emperor Maximilian, the last German Knight, as he was called by his admirers, and the Master's private garden with its summer-house, where, attired in a white tunic marked with the black cross, and a Danzig straw hat, he might offer a cool cup to his guests after they had strolled alongside of his extensive carp-ponds. Or shall we picture him to ourselves, more germanely to the original purpose of his Order's foundation, visiting the "Firmary" for sick Knights, an institution of which it is pleasing to hear at so early a date and in so martial a Court?

Yet, though the Grand-master was sovereign lord over the little solemnities and the trivialities of every day, he was in all matters of importance subject to the assent of the oligarchy of his Order, to which he owed his election. His Council of Five had to sanction any measure of importance before it was issued as his ordinance; the Governors of the districts had to approve of decrees affecting the subject territories and their

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inhabitants; occasionally, the Chapter of the entire Order was assembled by the officer called the *Deutschmeister*, and might take into its hands the affairs of the commonweal, nay the deposition of the very Grand-master himself. Thus, much depended on the state of public feeling, so to call it—in the Citadel of the Knights, and upon its manifestations as they sat at their tables in the great common room (*Conventsremter*), of which I have already spoken: the Grand-master, with the chief officers of the Order at the high table, where, to the last, four portions were served to him at every meal, so that he might have to spare from his superfluity for the poor; the Knights, whether priests or laymen, at the common table, where each two Brethren were allowed every day a gallon of good beer, but besides this naught but pure water, except on the festive days of the Church; and, at a third table, the Squires or Novices, not yet formally received as Knights. It was a martial body of men that would have been found here in the great days of the Order: soldiers who had at all times to be in readiness for service, to which they might be called at any time, for the postal system of the Knights was excellent, and linked their castles together and with the great Citadel on the Nogat. Of learning, sacred or profane, there was, we may take it, little to be heard or seen; though one Grand-master ordered that each house should contain two learned scholars, one in divinity and one in law; with the rest a strict discipline had to serve in matters both intellectual and moral; and we hear of a Knight of high birth being consigned to perpetual incarceration, "because he was a doubter." The Knights would have nothing to say to the monks of the older Orders, or to

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the learning and culture of which they were representatives; they were the soldiers of the Cross in a very literal sense of the word, and it cannot be denied that with all its beauty there is in the style of the Marienburg, and of the many castles of the Order which were modelled upon it, an unmistakable admixture of the barrack.

Strong, solid, and self-centred, the Order of the German Knights was doomed to decay and fall by internal as well as by external causes. Neither kind can be reviewed on the present occasion. But I may briefly refer to certain contradictions inherent in its nature and Constitution, out of which time was certain to form obstacles against a continuous healthy growth. The Order was an aristocracy, and aristocracies often live long in both State and Church; but this was an aristocracy depending upon accident, instead of being held together by really enduring ties. Of course, the bond by which it professed to be bound together was that of religious vows; but these in many instances became purely formal, in others they were shamelessly disregarded. When the Monastic Orders gave way before the temptations of the world and the flesh, what could be looked for from the Military? At times, it seemed as if the sins of the Templars, which helped to bring about though they did not justify their doom, had failed to be a warning to the German Knights. But, furthermore, there was something radically unnatural, and therefore unsound, in their rule. The allegiance which they exacted from landowners, burghers, and peasantry throughout Prussia was unlike that imposed by a national dynasty upon a willing people. The towns, above all Danzig, were weary of the rule of these monk-

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soldiers and knight-merchants, and jealous both of their competition and their control. Here, as elsewhere in the great mercantile towns of the Empire, there was growing up a civic patriciate, rich enough and proud enough not to fear the thought of a struggle with these haughty lords of theirs, owners themselves of a sleeping-place in their great castle, and a seat in the chapter-house and the great *Conventsremter*. The country nobles and squires, too, began to complain and conspire together; the League of the Lizards, which they formed in the way of self-defence against the Knights, might on occasion be used in the way of aggression; while, as for the lower class, they had no reason to love their black-cross masters, and would not remain unaffected by the agitation which in this period was spreading through the peasantries of Europe, like the epidemics of the age. Finally, the military system of the Western world was undergoing an unavoidable change; the Order, like other persons, had to take large masses of foot-soldiers into its pay; and, apart from the sacrifices in money which this entailed upon the Knights, was it to be expected that they would in the long run be able to gain victories as of old by mainly mercenary troops? These and other causes were contributing to the decline of the Order; but, besides and above these, there was at work a cause such as it is rarely given to contemporaries to divine, however patent it may be to the eyes of posterity. No human institution can long preserve its vitality, of which the reason for existence—the *raison d'être*—has passed away. The *raison d'être* of the Order was continuous warfare against the heathen; and in 1386, when the Lithuanian Prince, Jagello, called in

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baptism Ladislas, mounted the Polish Throne, he—a convert himself—cut the ground from under the Order's feet by forcing or bribing the whole of his Lithuanian people, now united with the Polish, into the Christian fold. The sword of the German Knights would have rusted in its scabbard, had they not been forced to draw it in self-defence.

The great revival, if I may use the term, of the Slav nationality in the closing years of the 14th and early part of the 15th century (the revival with which the Hussite movement so strangely connects itself) was for the German Knights the beginning of the end. With the official Christianisation of Lithuania the Order's occupation was gone; nor should it be overlooked that about the same time the power of the Hanseatic League of Cities, the natural and almost indispensable ally of the Order, declined, partly on account of internal conflicts, while the League's Scandinavian rivals were consolidating their power in the Union of Calmar. First, the Knights had to maintain a struggle of several years with the Samogitians for the mastery of the territory between Prussia and Lombardy, in the course of which Memel, the Land's End of the kingdom of Prussia in later days, was captured by the barbarians and had to be retaken from them. Then, in 1408, the Order abandoned the island of Gothland with its German city of Wisby to the Scandinavian Queen Margaret. And, all the time, there continued the intrigues of the Polish Government—intrigues with the Order's neighbours and intrigues with its subjects—which were carried on till the collision became a mere question of time; and, when it took place, what a

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terrible background of resources had the foe in a whole cluster of pagan peoples with whom he showed no scruple of entering into alliances! In the year 1410, on the field of Tannenberg, two armadas of unprecedented size—seventy-nine thousand soldiers of the Order, it was reckoned, against one hundred and seventy thousand Poles—were hurled against each other, and, after an awful slaughter, the victory to which treason had helped fanaticism remained with the Slav.

But the end was not as yet. Among the tens of thousands who had fallen at Tannenberg was the Grand-master Ulric von Jungingen, who lies with the other Masters in the vault beneath the church at Marienburg. No ghostly voice, as on an earlier occasion in the Order's history, was heard to sound from that vault, naming the successor who should save the Castle and its owners from peril, but the Superiors of the Knights met, and resolutely chose Count Henry of Plauen in the place of the dead man. Everything seemed lost; the nobility of the land of Kulm were in open rebellion; Danzig admitted a Polish commander within its walls. But the new Grand-master contrived to concentrate the remnant of his Knights within the solid walls of the Marienburg, burning the very town at its base, lest it should serve the purposes of the invader before he approached with his army—an eastern army is generally a kind of migration—of Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, and Tartars. For weeks they lay before the Citadel, of which they were unable to master even a single fosse or wall—and which we may be sure would not have collapsed before them, even had their master-

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gunner hit the pillar in the great *Remter* at which the story makes him to aim through the traitor's hat. King Ladislas' Lithuanians, Christians though they were, proved insubordinate, and in the end he withdrew, as barbarians always will withdraw when confronted by anything in the way of a fortification. While he retired, castle after castle in his rear was recovered by the Grand-master, and soon Ladislas thought it best to make peace. The First Peace of Thorn (1411) left the Order with its territories impaired only by the loss of Samogitia, which had to be surrendered to Poland.

But, in truth, Henry of Plauen, who himself afterwards had to stalk like another Coriolanus among the tents of the foe—he had been deposed for ordering a tax which all were to pay alike and which all seem to have alike resisted—and whose life ended in misery and shame, had merely staved off the evil day. He made a number of reforms in the Constitution of the Order, which were doubtless necessary, but, like some other reforms that have been heard of in the history of the world, were an announcement of decline. While the dominions of the Order were subjected to constant inroads, which it met in a spirit of conciliation, the Slav population drew more and more closely together, excited to the wildest hopes by the successes of the Hussites, whose visitations did not spare Prussia itself in their courses. Abroad and at home, the Order had palpably survived its better days, nay had almost survived itself, when it began altogether to lose its national character. When another Polish War overwhelmed its lands, the Marienburg was sold to the Polish King by the mercenaries of the Order, who had driven the Grand-master

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out of his own castle; and significantly enough it was the *town* of Marienburg which contrived to hold out for not less than three years on its own account, under the command of a brave Knight of the Order and its own heroic Burgomaster. For the town had grown into a considerable community, and had been rebuilt since the siege of 1410, which its guildhall, a building that seems to date from as early a period as the Marienburg itself, had fortunately survived. The brave Burgomaster, Bartholomew Blome, was finally captured by the Poles, and put to death—the type of a civic virtue not ill mated with what was left of the spirit of Christian chivalry.

In the Second or so-called Perpetual Peace of Thorn (1466) Prussia was divided into two parts, the western half falling to Poland, the eastern being restored to the Order on condition of its Grand-master b[illegible] vassal of the Polish Crown and half the Germa[illegible] being henceforth Poles. Before long, the decr[illegible] began to adopt the policy of electing to t[illegible] Mastership a member of some important princ[illegible] whose support might be thus purchased fo[illegible] tinuance of its existence. Thus, as you know, [illegible] passed into the hands of Margrave Albert of [illegible] burg-Anspach, whom Luther satisfied of t[illegible] which we are all so easily satisfied—the coin[illegible] expediency and duty. He responded to the c[illegible] of both by casting to the winds the rule of t[illegible] marrying a wife and turning East Prussia into [illegible] duchy. There was an end—at least among the [illegible] of this world there was an end—of the Black Cross, but the Black Eagle was only beginning his flight, which has borne him far beyond the range of the swiftest falcon

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of the proudest Grand-master. If you wish to seek, as it behoves antiquarians to seek, for the last traces of the German Order, you will have to travel from the shores of the Baltic to the valleys of the Adige, where I believe its Knights still pass—or till recently passed—through portals marked with the Black Cross, as they passed of old through the Golden Portal in the Marienburg.

As for the Marienburg itself, being situate in Western Prussia, it necessarily passed as it were permanently with the rest of this division of the land into the power of the Polish Crown, the Grand-masters and the Knights in the first instance taking up their abode at Königsberg. The Polish occupation was not altogether undisturbed; in 1626, no less a hero than Gustavus Adolphus captured the Castle for Sweden, whose soldiery was only after years ousted from its walls. The Poles then recovered possession. On the whole, they did little harm to the Castle except by "beautifying" it, in accordance with their own and their spiritual advisers', the Jesuits', conceptions of beauty, dignity, and order. During the Seven Years' War, a Russian occupation added its civilising influences; but the worst days of the Marienburg began when, in 1772, in consequence of the first Partition of Poland, it fell into the hands of Frederick the Great and his successors. Happily quite at the beginning of the present century, when instructions had been actually given to pull down the entire old-fashioned concern and cart away the materials, in order with their help to build a really useful military magazine elsewhere, some men of artistic and patriotic insight—above all President Schön, a name illustrious in Prussian history

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—interposed, and the movement began to which has been due the preservation as well as the restoration of this splendid relic of the Middle Ages. It is now many years since I visited it; and my audacity in giving a rough account of it to you tonight would be rightly rebuked, were some member of the Society to rise and inform me that I had been telling a very old tale. If so, I will only ask him, by way of excuse, whether he has not at times, like myself, been haunted by the remembrance of that mighty castle in the plains, of the vaulted halls in which the Black-Cross Knights gathered to discuss their exploits and their perils, and of the church beneath which moulder their rulers—instruments, like the puniest of us, in the mysterious hands of God?

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4. THE NORTH-FRISIAN OUTLANDS

(*The Cornhill Magazine*, April 1868.)

Of the dozen or so of intelligent gentlemen who accompanied the course of the last Schleswig-Holstein War from Altona to Alsen, the majority seem to have been struck with genuine astonishment by the discovery that between Elbe and Schlei there dwells a sturdy race of God-fearing, beef-eating men and women, bearing an unmistakable family likeness to the nation which is so obviously the favourite of Heaven. An inkling of this fact had indeed already crossed the minds of most writers and readers of English history; and, had the ingenious Correspondents aforesaid been led by the clash of arms to the western instead of the central and eastern districts of that peninsula, had it been worth their while to report on the desperate attempt of the gallant Danish Captain Hammer to maintain his Sovereign's rule over the outlying islands of the Schleswig archipelago, they would have been still more amazed at the resemblance between its inhabitants and their countrymen at home, in manners and customs, in language and fashion of speech, in food, and dress, and personal appearance. We should then have learnt, if not for the first time in our lives, at all events for the first time from the columns of a newspaper, that there can be no question as to the existence of a large and important Frisian element in our English nationality; that from the marshes whence, at the present day, horned cattle weekly invade the English markets, bands

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of seafarers erst crossed the treacherous seas to land far to the north in the Frith of Forth, whose appellation still recalls their name; or far to the south on the Isle of Wight, where their traces are still discoverable in the local nomenclature familiar to all Englishmen from the perusal of the Court Circular. We should have been told that on the rim of the North-Schleswig coast and on the Uthlande or Out-lands, as the islands fronting it are called in the North-Frisian dialects, the *th*, on which Englishmen justly pride themselves as their peculiar insular property, is still pronounced in its native purity; that, indeed, the natives of these districts speak a language far nearer to that of the natives of Hampshire than to that of Brandenburgers or Silesians, and far more intelligible to the former. All these and many cognate facts would have been not the less true because they might not have happened to be precisely new. It is to a different phase in the history of the North-Frisian coastline and archipelago that these pages are intended to direct attention. This phase has no concern either with the original settlement of England, or with the Schleswig-Holstein question. While the former may be cheerfully left in the hands of Dr Latham and other combatants, the latter has in these districts scarcely amounted at any time to what may properly be termed a question. Steadily and stubbornly the Frisian inhabitants of the North-Schleswig coast and islands have resisted any and every attempt at Danisation. When the Danish Government attempted to introduce the Danish language into the churches and schools of Sylt, the most important and (except the small island of Röm) the northernmost of the North-

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Frisian group, their pastors could find no hearers to listen to their sermons, and their schoolmasters no children to attend their lessons. When, at the little Danish colony of List, at the north point of the island, they had fitted up a very neat building, with church and school, for Danish services and instruction, the Prussian and Austrian troops arrived to slit its thin-spun life, and the eleven children of the colony are again taught in German by a schoolmaster from Röm, whom we found solacing his abundant leisure with a treatise on the theory of pædagogics. The unnatural arrangement by which this portion of the island of Sylt, part of the island of Föhr, and the whole of the little neighbouring island of Amrum, were politically separated from the Duchy of Schleswig, and included as *enclaves* in the more distant Jutland, was therefore very appropriately as well as necessarily terminated by their incorporation with Schleswig at the Peace of Vienna, three years ago.

The conflict on which we are about to touch, and which we are now as it were witnessing with our own eyes during a tranquil seaside sojourn at Westerland or Sylt, is a conflict not between Governments, not between nationality and nationality, but one between enemies whose wars are more obstinate than wars between Governments, and more certain to end in the absolute victory of the stronger than wars between nationalities. The combatants are the sea and the land, and the victory is with Ennosigæus. Aided by his ancient ally Æolus, he tears strip after strip, and band after band, from the helpless island shores, first burying houses and churches beneath the sands which his ally

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drives before him up the coast, and then covering sands and ruins alike under the irremovable shroud of his eternal waters. But, if he is a powerful foe, he is also a generous friend, proceeding on a principle of vague elementary equity, which mortals call robbing Peter to pay Paul. What he tears from the east he often adds to the west; what he takes from the islands he frequently bestows upon the mainland.

A glance at the map will illustrate the process, though it cannot precisely verify it. The elaborate maps by which a land-surveyor of the 17th century, one Johannes Meyer, illustrated the well-known Schleswig-Holstein Chronicle of his patron, Caspar Danckwerth, Burgomaster of Husum, when compared with a map of the same districts at the present day, present a sufficiently startling discrepancy[1]. This discrepancy is considerable in those of Meyer's maps which are, of course, deserving of implicit credit as delineating the shores of mainland and islands at the time of the publication of the Chronicle (1652); it is enormous in the case of those which, with less certainty, represent the outline of coast and archipelago at a date of four centuries earlier. The authorities on which these earlier maps are based, are, in the first place, tradition, which may be and is in many cases doubtful (e.g. in that of the supposed Friesenhafen, whence the invaders of England are stated to have taken their departure, and in that of the supposed extensive peninsula of

[1] Among modern maps may be consulted that of Schleswig-Holstein, by the Prussian Captain Geerz (official), or that appended to C. P. Hansen, *Das Schleswigsche Wattenmeer und die friesischen Inseln* (Glogau, 1865).

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Süderstrand, stretching about twenty degrees westwards from Tönning, and even believed by some to have been originally connected with Heligoland); and, in the second, the registers of extinct churches and parishes, in which there is every reason to confide. But even were there no maps in existence embodying the traditions or conjectures of ancient times, the personal experience of living inhabitants, as well as the observations which the traveller can hardly avoid making for himself, would enable him to understand the main features, and to predict the ultimate result of this long-continued conflict.

Husum, which is easily reached from Altona or Kiel, and where the historical traveller may regret to observe the neglect into which successive Governments have allowed the old palace, formerly the dower-house of the widowed Duchesses of Schleswig, to fall, is the starting-point for a voyage among the North-Frisian Outlands. After traversing a broad expanse of morass and mud, already converted in part into excellent pasture-land, on which the cattle are training for Newgate market, we take boat to reach the other extremity of the archipelago, the island of Sylt. We are assured that the clear-eyed little captain on the gangway of the steamer *Nordfriesland* is the most experienced pilot of these treacherous waters; nor, indeed, would it be quite safe for a man to trust himself on them in his own pleasure-yacht. For the six hours' voyage between the Husum and the landing-place Nösse on the eastern shore of Sylt, can only be performed at high water, and even then must be confined to a narrow channel threading itself in a maze of twists and turns through rifts and sandbanks, and past islands and eyots in part of the

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minutest dimensions. These islands are the remains of an extensive peninsula which formerly stretched out far to the west into the German Ocean. More than a hundred churches and villages, according to the most moderate computation, lie buried beneath the sands which our boat so deftly avoids; and the islands which we pass are mere remnants of their former selves. We are in the so-called *Wattenmeer*, an untranslatable term, the *Watten* being the tracts of mud and sand visible at low water. For nine months of the year, they produce an abundance of oysters; in autumn, they are visited by swarms of widgeon and other wild-fowl from the *Vogelkojen* (preserves) of Föhr and Sylt, as well as by seals, which may be frequently seen disporting themselves in these waters, where the mariners either shoot or harpoon them, or fustigate them to a more ignominious death. The first island which we pass is Nordstrand, formerly connected with its present neighbour Pellworm, but torn from the latter in the memorable flood of 1634, the most terrible year in the entire history of the North-Frisian Outlands. This flood, brought on, as the Nordstrand preacher Matthias Boethius declared, by the wantonness and avarice of his flock, reduced the island to one-third of its former size, buried in the waves or laid level with the ground 1300 houses and 19 churches, and destroyed the lives of 6000 human beings and 50,000 cattle and sheep. The remnant of the inhabitants were unable to exist amidst the ruins of their former prosperity, and to a man deserted the island. It was given up by the Duke of Schleswig to an enterprising body of settlers familiar with the conflicts between land and water (Dutchmen of

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course), who imported a colony of Brabanters and set them to work to dyke in, with considerable success, portions of the ancient island. The descendants of these immigrants, Catholics by religion, still live on this island; and the here unique institution of an oratory, served by three priests, survives as a lasting memorial of the enterprising strangers, who have here carried out in miniature a work similar to that which their countrymen have for centuries continued on the grandest of scales, in their native *Waterstaat*.

Before we have lost sight of Nordstrand and its divorced neighbour Pellworm, we already come in view of the first of a series of the most speaking monuments of the desperate struggle between the sea and the outposts of the land. These are the so-called *Halligen*, a word of obscure derivation, and said by some to be the root of the name of our own insular colony of Heligoland. They can scarcely be called islands, for they are mere shreds or patches of land in the midst of the water, meadows with the greenest of grass washed by every tide of the sea, inhabited by mere handfuls of men, who dwell in houses raised on hillocks of turf and occasionally supported, like the lake-dwellings of the Scythians in Herodotus, by piles of wood driven into the soppy soil. Many are the stories which have been preserved or invented of the pathetic experiences of these children of the sea—how the men after, like a large proportion of these island-Frisians, leading a life of adventures on Hanseatic or Dutch vessels, return to die on their native morsel of land, where their wives or sweethearts have been keeping a long and solitary watch for their return. Mr C. P. Hansen, the excellent "Chronicler of Sylt"

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(where, like his father and grandfather before him, he has long lived as a schoolmaster), whose books contain everything worth knowing about his cherished archipelago, even quotes a pathetic poem[1] (poems, he says, are rare in these parts: *Frisia non cantat*) reproducing such a tradition. It is a song of a sister's longing for her brother, far away in command of a Dutch East-Indiaman—such a one as to this day lies inextricably stranded at the so-called Elbow in the northernmost corner of Sylt—and is written in a Frisian dialect of the neighbouring mainland. Meanwhile, those who stay at home, and make a miserable living by the sale of their cattle, are exposed to calamities of which an instance had occurred on one of the Halligen only a week before we passed by it. The storm of the 27th of July last had swept away the entire crop of hay which lay drying on the meadow, and which the inhabitants of the island had been either too few or too stupid to remove to their solitary hillock. In the Husum newspaper we read a piteous appeal from the minister of this Hallig on behalf of its inhabitants, who in losing their hay had lost their only harvest of the year, and would be forced by want to sell their cattle, their sole property and means of sustenance. These Hallig pastors, it may be mentioned

[1] The reader may like to see the first stanza as a specimen:—

Ferjeth me ei, min Hertens liwe Brouther,
Wann dö der sillest am a Wral;
Wann dö der stonst an sjongest bei din Routher,
Ferjeth me ei.

Forget me not, dear brother of my heart,
When that thou sailest round the world;
When that thou stand'st and singest by thy helm,
Forget me not.

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by the way, are young ministers who have to serve their apprenticeship in the Church in these poor and desolate localities, before they are promoted to more tolerable and remunerative livings on the mainland. We mention this practice in order to show that there are differences as well as resemblances between the Frisians and their English kinsmen. At the same time, a preposterous notion seems to be gradually growing up even in these out-of-the-way regions that the clergy are underpaid; for we found the little church at Westerland on Sylt pastorless on account of the low salary (45*l. per annum*), which had been hitherto deemed a sufficient remuneration for its spiritual officer.

Past these comfortless oases, often inhabited by not more than a dozen of individuals in a couple of tenements, past the flourishing island of Föhr, where the visitors to the pretty little sea-side place of Wyck are crowded round the bathing-machines under the inspiriting music of the inevitable band, we steam into more open waters and reach at last the Reis-gap (i.e. traveller's hole: an appellation which we venture to recommend to the General Steam Navigation Company for their landing-place at St Catharine's Wharf) on the eastern shore of Sylt, whence a moonlight drive of two hours over sand and marsh brings us to Westerland on the western shore. Nothing but sea any longer separates us from the Yorkshire coast; but that sea has many secrets to tell; and if our readers will bear with us a little longer, we will endeavour in a few notes from the annals of this typical island to picture the main features of the history of the North Frisian archipelago.

Sylt may be roughly described as a long line of sand

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extending in the direction of due north to south, with a central hump or projection to the east of marsh and heather-land. The configuration of the island itself suggests an approximate idea of the ravages which its territory has undergone during the last six centuries. Its dangerous side is of course the western, where nothing but a chain of sand-hills (Dunes) protects it against the inroads of the German Ocean. On the east, a wide expanse of mud stretches towards the Schleswig coast, only partially covered with water at the ebb, and sufficiently shallow to freeze over in winter, when the post accordingly travels across the ice to the little port of Hoyer. But, on the western side, the sea steadily and irresistibly gains upon the land, by a process of fatal regularity, only interrupted now and then by an incursion of exceptional violence, when the monster rages with uncontrollable fury and casts up from his maw beams and stones, and the very foundations of churches and homesteads which he swallowed centuries ago. As a rule, however, according to the process already indicated, the wind acts as advanced guard. The Dunes, as the inhabitants picturesquely express it, are *wandering* Dunes; moving gradually from west to east and doing in years what the sea will occasionally accomplish in a single night.

Accordingly, several villages on Sylt bear the names of other villages which centuries ago lay three or four miles farther west, on sites now covered by the sea. Such is the case with the village of Wenningstedt and with that of List. Of Eydum the name only is preserved in a spot where the evicted villagers for a time stowed the relics of their goods and chattels.

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In the little church of Westerland is an altar-screen, unmistakably dating from Catholic times, which originally decorated the church of the now vanished Eydum, and had, according to tradition, been brought thither from the previously destroyed old List. But the history of Rantum, the present village of which name lies about half-way down the southern peninsula of the island, most clearly exemplifies the process.

The original old Rantum lay about four miles out from the present shore. On All Saints' eve, 1436, came a terrific storm which buried this Rantum, as well as Eydum, beneath the waters. Some of the remaining inhabitants hereupon built a second Rantum nearer the present western coastline of the same peninsula. Then the wind began its gradual work, driving in the sand till it buried house after house beneath its drifts, and till at last (about a century ago) the church had to be moved further inland. But even this church—the third—which is still remembered by a few old people, had to be broken up in its turn; the village had to be shifted once more to the east of the Dunes; in 1828 only thirteen houses remained; at the present day only six are standing, and these also a speedy end awaits. An old woman with a baby in her arms, with whom we spoke, in one of these houses, could recall the time when Rantum church was still standing; if the child lives to reach its grandmother's age, it will infallibly survive the last homestead of the doomed village. When the wind has done his work, the sea follows, driving the Dunes to the east; nor can many years elapse before the work of destruction is accomplished and the whole of the southern and northern peninsulas are covered with water.

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The island is of course too poor to make it worth the while of the Government to protect the western coast by breakwaters and piers. Few and far between are the sails visible on the horizon, while numerous fragments of ships, and sea-chests with the names of English owners and ports, attest the fate of those whom ignorance or stress of weather has driven upon the sandriffs. The inhabitants, who offer a temporary resistance to the sea by constructing a network of grass and reeds to catch the sand, laugh at the notion entertained by recent semi-official visitors, that any permanent opposition can by such means be maintained against the incursions of an enemy whom they know only too well. When the sea takes only three nights to break up a ship of large burden stranded on the western shore, the idea of keeping it out by a flimsy texture of straw, appears childish to the Sylters. They wisely point out that the Government would do better to follow nature than to resist her, by draining and enclosing the land on the eastern peninsula and its vicinity, which is to all intents and purposes safe.

Such are the main conditions of this continuous conflict between the elements—a conflict not, indeed, comparable in significance to that on the coast of Holland, where an enterprising nation has conquered nature, but interesting and almost pathetic from the very circumstance of the helplessness of the islanders against their hereditary foe. These islanders—Paulsens, and Hansens, and Lorenzens, and Claassens. and all the others that end in *sen*—are themselves well deserving of study; but they are canny folk like their cousins in the Lowlands, and by no means anxious to be drawn out.

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The Sylters, like the rest of their Frisian brethren, are an orderly and peaceful race, which has long patiently paid its taxes to its Danish rulers, and will doubtless continue to pay them to its Prussian deliverers, albeit these latter have lost no time in visiting the islanders with the Prussian income-tax (*Classensteuer*)—an imposition hitherto unknown in these parts. Denmark and Prussia have hitherto both found willing subjects in all the Frisians, because they have wisely respected the *Landrecht* of the country, and have infringed none of the ancient rights and customs endeared to the people by a long and unbroken continuance. A lesson might possibly be learnt in this respect by our own Government as to the treatment of our own Frisian islanders on Heligoland, where the paternal interference of the Colonial Office has managed to raise a pretty little storm in a teacup by the imposition of a constitution of British manufacture[1]. In the island of Sylt the Prussian Government is represented by a *Landvogt*, who superintends the collection of taxes and all other matters of provincial administration. But the exercise of judicial functions, and the interpretation of the laws and customs of the country, belong to the Common Council, or *Sylter Rath*, which assembles annually or oftener, and is composed of twelve of the chief proprietors in the island, assisted by six other members chosen by the peasantry, or *Bauernschaft*. The Council thus forms a free popular tribunal, with jurisdiction in both civil

[1] An account has lately appeared in the (German) newspapers of an odd visit paid by the Duke of Buckingham, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to the recalcitrant island in the month of June last, and of a lecture read by His Grace to a committee of the inhabitants on board a Danish ship-of-war.

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and criminal cases, and has even pronounced sentence of death for grave offences.

At Keitum, the capital of the island where this Common Council meets, the relic of the representative body which of old assembled on the *Thing*-hills, still visible near the neighbouring Thinnum, the worthy cattle-farmers and retired sea-captains are said to entertain a wholesome dread of the new-fangled notions likely to be introduced by the *Badegäste* at Westerland. It is, indeed, not unlikely that this watering-place, the only one in Germany which lies open to the German Ocean, and which is already stated to have attracted the attention of a Berlin speculator, may have what hotel-keepers and proprietors of bathing-machines call a future before it. At present its comforts are neither numerous nor sybaritic. Yet we trust that the inroads of civilisation may not justify the apprehensions of contingent demoralisation which disquiet the minds of the native inhabitants. May their trim cottages, all built after a single model, with their tile-covered walls and windows adorned with flower-pots, remain sacred from intrusion, though their doors be left as heretofore unlocked by day and night! May the Frisian dialect of their white-pated sons be preserved pure from the alloy of Berlin or Hamburg lingo, and the long flaps descending from their daughters' head-gear continue to veil their rubicund countenances from the gaze of the profane! May the sea, which brings them both health and wealth, be slow to encroach still farther upon their flourishing homesteads, and may their graves be undisturbed on the heights of Keitum, nor beaten by the impetuous and ruthless sea!

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5. LÜBECK

(*The Saturday Review*, October 14, 1865.)

THERE are moments in the course of intelligent travel that make an impression which lasts for ever, which later impressions may easily rival, but which they can never wholly wipe out. In a continuous course of remarkable towns, interesting alike for their existing remains and from the associations of past times, each has a fair chance of seeming for the moment the most attractive among its fellows. But there are spots in every journey—in every journey, at least, planned with historical or political purpose—which stand out by themselves, which may be placed side by side with others of equal interest on other grounds, but which we at once feel admit of no competitor of their own kind. Such, in a North German tour, a journey among Hanseatic cities, is the moment when we first catch sight of the ancient head of the great merchant League, the ancient mistress and civiliser of Northern Europe. Simply as a picturesque combination, the seven spires of Lübeck form a piece of architectural grouping which can hardly be surpassed, though there was a time when they might have been fairly matched in their own line by the six spires of Coventry. And, as a picturesque combination, a question at once arises between groupings like Lübeck and Coventry, where nearly all the main objects are of the same kind, and groupings like Caen and Oxford, which present a collection of forms of greater variety. But, historically, what is Caen

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or Coventry compared to Lübeck? Earl Leofric and William the Conqueror have their attractions, but what is any one city of the Kingdom of England or of the Duchy of Normandy beside the mighty Commonwealth whose fleets once struck terror into all the kingdoms of the North? Hundreds are familiar with the fame of Venice in whose ears the name of Lübeck is hardly more than a sound. But the greatness of Venice, within her own Mediterranean, was not more indisputable than the greatness of Lübeck, within that Northern Mediterranean whose shores she so largely helped to people with men of our own race and almost of our own speech. Here, fallen indeed from her ancient greatness, but still free, still prosperous, is the city which once was the mightiest commonwealth of Teutonic Europe. Here is the city which once sat as the chosen chief of eighty free and sisterly republics, the city which checked the advance of Denmark, and which gave Kings to Sweden, the city the long arms of whose commerce stretched from Novgorod to London, and whose history is inseparably entwined with that of our own commerce and our own capital. Here are still her splendid churches, the special church of the citizens significantly overtopping the Cathedral of the Prince Bishop; here is her *Rathhaus*, where indeed no longer assemble the deputies of all the commonwealths of Northern Europe, but where *Bürgermeisters* and Senators and *Bürgerschaft* still maintain the independence of a republic which, since her own Cæsar has vanished and since her foreign tyrant has passed away, no longer owns a suzerain upon earth. Many and stirring indeed are the thoughts which press upon the mind as we first set foot in the Teutonic

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Carthage—the Teutonic Carthage, we say; for the Teutonic Rome we must look elsewhere, in the city of nobles which crowns the proud peninsula girdled by the Aar.

There are indeed almost as many striking points of analogy between Lübeck and Bern as there are striking points of difference. Both are essentially cities of the Middle Ages. Unlike the cities of southern Europe, of Gaul, and of a large part of Germany itself, neither of them has the least root in classical antiquity. Each acknowledges a historical founder in the same comparatively recent age. Lübeck dates from the former, Bern from the latter, half of the twelfth century. What Berchthold of Zähringen is to the southern city, Henry the Lion of Saxony is to the northern. In neither case can any claim to an earlier date be decently put forward; Bern probably already existed as a village, but that is all. A commemorative legend is attached to the birth of either city, but neither had ever the slightest pretence for enveloping itself in the charm of mythical antiquity. The city of merchants and the city of nobles have alike had their day; each in a manner has fallen, and each has in a manner risen again; neither holds the same place in the general balance of things which once it held; but each is still free and prosperous, and doubtless neither would willingly exchange that ancestral freedom for any material advantages which might be gained by incorporation with any self-styled kingdom or self-styled empire of yesterday.

Lübeck is indeed the sort of city which most thoroughly delights the historical enquirer. The past and the present combine here in exactly their proper pro-

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portions. A city of ruins is a mere matter of antiquarian curiosity; in a city where all is new, the busy present is too apt to exclude the venerable past. As we walk the streets of Lübeck, both extremes seem alike shut out. There was a time, under and immediately after the tyranny of Bonaparte, when Lübeck had positively sunk and when all prosperity had passed away from her. Since her deliverance, she has found her place in the new state of things—not indeed her old place as Queen of Northern Europe, but a place as a chief centre of the trade of her own seas: a character in which she has steadily advanced, and in which she has little to fear, unless the new masters of Kiel contrive to nurse up their new harbour of war into an artificial prosperity.

Lübeck stands well, on a slightly elevated peninsula, sloping down on both sides to its two rivers, and faced, on the other side of the Trave, by the rising ground formerly occupied by the fortifications of the city, and now laid out in the usual ornamental manner. The position would be striking anywhere; it is especially so in the dull country with which Lübeck, like most other North-German towns, is surrounded. The city consists of two main lines of streets on the ridge of the hill, from which cross streets slope down on both sides. It is therefore a city in which, unlike Cambridge, Brunswick, or Limoges, it is singularly easy to find one's way. In ancient buildings Lübeck is wonderfully rich. Two great and three smaller churches, remains, more or less extensive, of three monasteries, the noble *Rathhaus*, a hospital, and many picturesque private houses, form a very rich accumulation of architectural wealth. All the buildings are in the local brick style, and are none the

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worse for it. But, owing to a fire which pretty well destroyed the city in the 14th century, there are very small remains of any great antiquity.

Among the particular buildings, we have already implied that the civic church, the *Marienkirche*, distinctly outtops the *Dom* or Cathedral in the general view of the city. The Cathedral in fact, higher alike in antiquity and in ecclesiastical rank, has the advantage in length, while it yields in height. As an architectural whole, the *Marienkirche* has certainly the advantage; it forms one harmonious design of the 14th century, and is not a whit the worse for its material. Without, the two western spires and the grouping of the eastern chapels claim for it, mere parish church as it is, a place among the noblest of minsters; and the interior, with the gigantic height of its columns, the minuter glories of its roodloft, and the exquisite beauty of the chapel attached to its southern tower, will more than fulfil any expectation which may have been formed without. But, if the *Marienkirche* is the more satisfactory to the artist, the Cathedral is distinctly the more attractive to the antiquary. Like so many other Lutheran Churches, its wealth in the way of ecclesiastical ornament is something amazing. An enormous crucifix, with its attendant figures, of splendid workmanship and altogether untouched, still spans the centre of the church in its old position, and seems to give no offence to the Protestantism of a city which rather piques itself on its piety, as compared with its neighbours. A splendid triptych by Memling in one of the northern chapels is perhaps the most generally attractive object in the church; but the whole building is full of remains of one sort or

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another, ritual and monumental. Conspicuous among the latter is the bronze figure of Bishop Heinrich von Buchholz, a benefactor of the 14th century, who lies in the choir which he enlarged to its present extent. As his eyes were made of gems, and as a third gem adorned his pastoral staff, these more precious parts were picked out by the French conquerors of Lübeck. Even the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel; but we may be thankful that the Bishop was not melted down whole into a piece of artillery.

Of the three conventual establishments very extensive remains exist, since the domestic buildings seem to have been applied to other purposes, almost without injury. The church of St Anne, in ruins, is very singular, and that of St Catharine is both singular and beautiful. Its choir, raised aloft to a height which, even comparatively, utterly distances that of Wimborne, is made into a receptacle for local antiquities, mainly ecclesiastical. It is filled with pictures and images of the most gorgeous kind, showing, with those still remaining in the churches, what the wealth of Lübeck once was. The Holy Ghost Hospital has a striking front, with a range of small spires, which seem almost designed for a larger building; probably they were suggested by those of the *Rathhaus*. The latter groups well with the *Marienkirche*, and, though it is open to the charge of exhibiting several gross architectural shams, yet on the whole it shows what an effect can be produced by brick in secular architecture, as its neighbour does in ecclesiastical. The outside is highly picturesque; within, the great Hall of the Hansa had been cut up into various small rooms. As might be expected, it is by far the largest *Rathhaus*

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in its own group of cities; and it is not one compact mass, like that of Bremen, but a building covering a great deal of ground and spreading out in more directions than one. As a historical monument, as the very heart and centre of the Hanseatic League, it stands by itself in northern Germany.

The remaining buildings are the gates. The Holstein Gate, near the railway, with its two massive round towers and spires, is perhaps the more generally striking; but we are by no means clear that we do not prefer at least the present effect of the *Burgthor* at the north end of the town. The Holstein Gate has lost greatly by the destruction of the adjoining buildings, including another gate still larger than itself. It was itself threatened; but the good taste and liberality of some of the citizens procured its preservation, and it is now being carefully restored. The *Burgthor* has the great advantage of not standing isolated, as the Holstein Gate now does, but of still forming part of a group. Its shape is quite different; not a gate between round towers, but a square tower over a gate, reminding one somewhat of the Norman Tower at Bury St Edmunds.

Among the attractions of Lübeck it would be most unfair not to reckon the Lübeckers. It is pleasant to see a noble city so thoroughly appreciated by its inhabitants as Lübeck certainly is. They are proud of it, and are ready with the heartiest welcome to any one who shows an interest in either its past or its present state. Indeed, the traveller who arrives with an intelligent object need never fail to be well received in northern Germany. He is in some respects better off than in Switzerland. Northern Germany has not suffered from

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the plague of tourists, and from their indifference to the higher interests of the natives. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the fact that some of the most interesting cities in Europe are situated in some of its outwardly least attractive regions brings this incidental good both to the inhabitants and to their visitors.

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6. CRACOW AND WARSAW

(*The Saturday Review*, October 10, 1868.)

THE month of September, which brings refreshment to every British subject and vacuity to many a British newspaper, has of late become a busy month on the Continent. For, while amongst ourselves everybody, from Her Gracious Majesty to the roving correspondents of the daily papers, devotes this season of the year to quiet valleys and breezy mountain-tops, less favoured nations are occupied in watching the wanderings of their Sovereigns—wanderings less intelligible in their purport, and at times less smooth in their accomplishment. King William of Prussia has brought his autumn journeys to an end without any more serious *contre-temps* than that of being run aground in the rain at Hamburg, on board a vessel which the enthusiasm of his republican Confederates had just declared to be typical of the movement of which he is the acknowledged leader. The meeting of the Emperor Napoleon and Queen Isabella has actually taken place at last, though under circumstances which probably marred the satisfactory enjoyment of so "auspicious" a conjunction. Meanwhile, the Sovereigns of eastern Europe have been on the move as well as their western brethren. The Emperor Alexander has passed through Berlin on his way to Warsaw, which has been once more illuminated in honour of its beloved Sovereign; and the Emperor Francis Joseph, experienced in false starts, has made a particularly false start for Lemberg and Cracow. The

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Polish, French, and German newspapers have been filled with conjectures as to the reasons why, of these two journeys, the one has been accomplished and the other broken down. Foreign journalists are rarely at a loss to account for the movements of Princes and Ministers. Their penetrating sagacity can always explain even the vagaries of Prince Napoleon's endless tours, and divine the reason why Count Bismarck's physicians have recommended to their patient the air of an English seaside place. But the breakdown of the Cracow journey has proved too much for their ingenuity, probably just because it really had a secret reason. At Cracow, on Saturday and Sunday week last, the wildest reports circulated as to the cause of the Emperor's absence. It was known that the Lemberg Diet had passed an address, in which as complete a legislative and administrative independence was claimed for Galicia as that which Baron Beust's necessities have at last yielded to Hungary. Count Goluchovski, the Governor of the province, had gently protested against the terms of the address, but signified his more than acquiescence in the spirit of its prayer. This was the welcome which the Emperor Francis Joseph, who had already conned a Polish speech for delivery at the gates of Cracow and Lemberg, was at the last moment advised to avoid. It was for this reason that the banners hung listless on the walls, and the festoons of green-stuff abandoned the attempt to form Imperial initials. Count Podotski, the wealthiest magnate of the province, had spent in vain the two hundred thousand florins which were to make his Cracow palace a suitable receptacle for the Imperial guest. The harbingers were already on their way back

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to Vienna; and Count Podotski himself accompanied them, with a natural desire to inform himself at the *Hofburg* of the reason why. The streets and places of Cracow were crowded with white-coated and red-breeched peasants eager to welcome their ruler; but there was nothing for them but to visit the graves of the Polish Kings at the Cathedral, which are exhibited by torchlight every Sunday, after High Mass, to an eager population. Kosciusko's Hill, which Francis Joseph was to have honoured by a visit of respect, stood bare and desolate amongst its bastions. And no consolation was offered for the loss of the Emperor's entry, except a military concert, in which the band of an Austrian regiment was permitted to assure an applauding audience that *noch ist Polen nicht verloren*.

Strangers who happened to be at Cracow at the time could not fail, particularly if they had arrived *via* Warsaw, to find much matter for curious reflexion, both in the event which had caused the popular disappointment, and in the spirit with which that disappointment seemed to be generally borne. The Poles of Galicia felt an undoubted pride in having, as it seems, perplexed the very Government whose representative they had hoped to welcome among them. Count Goluchovski's resignation, which was already known at Cracow on Sunday week, was an additional exposure of the inextricable difficulties of the situation. The *Czas*, while defending the proceedings of the Lemberg Diet, with polite irony begged the Emperor not to allow his visit on that account to be indefinitely postponed. The German papers, on the other hand, professed to rejoice in the postponement, as a sign that

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the unreasonable demands of Galicia were not to be conceded; and they found matter for congratulation in the fact that Prince Auersperg, the President of the Vienna Ministry, had been dismissed at the very moment when his policy had prevailed.

But there is now reason to believe that the inspiration which determined the Emperor to relinquish his promised visit was not derived from Vienna itself. Practical demonstrations, like practical jokes, are less agreeable to the victim than to the perpetrator. It was an idea worthy of Baron Beust's fertile ingenuity—perhaps, as has been suggested, even betokening a still more illustrious origin, and warranting the supposition of Napoleonic parentage—to contrast in the eyes of Europe the reception of the Sovereign of what remains of Russian Poland at Warsaw with the entry of Francis Joseph into Cracow. Everyone knows how Warsaw receives its master. Deserted streets attest the sullen impotence of the population; Russian flags hang from the column which attests how a Polish King *Moscos fugavit*; a cordon of Cossacks guards the entrances to the once royal palace; the theatre, which the Emperor visits in state, is a *parterre* of Russian officers, glittering in barbaric splendour, unalloyed by the intermixture of civilian broadcloth; and at night the city is illuminated in spite of itself. The stranger, so soon as he has struggled through the thousand difficulties which attend the recovery of his passport, and has bribed his way into the railway carriage, is happy to reach the frontier and be free to remember that he is in Poland. The retreating form of the last Cossack sentinel on the bridge at Granitza is passed, and the forty spires of Cracow

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announce freedom of speech, at all events, and the possibility of conversing with your neighbours without danger of expediting them on their way to Siberia. The imagination of a traveller is wont to mislead him into unwarrantable fancies as to the condition and spirit of a people with which he is brought into mere outward contact. But in Warsaw, and in Russian Poland generally, it is not too much to say that one feels the knout and Siberia in the air. One is inclined to suspect oneself of some unknown offence against the existing *régime*, and almost to say one's prayers in Russian according to the formularies of the Orthodox Church, like the little Jews and Roman Catholics at the Warsaw gymnasium. Once across the frontier, and all this is changed. The dirt and the Jews are the same, but these are national possessions of the Polish people. But, instead of a country whose nationality is oppressed and trodden under foot, one has reached a land where the Government seems anxious to cherish and foster every national reminiscence, every popular peculiarity. The peasants are allowed to glory in a national costume, which at Warsaw is relegated to the *corps-de-ballet*. Your neighbour in the railway carriage, careless of the possible presence of a police spy in the adjoining compartment, informs you that in his opinion Cracow ought to be the capital of a resuscitated Poland. Your *vis-à-vis* at dinner reveals himself to you as a refugee from Warsaw, and freely communicates his views as to the rulers of either division of his native country. The Austrian officers in the theatre good-humouredly applaud the embodiment of their own nationality in the character of a Jew who makes himself ridiculous to Polish ears by

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his High-Dutch, and offensive to Polish eyes by his pocket-book of florin notes. And of the national monuments in streets and churches, every one is preserved with official tenderness, and kept in order by Government guardians. Austrian *Gemüthlichkeit* seconds Austrian policy; and the people are not only permitted, but encouraged, to glory in their national past and speculate on a national future.

Such are some of the outward features of the contrast which the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to Galicia, timed so as to coincide with that of the Emperor Alexander II to Warsaw, was beyond a doubt designed to bring out in its full force. But the brilliancy of such a *coup de théâtre* could not fail to strike those against whom it was devised. A Polish demonstration, in which the chief part was to be played by the Emperor of Austria himself, could not be permitted by his Imperial brother and ally. Popular movements travel fast; and it was precisely at this moment that in the south-west of Europe a legitimate Throne had been overturned almost in the twinkling of an eye. The moment was inopportune for coquetting with popular aspirations, however neatly those aspirations might fall in with the necessities of statesmanship driven into a corner. Whether the Emperor Napoleon advised, or the Emperor Alexander protested, or Count Bismarck (who has so unequivocally declared that he has no intention of allowing a revision of the map of Poland) made himself heard from the solitudes of Varzin, is, in fact, a secondary question. It is certain that the Austrian Government intended a demonstration in favour of the national aspirations of its Polish province, and abandoned this

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demonstration at the eleventh hour. It was said at Cracow that the visit of the Emperor would take place after all, but in the company of a Russian Grand-duke. The rumour was absurd enough, except as an embodiment of the sound view taken by public opinion of the existing situation. Another, and a most significant, proof has thus been given of the difficulty of the attempt to govern a vast and heterogeneous empire with a loose hand, and, what is more, with a loose policy. Baron Beust's masterstroke of satisfying Peter by granting the demands of Paul has not resulted in absolute success. Galicia and Bohemia, and other provinces, are at a loss to understand what benefit they have reaped from the concession of Hungary's claims. Galicia in particular has good reason to know the weakness of the Austrian Government, and to press home her demands. The policy of Austria towards her Polish territories has, from the first, been uncertain and unsound. Maria Theresa took part in the spoliation with tears. Her descendants have rarely found any better way of reconciling the wrongs of their dominion with the movements of their personal or political conscience. Metternich long played off the national aspirations of Galicia as a diplomatic counter against his neighbours and allies; and the incorporation of Cracow in the Austrian empire was, though under lively protest, accepted by the statesmen of Western Europe as a *pis-aller* in view of the designs of the Emperor Nicholas. Now that heavy days have come upon the Austrian empire, now that the attempt at centralising its Government and legislation in a German city has been for ever abandoned, now that the nationalities have been unloosed in the length and

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breadth of the empire, and the demands of one of those nationalities granted in full, the ultimate solution of the problem can no longer be, time after time, put forward, and time after time postponed. The Moscow democrats have their programme as to Russian Poland, and are carrying it out without much of hesitation or squeamishness. Prussia will not give up an inch of Prussian ground, and proceeds with her policy of Germanisation as surely and steadily as the Russian Government with its policy of oppression, though, as a civilised State, by civilised means. Austria alone is wavering between two or three lines of policy. It may be that in the imaginations of certain Vienna statesmen, mindful rather of Austria's past luck than of her present difficulties, there float vague visions of compensations to be obtained on the Vistula for losses suffered on the Adriatic. But these are dreams, and the power both of Russia and of Prussia is a reality. Nor is the prospect of the Austrian Government carrying through a national Polish movement likely to commend itself either to her German subjects or to her foreign Allies. The painfully ludicrous episode of the abandoned imperial visit to Galicia shows that Austrian statesmen cannot contemplate even the beginnings of such a movement without shrinking back from the spectre of their own policy.

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7. SAINT-NAPOLÉON

(*The Saturday Review*, August 21, 1864.)

As in ancient Rome the slaves were once a year permitted to indulge in the harmless fancy that they were freemen, so one day is annually set apart for the Parisians to remember that they are loyal. During the rest of the year they rejoice in a serene contemplation of their political liberalism and intellectual *spiritualité*; but, when the Ides of August approach, they begin to reflect that two days afterwards it will be their duty to go mad in glorification of the only Saint whose worship in the least excites the devotional instincts of a Frenchman. Lest they should forget or miscalculate the date of his festival, hundreds of men and women, such as in London permeate the streets with illuminated hats announcing less obtrusive exhibitions, arrest the attention of the *flâneur* on the Boulevards, by thrusting into his hand a broadside bearing the flaming inscription of *La Saint-Napoléon, Chanson Nationale*. This, in a certain sense, undoubtedly inspired anthem commences in the following strain:—

Quels chants d'amour! quel concert d'allégresse!
Ciel! qu'ai-je lu sur le calendrier?
C'est le Quinze Août, chacun alors s'empresse
De déserter le bureau, l'atelier.
À nos plaisirs mariant sa clémence,
Un beau soleil plane sur l'horizon;
Du haut des cieux Dieu protége la France,
C'est aujourd'hui la Saint-Napoléon.

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But, when once the blessed morning has broken, and the fair sun commenced to shine distressingly, as *per* advertisement, there is little need of the invocations of the bard to remind the unhappy visitor that the Emperor's *fête* has broken loose. At six o'clock A.M., he is startled from his couch by a salvo of guns, which announces the day of *Panis et Circenses*. The *Panis* is distributed in its natural form to the poor, and in that of wine to the legions whom their master very naturally delights to honour. At noon, *Te Deums* are chanted in all the churches in honour of the maker of the new Boulevards, and then the *Fête du Jour* commences. The theatres vie with each other in receiving the Emperor's "orders," every privilege but his free-list being on this occasion entirely suspended. "The freedom of the theatres"— which is in everybody's mouth at Paris, and has furnished the Variétés with a subject for as diverting a farrago of nonsense as has ever enlivened its boards— today becomes a reality on one side of the curtain at least. Strange to say, the most popular of the gratis representations, all of which are given at one o'clock in the day, is that of *Esther*, at the Théâtre Français. Did Racine, when he composed his most unobjectionable morality for the benefit of the prim young ladies of St Cyr, dream of its being represented on a hot August morning before a couple of thousand of Paris workmen? Not all of these and their ladies, however, can sit at the feet of the strictly legitimate Muse. Melpomene is hard run by the frowsiest of Terpsichores. The glories of the Empire are celebrated by hundreds of devotees in tights, and all the funambulists of the world seem to be standing on their heads before the Hôtel of the Invalides.

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Military spectacles recall the glories of the Mexican War, which has brought so much profit to France, and the horrors of the Polish Rebellion, with which she so effectively sympathised. A large proportion of the dusty crowd betakes itself to the enjoyment of those swings and roundabouts without which no Frenchman or Frenchwoman appears, even on soberer days, to be able to realise perfect enjoyment. Hardy adventurers climb to the top of greased poles, in order to descend covered with glory, and with spoons of Britannia metal in their mouths. The million is nearly drunk with delight and lemonade, when it remembers that the best exhibition of the day is yet to come, and hurries off to behold its own Elect, with the Hope of his dynasty on his august knees, and the Arbitress of fashion by his august side, condescendingly drive through the crowd. It is then that the omnipresent reporter of the *Moniteur* observes those cheers which seem never to end, and takes note of the intelligence with which the Heir to the safest of Thrones appropriates to himself his share in the popular enthusiasm.

In the evening commences a part of the *fête* the glories of which are indeed far from new to the frequenters of Cremorne or of the *Château des Fleurs*, but which is certainly one of those things which are managed superlatively well in France. Five-hundred-thousand lamps (more or less) recall, as Mr E. T. Smith would say, the nights of Haroun-Alraschid; yet there is not the least fear that the Sultan himself may be lurking amidst the crowd, with his bowstring in his pocket, in the disguise of a Turkish or Cochin China merchant. For there he stands himself, on a balcony of the

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Tuileries, with the same sweet smile and the same cold lacklustre eyes, gazing down upon the people whose enthusiasm once more surpasses anything within the recollection of the oldest reporter on the *Moniteur's* staff. Nothing could tear his subjects away from the contemplation of their Chosen One, were it not that the fireworks, a species of exhibition most perfectly adapted to the satisfaction of the French idiosyncrasy, are about to commence on the *Champ de Mars*. Long may the Emperor live who can afford such pyrotechnic displays, which end, of course, in a magnificent Mexican temple, just as the central glory of the illuminations consists in an architectural blaze round the obelisk which, as the attendant warriors inform the spectator, also represents a Mexican reminiscence. Who can doubt that it was worth fighting for Jecker's bonds, when so many *motifs* for an Imperial *fête* could be obtained in the liberated land in question? It is with such feelings that the crowds continue to walk up and down the flaming streets till any hour in the morning, casually exclaiming *Vive l'Empereur!* as who should say "Is it not jolly?" and not going to bed till loyalty is upon its very last legs. Whether it is loyalty which induces large bodies of youths and maidens to repair once more to the Invalides, and under its shadow dance the national dance of France without the accustomed supervision of an officially chaste *sergent de ville*, is scarcely within the province of the most intelligent of foreign visitors to determine.

And thus the *Saint-Napoléon* is once more over, and the British traveller—to whom a comparison naturally suggests itself with his own national holiday, the

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St Derby—asks himself whether he has really been assisting at a great festival of a people and a city which love to call themselves the most *spirituels* in the world. He feels sure that the correspondents of the London journals who condescend to notice the annual return of the day will point out that not a single case of drunkenness was noticed during its course. He confirms the fact from the limited range of his personal experience, and draws the inference that a French mob can be rendered utterly inane without the stimulants which many of their British brethren on such occasions imperatively demand. It is idle to attempt to draw inferences as to the sentiments of a people from the fact of its being so very easily amused on one day in the year. But three-hundred-and-sixty-four days remain; and it is during these that some sections at least of the population reflect on the question whether bread, shows, and Mexican glories suffice for the wants of a nation daily growing in intelligence, and to which the taste of liberty is not a wholly unaccustomed one. It is on some of these that it may occur to such hypercritical thinkers that, while it may be very well for a couple of millions or so to hold an "authorised" assemblage in the streets on the 15th August, it seems hard that a heavy fine should have been inflicted only a day or two before on certain persons who had ventured to hold an "unauthorised" meeting of rather more than twenty in a private house. Meanwhile, the game goes on merrily enough, and is certainly worth the candles and lamps that were lit for it on the Emperor's *fête* day. On this occasion three new boulevards were incidentally "inaugurated." Soon Paris will be all boulevards, and

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of course infinitely better adapted than even now for illuminations—and infinitely worse for barricades. It will no longer be necessary, as it was this year, to issue instructions to the authorities that the splendour of the *fête* shall everywhere be in accordance with the enthusiastic feelings of the population. The only question is, whether the day may not sooner or later come when it will be found requisite to send forth a general proclamation, somewhat the converse of the former, and to order the civil and military authorities throughout France, and in Paris especially, to take every precaution to ensure the sentiments of the population being in accordance with the aims and existence of the imperial Government.

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8. THE INTELLECTUAL CITY[1]

(*The Saturday Review*, October 7, 1865.)

WHEN the worst nightmares of Prussophobia shall have been realised, and Prussia shall have become the capital of a united Germany, with the Belgian motto of *l'union c'est la force* inverted as its device, the second part of Count (perchance Duke) Bismarck's task will commence. The many royal and ducal cities of Germany will then have become the tributary towns of an empire cursed with the most unmitigatedly hideous of capitals. Dresden, the Florence of the Elbe, and Munich, the Athens of the Isar; Brunswick with its tomb of Henry the Lion, and Hanover with its statue of another illustrious Guelf defiantly riding towards the railway station; Weimar with its classic reminiscences, and Schwerin with its lordly castle on the lake, will all be degraded into mere provincial towns. United Germany, instead of yearning for years, like Italy, for her natural capital, will have to take Berlin, and see what she and her rulers can make of it. If Count Bismarck can then imitate the constructive as well as the destructive powers of the Napoleons, and "beautify" the present ungainly capital of Prussia into a queen of cities, he will well deserve a statue erected to him by the gratitude of a nation on the only elevation within reach, the heap of sand known under the appropriate appellation of the *Kreuzberg*.

[1] *Die Stadt der Intelligenz*. Von Schmidt-Weissenfels. Berlin, 1865.

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Few English travellers whom neither public nor private business deprives of their freedom of choice are in the habit of losing their way to the City of the Plain, the oasis of stone and bricks in a Sahara of sand. Those who, in one way or another, have had to visit Berlin, preferred to remain silent as to their local experiences of the Prussian capital. Nor is it easy to imagine what any man, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr Sala, could find to say on the subject. It is indeed not difficult to enumerate many things which are *not* to be found at Berlin. There are no trees—with the exception of the *Thiergarten* and the famous limes in the one handsome street of the city. There are no churches worth visiting —a defect less noticeable here than elsewhere, inasmuch as there are not many churchgoers. There are no antiquities; for Berlin's history as a capital properly dates from the Great Elector, and its chief historical edifice, the Royal Palace, is the work of that magnificent monarch, the father of Frederick the Great. Such are some of the wants of Berlin, in compensation for which she has very little to boast of. The capital resembles a very small comet with a very large tail; i.e. there are two or three streets of palaces, museums, University buildings, and theatres, and a huge appendix of manufacturing suburbs. The latter constitute Berlin's real claim to be considered a great city. Within the last half century, the number of its inhabitants has been nearly doubled; and what was a German *Residenz* of little more than ordinary size or pretensions has suddenly swelled into one of the leading manufacturing towns, not only of Germany, but of the Continent generally. Besides her manufactures, Berlin has another source of pride:

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we need not say that we refer to her intellectuality. But even this possession appears to be of no ancient date; for, if we are to accept the view of M. Schmidt-Weissenfels, a well-known Parliamentary pamphleteer, it is exactly coeval with the existence of the Prussian Constitution, which, as every one is aware, has not yet attained to its majority, though certainly it has already passed through what French novelists call a *jeunesse orageuse*.

M. Schmidt-Weissenfels is the same writer to whom the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg not very long ago addressed his famous *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, and he has himself contributed with great success to the lighter Parliamentary literature of Prussia. Why he has tried his powers on the unpromising subject of general reminiscences of Berlin, we are unable to imagine. The streets and squares of London or the passages and *cafés* of Paris, will supply purveyors of political and literary gossip with an abundance of provender limited only by the extent of the long-suffering of their public. But Berlin, as we have already observed, has a political history which may be written in a very few lines, a Parliamentary history still in its teens, and a literary history comprising, besides the half-dozen shining stars of the Academy of Frederick the Great, only a few living celebrities. The personal reminiscences of Frederick the Great himself, though his statue adorns the capital, connect themselves rather with the neighbouring Potsdam and the palace of *Sans-Souci*; and the names of Voltaire and his compeers are not likely to haunt the traveller in the streets of the modern Prussian capital. M. Schmidt-Weissenfels has, therefore, in dealing with

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Berlin's political and literary past, wisely confined himself to the sparse reminiscences of the last two reigns. As gleaners following in the wake of a gleaner, we must not anticipate an ample handful of ears.

Frederick William III, though to his reign belongs the foundation of Berlin University, at present indubitably the leading *Hochschule* of Germany, and though he was the father of the United Church of Prussia, was a patron neither of the humanities nor of the arts. Under him, "Berlin was a dull, characterless, royal residence," with a few professors reading their lectures in it. His Court was studiously quiet and unostentatious, and his morganatic marriage deprived it of the most ordinary splendours of royalty. The accession of the late King, Frederick William IV, suddenly changed the aspect of society. When he mounted the Throne, his head was full of a thousand dreams, very few of which he was able, not many of which he was by nature qualified, to realise. In his mind, a natural tendency to Liberalism, which broke forth with a flash in 1848, and hopelessly broke down before scarcely a year had rolled away, was overclouded by a romantic mysticism, noble in its origin, but, more or less, barren in its effects. At various periods the King was reported to be seized with a passionate admiration of the forms of the Church of England, and, probably with greater reason, to be seriously inclined towards the Church of Rome. An enthusiastic patron of art, he seemed to have an especial preference for those of its developments least in harmony with the spiritual tendencies of northern Germany. A liberal protector of literature, he showed particular favour to such men as Tieck, who represented a phase of romanticism fast dying out, and Oscar von

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Redwitz, the solitary prophet of its still-born revival. In the earlier period of his reign, it seemed as if Berlin, the leaders of whose University stood in the van of German free-thought and enquiry, was destined to become the meeting-place of all the fossile romanticists of either sex. There lived Henrietta Paalzow, a now half-forgotten star, the author of *Godwie Castle* and *St Roche*, whom M. Schmidt-Weissenfels ungallantly calls "the ladies'-maid of the aristocracy." She was the representative of an extremely innocent side of the "feudal" tendency, and the description of her habits and manners of life may be found amusing in these days of lady-novelists, publishing their three volumes *per* season, and self-initiated into all the vulgar mysteries of Bohemianism and slang:—

Neither the Princess Liegnitz [the widow of King Frederick William III] nor old Prince Wittgenstein, neither Savigny nor the old Minister Eichhorn, Prince Pückler, Humboldt, Rauch, Schelling, Tieck, Meyerbeer, Count Redern—no one overlooked this celebrated and popular authoress; every one had a compliment and a courteous word for her, and she might ever be found in the centre of a group, like a sun in whose beams is warmth.... This popular personage had a *salon* of her own in the Oranienburger Street by the Monbijou Gardens. The assemblies there had the character of conversaziones. She was extremely ceremonious, very affected, but not without soul....Her walk was solemn, her countenance serious, her conversation slow and measured, her attitudes even theatrical. At the same time she appeared in a purposedly picturesque and unusual costume; she seemed to imitate the aristocratic, medieval heroines of her novels in all external points, as if she delighted in representing one of her feudal ladies, a *châtelaine* in a velvet gown of many folds, with a tight body of the dress, and a pocket with a bunch of keys dangling from her side—figures such as she has so frequently drawn. In her rooms all was Gothic, Old-German, as if chairs and tables had been taken out of ancient castles. The

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service used at table was medieval; a crucifix stood amongst statuettes and busts of modern celebrities; pictures in oil of all kinds, chiefly Madonnas and Apostles, hung on the walls. Her study was a turret-room, with a view on the park. Here the Paalzow sat *en grande robe*, as if prepared to receive fashionable company, at her writing-table, which was of course Gothic, and every day wrote regularly a quantity accurately fixed beforehand. As a poetess she had her working-hours, which were so precisely measured out that nothing was ever either added to or subtracted from them. When the clock struck noon, the Paalzow was sure to have finished her task, and no power on earth was able to induce her to resume her pen in the course of the day. She took pride in her labours, which she actually considered in the light of great services rendered to the aristocracy. Her chief rival was the famous Countess Hahn-Hahn, who began her literary life by a crusade in favour of two principles not usually advocated in unison—the divine right of the feudal aristocracy, and the inhuman wrong of the married state. M. Schmidt-Weissenfels, like most other German critics, is very hard on this enthusiastic lady, who, after writing nearly half a hundred novels, has retired into a convent to write some more, though of a less dishevelled kind. In a history of human enthusiasm her life would deserve a prominent place; but, whatever may be thought of her literary merits, it must be conceded that her course as an authoress has not been a downward one, and that, if the fire of her manifold experiences has consumed some of her exuberant vivacity, it has refined what she really possessed of literary power.

On another circle of Berlin society during the reign of King William IV, which may in truth be described as its salt, and which formed a connecting link between the Court and the University, between the political and the literary world, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The

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public has seen much—even too much—of the "interiors" of Humboldt and Varnhagen, and many eyes are still winking at the flood of light which the letters of the former, and the diaries of the latter, have let in upon the Berlin society of the last twenty years. The responsibility for a premature publication of what, fifty years hence, will be an invaluable source for the political and social history of the Prussian Court and Government, rests with Varnhagen's niece; the world cannot help reading what is laid before it, and the diaries of Varnhagen are reminiscences of Berlin after which all others appear intolerably stale and flat.

We will, accordingly, not follow M. Schmidt-Weissenfels into the Prussian Houses of Parliament—into the stuccoed mansion of the loyal Lords, or the more famous building on the *Dönhofsplatz*, formerly the office of the Censorship of the Press, and now the theatre of free speech, the only freedom which Prussia has contrived, for the present, to preserve out of the wreck of the Revolution. Nor will we go beyond a reference to his dramatic and musical reminiscences, of which more might have been made, and to his description of coffee-houses and pastry-cooks' shops, which are indeed the clubs of Berlin, but of which a shorter account would have contented us. Fifty years hence, they, too, may have acquired an historical interest; but until that time even the most sympathetic narrative of their glories, as in the case of most other institutions in the Intellectual City, runs a risk of proving as flat as the desert which surrounds it, and as insipid as the scum-topped beverage in which its citizens take so singular a delight.

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9. NATIONAL SELF-KNOWLEDGE[1]

(Inaugural Lecture at Owens College, Manchester, 1866.)

THE diffidence with which I find myself addressing you today is, you will readily believe me, due to other causes besides the circumstances of the present meeting. We stand upon the threshold of a new academical year; and none among us can fail to acquiesce in the gracious custom which assembles us on the eve of our labours, to exchange a cordial greeting before we enter upon their actual commencement. Teachers as well as learners, and those who are by official position or friendly interest connected with our College, unite, I am convinced, in the hopes which most fitly accompany an occasion like the present, and in an appreciation of the studies of which it heralds the resumption. Not without strenuous effort and labour of our own, much less *sine benigno Numine*, shall we be able to run our course, and the goal will be easiest reached by those who have at the outset measured their strength for taking part in the race. With regard to myself—and you will pardon me this momentary reference to my personal position—it cannot be otherwise than that the consciousness of the difficulties and responsibilities of the Chair to which I have been called by your generous confidence should weigh upon me very heavily to-day, that I should remember the importance of the subjects which it will be my duty to

[1] *National Self-Knowledge*. Lecture introductory to the Session of Owens College, 1866–7, delivered in the Town Hall, Manchester, October 2, 1866. Published by Macmillan and Co., 1866.

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teach, and that I should falter when as it were in sight of the repositories of Historical Truth and of Literary Beauty, to which even a life-long devotion qualifies so few to be competent mystagogues. And it is, therefore, with a profound and lively sense of the significance of the present occasion that I would invite you to accompany me in the consideration of a topic closely connected with one among the subjects of my future teaching, and foreign, as you will I think agree, to none of them.

All men, it has been said, make history and very few read it. It scarcely needs the admonition of either place or time to bring before our minds the applicability to ourselves of the former half of this very self-evident proposition. Ours is a place of learning whose brief past is, we hope, only the earnest of a long future of extended utility—a place of learning established by a munificence and based upon principles alike significant of the historical progress of our nation. Forgive me, if I venture to refer to the circumstance that two of those who come among you for the first time this day[1] happen to be personally connected with the most ancient College in the English Universities; and if I contrast in my mind the diverse operations of the same spirit which gave birth to the two educational foundations to which we have now the honour to belong. Again, we are met in the heart of a city whose very name recalls to us both Celtic and Roman Britain (while the surrounding county preserves in its peculiarities of dialect distinct traces of

[1] [One was my dear friend William Jack, at that time a Fellow of Peterhouse and the newly-appointed Professor of Physics at Owens College, now (1921) Professor *Emeritus* of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow.]

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a third epoch of our historical growth)—in a city whose annals have before now been made a mirror of our national history, and whose present position and future career must exercise a potent influence upon the progress of our state and nation at large. And, if such be the locality, what are the times in which we live? Problems of vital moment press upon us at this very time, at this very hour. I am not speaking of the great changes agitating the Continent of Europe—changes often misreported to us, and still oftener misunderstood or only half-understood by ourselves; but of questions immediately affecting our own national life and its development. The essential character of the British Constitutional system, the essential nature of the principles which should determine our foreign policy, the essential laws which should regulate our relations with our colonial empire—are not these, and others hardly less important than these, among what are termed questions of the day? Such questions many will be found ready to discuss *extempore*; and the least-matured mind is not unlikely to be the readiest-at-hand with the expression of opinions, formed without study and vented without reflexion. And the accumulation of such expressions of opinion comes in the end to affect the decision of questions in which the honour, the prosperity, and the progress of the entire nation may be at stake. That as many citizens as possible should take a personal interest in the politics of the nation is no doubt one of the conditions of its vitality; another is, that as many as possible should ground that interest upon a thorough appreciation of the questions with which they profess to deal. The business of life, in which, according to Bacon, men

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are doomed to hold converse "generally with the foolish," will never supply the defect of that historical study without which the most patriotic politicians must be content to be classed among *dilettanti*.

Over the entrance to the temple at Delphi—originally the political as well as the religious centre of the Hellenic world—was written up a two words' lesson which it were well if nations as well as individuals would take to heart. As the sense of responsibility is the foundation of all personal morality, so it is self-knowledge alone which feeds and supports that sense and constitutes it a beneficent agent in human life. He alone merits the approbation of the wise who measures his powers before employing them, who uses them for such purposes only as they are adapted to fulfil, and who refuses to fritter them away upon objects beyond their reach or foreign to their capacity. To make the mind, in Wordsworth's phrase, "more skilful in self-knowledge," is the end and sum of all true education; and with self-knowledge no man is privileged to dispense. Without it, genius halts and power is impotent. In the ancient church of Our Lady at Bruges the visitor is shown the gorgeous tomb of the last Prince of a magnificent race—the House of Burgundy. Round the sarcophagus of Charles the Bold runs in rich tracery the record of his illustrious pedigree, with the heraldic emblems of the provinces and cities which owed him homage. On the tomb lies his image in glittering bronze, the breast encircled by the collar of the famous Order over which he presided in his pride, his feet resting upon a couchant lion, symbolical of his defiant device, *Je l'ai empris*, "I have undertaken it!" Yet history remembers him as one whose career com-

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menced in a blaze of success, and ended in failure, crushing and complete. Because he thought that nothing was impossible to him, that he might ride roughshod over the liberties of his own and other lands, and spurn the barriers of rivers and mountains obstructing the formation of his new Burgundian kingdom: he prepared for his chivalry a Morat and for himself a Nancy. The Swiss burghers, whom he had despised, avenged the outrages inflicted by his minion upon the cities of the Rhine; the Flemings, upon whose privileges he had trampled, remained deaf to his call, and detained as a hostage his daughter, the heiress of Burgundy; and the French King, whom he had formerly degraded into an accomplice of his cruelties, survived to gather in the fruits of his fall.

Without a knowledge of his own strength and weakness a man sits in vain at the feet of the wise thinkers of his own and other times, and in vain attempts to realise the conceptions which fall stillborn from the womb of an uncreative inventiveness, barrenly fertile of lifeless schemes. Remember Joseph II of Austria, the Titus of the North, as he has been infelicitously called, who thought to reorganise an Empire on the principles of toleration and philosophy, and who before his death was forced, to his bitter disappointment, to undo all he had done, except what he could *not* undo, viz., the effects of a system generous in its intention, but impotent, and therefore pernicious in its application. These were men born to power and dignity; but which is the grade of human life, which the department of human activity, where history or experience fails to furnish instances of the want of self-knowledge marring the action of the

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individual, and turning into feeble uselessness, or into a curse, the search after an unattainable goal, or the struggle undertaken without the conditions indispensable for its success?

And if such be the case with individual men, may not the same truth be predicated with reference to those communities of men which we call nations? It is true that we should be on our guard against attaching a false or exaggerated meaning to such a phrase as "national responsibility." Most, if not all, Eastern peoples, for instance, are so devoid of any national sense whatsoever that they can scarcely be said to have taken or to take any part in their national history. With them, wars and revolutions alike are mere changes in the persons of masters ruling over slaves[1]. And even among the more favoured nations of the West the hurried march of events, of wars and revolutions, often drags a people unawares into the consequences of acts of which the responsibility cannot with justice be said to lie upon that people's head. It is in this sense that one of the most distinguished political writers of the present day has interpreted a generous saying of an exiled French king, who replied to an exclamation on the culpability of the French people in overturning a Constitutional Throne: "My friend, peoples are never culpable[2]." When we speak of national responsibility, we refer to the duty incumbent upon those whose eyes are open, to see; and upon those who have understandings, to understand. I venture to assert that nearly throughout

[1] See Mr Buckle's remarks on this subject, from his own point of view, *History of Civilisation, etc.* vol. I, p. 73.

[2] See Forcade's preface to the *Histoire de Jules César*.

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that melancholy chapter of the history of England which refers to her government of Ireland, the national responsibility of a heritage of misfortune and mistrust rests with the State whose higher civilisation, as well as superior strength, should have enabled it to determine the character of the relations between the two kingdoms. And, to generalise and at the same time bring the question home to ourselves, a grave responsibility lies upon a nation which has the power and the means of educating its members to an insight into the great lessons of its history, and into the tasks of the present and the future to which those lessons point. Such a responsibility cannot be avoided, or its avoidance will revenge itself, sooner or later, upon the nation which has shrunk from the performance of its duty. This is one of the laws of History, one of those moral laws which make it a systematic whole, without masking it in a character which it is not its legitimate ambition to assume—the character of the last new science turned out of one of the pigeon-holes of some statistical Abbé Sieyès. When the time has arrived for a people to understand and direct its own development, its duty is at once clear and imperative. A nation in its childhood is guided by oracles; the single lesson that a nation in its manhood need bring home from Delphi is the injunction bidding it *know itself*.

I propose, if you will bear with me so long, to dwell in the sequel upon three familiar instances in which a people has ignored the demands of its own history at a momentous stage, or series of such stages, in the course of its development, and has thus itself incurred, in a greater or less measure, the responsibility of its own

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fall. In each case, the applicability of the lesson to a nation such as our own at the present stage of its development must be modified by the criticism of commonsense, which at all times uses caution when brought into contact with the generally delusive tendency towards the drawing of historical parallels. For History, though she again and again repeats her lessons, never repeats herself.

Who can think of Athens before and after the Peloponnesian war, without speculating on the causes which brought about her ruin? We used, indeed, to be glibly taught that those causes admitted of no doubt and might be summed up in the fatal fact that Athens was a democracy, a form of government naturally doomed to degenerate, with greater or less rapidity, into ochlocracy and thence into the anarchy which is the immediate precursor of a nation's overthrow. But it is to be hoped that the day of such arguments as this has passed away. No form of government is in itself either a panacea or a blight; and that form of government is the best for any particular State for which the people of that State is the best fitted. Even the Constitutional system of three estates is not a sovereign cure for the political wants of every nation under the sun; and some countries have been known to fulfil their political missions without it. No form of government has more frequently collapsed than the democratic; and yet, if the signs of the times are rightly interpreted by some of the most thoughtful historians and political thinkers of the day, none has so great a future before it[1]. In Athens, democracy had

[1] See, above all, Gervinus' classic *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*.

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gradually developed itself into a political necessity out of the monarchical and aristocratic systems. The father of the Attic democracy was Solon, who transferred the centre of power from the Eupatrid families to the civic body; its second founder was Clisthenes, who reorganised the national life with reference to public duties and burdens and to their communal adjustment. Its perfecter was Pericles, in whom was realised, if ever it has been realised, the Platonic ideal of the direction of the State by a philosopher, i.e. by one whose mind is unceasingly bent upon that which is constant, immutable, and eternal. In Periclean Athens we behold the harmonious self-development of a State, as in the great German poet we recognise the harmonious self-development of an individual man. Those who aver that such a self-development contains in itself the seeds of decay confound accidents with essentials, and charge the progress of a perfect growth with effects really due to disturbing causes. It is upon these disturbing causes that it behoves the individual or the nation to keep a watchful eye, and it is to their neglect, arising either from ignorance or from wilfulness, that individual or national decay and ruin are legitimately to be ascribed.

Rarely, indeed, whatever fatalism may attempt to urge, do causes operate in history over which the nations affected are deprived of the power of exercising a control. And, at all events, we may strongly demur to the opinion of those who declare the downfall of Athens to have been inevitable, or who look upon her glories as a brief and delusive day-dream, and upon her greatest and representative statesman as a phantast who built his political edifice upon the quicksands of an uncontrollable

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future. Surely, it is demonstrable how it was where she sinned against the ascertainable laws of her own national existence, that Athens prepared the causes of her overthrow, and how the system of Pericles broke down in that point, and in that point only, where he had, so to speak, left a gap in the walls of the Athenian commonwealth.

To take the latter proposition first; it has not escaped the attention of historians, from Thucydides to Grote, that the weak point in the political system of Athens was her treatment of her Allies. The difficulties of federal government—and in its origin the Athenian League was purely federal, being in fact a substitute for the league which had been broken up by the selfish stupidity of Sparta and the senseless ambition of one of her kings—the difficulties of federal government beset all States which have to deal with such a project or system: monarchical and democratic States alike, as the history of our own times has sufficiently proved. In Greece, these difficulties were heightened by a tendency characteristic of all Hellenic States, metropolitan as well as colonial, which has been well defined as the tendency towards isolated civic life[1]. Greek patriotism, as such, was a plant of slow and imperfect growth. It scarcely flourished even in the healthy atmosphere of a common national danger, and drooped and flagged in the relaxing temperature of real or fancied national security. Its place was never completely supplied by a federal bond. For a time, the Amphictyonies served the limited purposes of their institution, and Delphi above all was a political as well as a religious

[1] Grote.

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centre of national union. But the Persian Wars proved the insufficiency of her worn-out influence. Themistocles, indeed, bethought himself of a vigorous substitute; but his tyrannical temperament, uncontrolled by any moral sense, failed to suggest any expedients towards its effectual establishment beyond those of craft and violence. The new federal bond was loosely tied by the scrupulous Aristides, and not drawn closer by the somewhat sentimental Cimon. The leaders of the democratic party at Athens, to which Pericles at an early age attached himself, found the problem still only half-solved; and it became part of the task of Pericles' life—the only part which he cannot be said to have thoroughly accomplished, —to complete its solution. His scheme for a general federal union was wrecked upon the immovable selfishness of Sparta. What remained for him to bring about was a twofold work. Athens had to qualify herself for the permanent headship of Hellas, and to cement her own federal alliance, until it became a united, invincible, and presumably assimilative power.

The former half of the task was successfully accomplished by Pericles, as by a statesman whose work is for the future as well as for the present. The glories of Athens became the heritage not merely of a nation and an epoch, but of the world and of all time. The History of Herodotus struck the key-note of the era of the Athenian hegemony; and the city, which in honouring him honoured herself, became the virtual capital of the land of which she had been the saviour. Not in vain had she constituted herself the seat of Greek philosophy, the home of Greek science, the palace of Greek plastic and pictorial art, and the stage of the Greek drama.

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When, at the Panathenæa, the embassies of the Hellenic cities joined in the great procession, which at the termination of the festival ascended from the Ceramicus to the shrine of the City-goddess, he must have been, indeed, a blind votary to the past who could have believed the centre of Greek national life to lie any longer in the Temple at Delphi or on the drilling-grounds of Sparta—or anywhere but on the Athenian Acropolis.

Here also lay the treasure, the sinews of the State, accumulated by the sagacity of the great financier. Hence the eye glanced along the lines of the Long Walls, the security of Athens against invasion, to the Piræeus, where she held in readiness her sword of defence, the navy. Thus armed and equipped, she put forth her claims to the leadership of Greece. Who were to be her rivals? Not Sparta, so long as there survived the memory of her selfish intrigues and the reality of her querulous apathy. Not Corinth, who, with a steady eye to her private commercial interests, had deliberately chosen the position of the first among the secondary States. Not Thebes, with her infamous past; not Argos, with her reminiscences of glory and her present attitude of sullen repose, in which she plumed herself upon her policy of non-intervention, because, in fact, she was powerless to intervene. Athens, at the head of her Allies, had a clear future before her. Their confidence alone was needed to ensure to her a permanent and in the end indisputable hegemony.

But that confidence was never fully conciliated by the predecessors of Pericles or by Pericles himself; and it was speedily and irretrievably alienated by his successors. The incorporation of the Allied States as

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subjects in the Athenian empire was an attempt which had never been revived, even in thought, since the days of Themistocles. The cities and islands in the Athenian Alliance were regarded as *federal dependencies*—an illogical combination of ideas which necessarily lacked the essential elements of permanence. If incorporation was out of the question, the alternative was a genuine federation. That federation ought to have been cemented so as to induce the Allies to recognise that their interests were best served by their inclusion in the Athenian Alliance. The federal bond ought to have been sufficiently stringent to ensure an effective union, but at the same time of such a nature as to secure to each member of the League the recognition of her State-rights, an influence *pro tanto* upon the federal policy, a voice in the adjustment of the federal taxation, and an assurance of her participation in the benefits as well as the burdens of the Alliance. Athens should have been at once the sword and the representative of her Allies, but not their mistress. In other words, no system, short of incorporation, could prove permanent, which was not based upon the mutual confidence of all parties to the Alliance, and upon the trust reposed by all in its natural and necessary Head.

Such a system it was, I venture to affirm, the duty of Athens to endeavour to the utmost of her ability to bring about. Pericles made various attempts in the right direction. Under his administration, all over-burdening of taxation and other measures likely to irritate the Allies were scrupulously avoided; and it is significant of this characteristic of the federal policy of Pericles, that immediately after his death the scale of tributes imposed

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upon the Allies rose to a height never reached under his administration. On the other hand, he allowed the decision of all important lawsuits to be transferred to Athens; and in all heavier private suits, as well as in all public and capital cases, the Attic heliasts sat in judgment over those who were nominally and legally their federal equals. The result of this was that the first Spartan leader gifted with political insight, found a pretext ready to his hand; that Cleon and his successors brutally tore away the mask under which Pericles had endeavoured to conceal the inroads of Athens upon the rights of her Allies; and that the War against her was furnished with the convenient cry for the liberation of the Hellenes under her yoke. She had been unwilling or unable to convert her Allies into mere subjects; she had, on the other hand, never seriously made the attempt to attach them to her as faithful confederates; even Pericles had glossed over rather than confronted the difficulty; and thus the inheritance of evil, of which the revolt of Mitylene formed the first instalment, had been allowed to mature, in order to contribute towards the overthrow of the Athenian dominion. Her *federal dependents* were, one and all, found ready to cut the tie which had for them nothing of *federal* sanctity and all the grievousness of *dependence*.

But if, in this particular, Pericles had failed to establish a system offering a warrant of future security, he had in other respects marked out for his native city a foreign policy, which nothing but an abandonment of all sound views as to her position and capabilities could have caused her to desert. He had mutually adjusted the limits of her dominion and the means of her defence.

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The War—which it was not in the power of Athens or of Pericles to avert—came upon her. The invasion of Attica—which he had foreseen—ensued, and an ally whom he could not have foreseen, the great Pestilence, came to its aid. Yet the security of the city remained unimperilled, and her foreign power continued in the main intact, even after death had removed her great leader from his post. Not long, and the Spartans, aghast at a sudden stroke which had placed a handful of their ruling caste in the power of the Athenians, were suing for peace on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*. Thus (though errors had no doubt been committed), because in the main the political principles of Pericles had been adhered to by his successors, because upon the whole the Athenians had abstained from any attempts to exceed the limits which his wisdom had assigned to their dominion, the equipment with which his foresight had furnished his native city had proved sufficient for carrying her through the War[1]. It was, therefore, not Sparta and her Peloponnesian Confederates who overthrew the Athenian power; it was herself who sapped its foundations when she conceived the idea of extending it beyond the limits sanctioned by reason and approved by experience. The Sicilian expedition brought ruin to her gates; and the rooted disaffection of her Allies left her to attempt the aversion of that ruin alone. The attempt was gallantly, heroically made; and, at one time, fortune seemed once more to smile upon Athens under the guidance of her regenerate Alcibiades. But it was too late; she had lost her confidence in herself, and a slight reverse sufficed to destroy her newborn confidence

[1] See Curtius' *Griechische Geschichte*.

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in him. And thus, slowly but surely, the day arrived when the neglect of the lessons her history had in vain placed before her eyes avenged itself upon her; when her ships were burnt in her own harbours and her walls laid level with the ground, to the mocking music of Lacedæmonian flutes.

If I have not erred in insisting upon the treatment of the Allies, and upon the abandonment of the Periclean system of foreign policy, as the two fatal mistakes committed by the Athenian democracy, there can assuredly be no doubt as to the quarter in which we should fix the responsibility of those errors. In a Constitutional State every citizen is responsible for the conduct of its administration and the course of its policy, precisely in so far as he is in a position to exercise an influence upon them. If, therefore, the instinct of the Athenian democracy delegated to Pericles, as its most perfect representative, the direction of the government, every citizen who concurred in the delegation was responsible for the acts of his delegate. If, after the death of Pericles, the Popular Assembly, with its eyes open, sanctioned and applauded the *thorough* of Cleon, and subsequently, after amusing itself with the project of the Sicilian expedition, sought in carrying it out relief from the reign of terror provoked by aristocratic intrigue—the members of that Assembly, and not Cleon, not Alcibiades, were responsible for these national acts. The Athenian people condemned itself, when in an access of fury, happily moderated almost immediately, it sought to avenge upon the Mitylenæans the results of a system of which the main wrong was to be placed to the account of the imperial city; and the same Athenians, themselves

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unmoored the fastenings of their national commonwealth, when they set sail for Cloud-Cuckoo-town.

I have dwelt—at a length which nothing but the intrinsic as well as illustrative interest of the subject can excuse—upon the fatal mistakes of a democracy; let me now instance with greater brevity a criminal error committed under a form of government where responsibility is claimed as its right by a class, and where, therefore, the duties of that responsibility rest with double weight upon those who demand its exercise as their privilege. I cannot stop to point out the considerations justifying the statement that the government of Rome, after the close of the Punic Wars, must be termed the government of an aristocracy. In one sense, of course, every State of which slavery is one of the institutions, is an aristocracy—but it was not in this sense that the ancients understood the term. Nominally, the *comitia tributa* were still the guardians of popular rights, though a dexterous redistribution of voters had long ago paralysed their influence in any inconvenient direction. Nominally, the Licinian and other complementary laws had made all Roman citizens equal, by according to all the equal right of filling the great offices of State. Gradually, however, as you are aware, a new aristocracy totally distinct from the ancient Patrician families had sprung up and assumed to itself the entire management of the public administration. The two bases of the power of the *Nobiles* were hereditary rank and landed property. No one was numbered among the Nobility whose father at least had not passed through the refining atmosphere of a great office of State; and these great offices were rapidly becoming the appanage of those families who

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possessed the wealth which was the source at once of legitimate and of illegitimate influence. Hence it is that the *fasti* of the Roman Consuls during the domination of the Nobility read like the Ministerial lists of our own political parties—before perusing which, it is possible to anticipate with considerable confidence the names that will occur and recur there. The tendency of the Roman Nobility was that of most aristocracies, viz. the maintenance and increase of their class influence—a legitimate instinct so long as that influence was identical with the progress of the commonwealth, a fatal effort so soon as the signs of the times heralded a great popular movement. True political wisdom would have met this halfway; but political blindness opposed to it a defiance which could lead to no other result than overwhelming ruin.

The proposals of the Gracchi constituted an endeavour to readjust the balance of landed property. Doubtless, this involved nothing less than the simultaneous readjustment of the balance of political influence; but this consideration rendered the reform none the less legitimate. The resistance opposed to it by the Nobility was an attempt to dam the stream of the national development in its course—an attempt which was only in so far successful that it converted that legitimate development into an anarchy for which Cæsarism was the sole remedy—and what a remedy! Tacitus, prejudiced if you will, but truthful as the prophet over whose denunciations scarcely a streak of light is permitted to flash, has written its epitaph.

I am aware that I am indicating views not in unison with those of certain distinguished writers of the present

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day. According to the latter, a State passes through the phase of an aristocracy into that of a democracy, and thence naturally into the climacteric of a democratic monarchy—of Cæsarism. Julius Cæsar and his system thus crown the political edifice—felicitous phrase!—of which Roman history records the growth. It is not thus, I hold, that we should read its annals. Let us grant that Cæsarism was a necessity, but let us be sure of the sense in which we apply the term. An opportunity was given to Rome, of which a true understanding of her history would have enabled her to avail herself—an opportunity of at once broadening and strengthening the basis of her political system. This opportunity was wilfully cast to the winds by her governing classes; it was they who sowed the seeds of the revolution with which, on its actual outbreak, they found themselves utterly unable to grapple. That revolution necessitated a Cæsar, only because it had been provoked by those who might have obviated the necessity both of the agitation itself and of him who mastered it. This is the sense of the words which an eloquent French writer[1] places in the mouth of Cato:

> Rome de liberté, dit-on, n'est plus capable;
> S'il en serait ainsi, Rome serait coupable,
> Elle serait punie, et l'aurait mérité.

And so it was. Rome was no longer capable of liberty, because she had incapacitated herself for its enjoyment; and the advent of Cæsar to absolute power was a punishment which she had brought upon her own head. Let us therefore abstain from speaking of the perfection of the development of the Roman political

[1] Ampère.

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system by the genius of Cæsar! The overthrow of liberty was an idea of which he cannot be credited with the monopoly; and, had his fortune proved unequal to his courage, another would have accomplished the Messianic mission which an imperial imagination has ascribed to a supposed prototype. Cæsar's real merit was this: that he consolidated a new system upon the ruins, or rather out of the ruins, of the old; and that he and his sagacious successors, Augustus and Tiberius, built up an edifice in many respects as great as the Roman Republic, and certainly as enduring.

As to the nature of the opportunity of preserving the commonwealth lost by the Roman aristocracy, a few words will fortunately suffice. There is, I think, no more comforting instance of the victorious power of historic truth than this very case of once mis-called revolution of the Gracchi. No obloquy, no misrepresentation has been able to prevent the ultimate recognition of their wisdom and patriotism. Tiberius Gracchus, says Cicero, the mouthpiece of the sons of the aristocratic mob who murdered the great patriot, "was slain by the Republic herself"—a phrase significant of the blatant complacency that led the Nobility to identify themselves with that commonwealth of which they were in truth becoming the destroyers. Yet, since the acumen of the great German scholar Heeren threw the first light upon the real character of the reform-schemes of Tiberius Gracchus, posterity has learnt to appreciate their true value and to acknowledge their moderation. The law of Licinius, determining the *maximum* amount which any one Roman citizen might hold of the public lands (lands i.e. acquired by conquest and theoretically the

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property of the State), had been systematically disregarded, the Nobles had accumulated landed property vastly in excess of the legal limit, and this property self-interest induced them to till by means not of free labourers, but of slaves[1], or to convert into pasture land. The consequences were a depopulation of the country, a diminution in the number of free inhabitants, and a universal feeling of the deepest discontent at the accumulation of land in the hands of a few wealthy proprietors. Rome was filled by a constantly increasing mob of idlers and paupers, and crowded by the country population, who had been deprived of all opportunity of labour at home. Tiberius Gracchus recognised the true remedy for this alarming state of affairs in an increase in the numbers of landed proprietors by means of a redistribution of the public lands. This redistribution was to be based upon the law of Licinius; but the provisions of the latter were to undergo a considerable modification in favour of the landed proprietors in actual possession. Not only were they to be allowed an additional number of acres, equal to half the quota fixed by the Licinian law, on account of each of their eldest two sons, if they had such; but they were to be indemnified for the loss of the excess, to which they had no title by law, but merely the claim of usage.

Such a proposition as this bears upon it the marks of the spirit of a true reformer, who, while steadily

[1] I pass by the fact, noticed by Michelet, that in the harsh measures requisite for procuring a sufficient supply of slaves must be sought the origin of the Servile Wars. But it is important, as bringing home to the aristocracy the complementary responsibility of the Servile, in addition to that of the Social and the Civil, struggle.

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keeping the end in view, limits his demands to that which reason ought to be ready to concede. It was met by the Nobility in the spirit of a class which confounded the interests of the commonwealth with the inviolability of its own traditional privileges, and with their immunity from inspection and reconsideration. To use modern phraseology, the Nobles raised the cry of communism against Tiberius, and finally murdered him with enthusiasm in the name of the laws. Gaius Gracchus, whose demands no longer exhibited the moderation characteristic of his brother's proposals, and who was already obliged to superadd the arts of the demagogue to the simple attitude of a Constitutional reformer, was opposed by other means, but met with no dissimilar end. The laws of both the brothers had tended to the comprehension of the whole of Italy in their benefits: and the Social War subsequently extorted a concession which had long lost its assuaging influence. The defeat of the movement of the Gracchi was the birth of a popular party; and, though I cannot subscribe to the views of those writers who trace the political descent of Cæsar through the misjudged Catiline to Marius and the Gracchi, yet it is certain that the Nobility had created for themselves an opposition before which they were doomed to succumb in the end. Had the Nobles been wise in time, had they paused to consider that the history of Rome had arrived at a point where concession was possible, while resistance was only the signal for the shedding of civil blood—*initium civilis sanguinis*—they would, if I read the story aright, have accomplished what their well-meaning agent Cicero afterwards thought he had accomplished, when he courageously broke the

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law in the interests of order—they would have saved the State. But those who refuse to learn the lessons and appreciate the warnings of their national history, those who while identifying the commonwealth with themselves ignore the interests of the former, call down a Nemesis not only upon themselves but upon the State of whose government they may truly be said to be the usurpers. In vain may their descendants afterwards sigh for the days of the Constitutional Republic; in vain may they writhe under the galling yoke of despotism. The history of Tacitus is a book of lamentations; one characteristic alone it lacks to give it dramatic completeness—it should also be a record of remorse.

If in the foregoing I have rightly recognised instances of the neglect on the part of a democracy and an aristocracy respectively to pursue the path to which their national development pointed as the only eligible one, it may be well to conclude by an example of monarchical government, the political form incomparably the most familiar to modern Europe. The monarchy of which I am about to speak stands preeminent among all the monarchies of the Christian era in antiquity, dignity, and grandeur. And yet, in consequence of a fatal misapprehension of its own interests, or in other words of its own duties, the traditions of that monarchy have lain as an incubus upon the development of the nationalities of Europe into nations, heaviest of all upon the national life of the two peoples whose histories it in vain endeavoured to fuse, and which it only succeeded in placing in an attitude of mutual hostility, maintained up to the very days in which we live. I refer, as you have no doubt divined, to that hermaphrodite birth

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of German visions and Italian intrigues, the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic nation.

At some future day it may be our task to trace together the origin, growth, and results of the ideas of which that Empire was the incarnation. Until recently the subject has been little understood amongst ourselves; but happily it has at last attracted the attention and employed the research of men in whose wake it is a source of satisfaction for any historical student to follow, and to whom it is impossible for me to refer without a passing tribute of personal respect and admiration. For our present purpose, it will be enough to point out that, as the old Roman Empire had in the eyes of its subjects represented the *imperium orbis terrarum*, so Charlemagne, after actually subduing the greater part of the old Western Empire, intended, by assuming the Imperial Crown, to declare himself the heir of the Roman Emperors of the West. And the circumstance that he received this Crown from the hands of the Pope implied no less than this, that the recipient was formally constituted the Head of Christendom; or, in other words, that, as Christianity, being the one true faith, was destined to occupy the world, so the limits of his dominion were prospectively coextensive with those of the world itself. We are not, however, now concerned with the twin conceptions typified by the coronation of Charlemagne, but merely with their practical effects, as attempted to be achieved, or not so attempted, by himself and his successors. The Carolingian Kings before Charlemagne had been German Princes, and the German element in their monarchy had largely preponderated over the Latin. Charlemagne,

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after first increasing the German element by the subjection of the Saxons, had materially altered the balance of races comprehended in his dominion by adding to his kingdom Italy and northern Spain, as well as a number of Slavonic tribes. With a view of uniting this heterogeneous mixture of races under one central power, he conceived the idea of assuming the Imperial Crown. Charlemagne's was a mighty mind, and the idea was worthy of it. But, if we ask after the results of that idea in history, we shall find that they amounted to a retardation of the solution of the great problem of modern times —the development of nationalities into nations; and that inevitable failure waited upon the attempt to reconsolidate that Western Empire which had fallen into pieces before the Germans, but which the Germans were not destined to restore. It was at the moment when Italy had before her a prospect of achieving her national unity under the Longobards, that the Pope invoked the fatal interference of the Franks, which ended in the appropriation by Charlemagne of the Crown of Liutprand. It was at the time when the German element in the Frank kingdom preponderated to such a degree as to offer an opportunity for the permanent political consolidation of a German nationality, that the balance was unsettled by the conquests of Charlemagne. His assumption of the Imperial Crown opened up a vista of perpetual war and of a series of conquests terminable only by the limits of the known world. The same act entailed upon the German peoples efforts and enterprises foreign to their national interests, set up their Sovereign as the temporal vicegerent of God upon earth, and proposed to his successors and their subjects an

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imaginary task, the prosecution of which cast back into the cold shade of oblivion and neglect the true object of government, viz. the welfare of the governed.

Such was the legacy left by Charlemagne to his successors. During his lifetime, the energy of his genius prevented the collapse of the new-born Empire; but the very disposition, inherently impracticable, made by him for its administration after his decease, proves the delusiveness of the phantom which his imagination had constructed out of visions of the past and of the future. The Empire was to preserve its unity, but its several divisions were to be ruled as kingdoms by scions of the reigning House—a system in many respects resembling that which for a brief space was actually realised in the European despotism of the great Napoleon. The reign of Charlemagne's successor, Lewis the Pious, was filled by a series of struggles originating in the Emperor's wish to carry out such a scheme, and in his eldest son Lothaire's opposite determination to maintain, in his own interest, an absolutely undivided Empire. In these struggles, the German people, animated by a growing instinct of nationality, vigorously opposed themselves to the idea of Imperial unity, which threatened their own and all other nationalities with obliteration. The Treaty of Verdun virtually split up the Empire into three separate sovereignties; and the glorious, but impracticable, dream of Charlemagne seemed already to have come to an end.

Under her national Kings, Germany, unencumbered by Imperial duties and burdens, rapidly grew into a vigorous monarchy, strong enough to repel the incursions of her Slavonic neighbours in the east, and to

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extend her frontiers to the legitimate limits of her nationality in the west. Henry I was a purely German King, and expressly declined the form of sacerdotal unction, in order as it would seem to indicate the limits within which he desired to keep his power. He is called by Ægidi, in his recent masterly pamphlet on the past and future of Germany, the founder of a real German Empire, the author of German political unity, the father of the fatherland. Nor are these lofty praises beyond the mark. The death of Henry the Fowler left Germany the most powerful State in Europe, but dangerous to her neighbours only in the event of any inroads on the part of the latter upon the national limits of the kingdom. His successor, Otho I (or the Great), revived the theocratic ideas of Charlemagne, and by responding to the Papal offer of the Imperial Crown, as a reward for the invasion of Italy, signalised the resumption of an Imperial in the place of a national policy. Otho I was the founder of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic nation. His inferior titles were King of Germany, King of Italy, Supreme Lord of the Wends, Bohemians, Poles, and Danes, Mediator in France, and Protector of Burgundy. In other words, the dream of a world-Empire was taken up again—a dream fostered by the supposed necessities of the Papacy, whose fixed policy was to obstruct the establishment of any permanent rule in the Italian peninsula. History tells how completely this object was achieved; and how the Emperors were instrumental in preventing the establishment of any national Italian Power, without, at the same time, succeeding in that in which the Popes never intended them to succeed, viz. the effectual setting-up of a

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German dominion over Italy. The German rule in Italy was, in the words of Sybel (who has with incomparable lucidity brought out the views of which I am at present hinting at the outline[1]), an uninterrupted series of acts of war, and never attained to the character of a regulative and creative administration. And if, on the other hand, the Emperors thus played into the hands of the Popes, their recompense was the overthrow of the Imperial power by that very Church of whose rulers they had blindly constituted themselves the accomplices. In this great struggle were exhausted the last remnants of the Imperial authority; and, when the Emperors, so to speak, once more turned their eyes towards their national sovereignty, they found themselves kings only in name, but in reality merely the leaders of just as many among the Princes and nobles of Germany as would consent to submit to their guidance.

Solemn and unmistakable as the warning was, it was lost upon the Sovereigns of Germany. Under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, the same erroneous policy was pursued, with far less excuse than can be urged on behalf of the Saxon Otho's. The Hohenstaufens possessed, and knew themselves to possess, a mere remnant of royal authority at home; yet, wilfully hiding this knowledge from themselves, they once more pursued the delusive phantom of the Imperial Power beyond the Alps. When the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa had been forced by the open defection of Henry the Lion and by the crushing defeat of Legnano to abandon the conquest of Lombardy by force of arms, fortune seemed to smile once more upon him and his House in the marriage of

[1] H. von Sybel, *Die Deutsche Nation und das Kaiserreich* (1862).

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his son Henry with the heiress of the Norman kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It was a fatal success. Upon this acquisition Henry VI, as Emperor, based new visions of a world-wide dominion. We have all read how he forced the imprisoned Richard Cœur de Lion to take the oath of homage to him as the Supreme Liege Lord of all the Christian Princes; nor was the ambition of this Emperor limited to the countries of the European Continent. The reign of Frederick II was consumed in Italian and Church quarrels; and with him the might of the Empire came to an end. His grandson, the last of the Hohenstaufens, found his grave in Italy, where also lay buried the glory and the power of that Empire which his House had in their vain-gloriousness endeavoured to exalt abroad, while it was tottering to its fall at home. Germany atoned by half a century of sheer anarchy for the misdirected ambition of her Kings; and when at last Rudolf of Habsburg was crowned Emperor, the Electors stood around him, as the poet sings, like the starry choir environing the sun, but the Holy Roman Empire itself had ceased to be anything more than a name.

I must now draw to a close; or I would endeavour to show how the Habsburgs, as the House of Austria, lapsed into a policy similar in its scope and equally pernicious in its effects upon German national life. I would point out how in their case, indeed, no shadowy vision of an Imperial theocracy, but the more ordinary desire of raising the power of their House, gradually ungermanised the principles of their policy, till at last a world-Empire over which the sun never set seemed about to accumulate permanently in their hands. Mean-

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while, their Imperial authority was merely nominal, and the unconscientious daring of a German Prince, himself enriched by Charles V with the spoils of a kinsman's electorate, was able to break the power of that Emperor in Germany. The Thirty Years' War achieved the downfall of the Imperial predominance—for authority it could no longer be called—and left to distracted and exhausted Germany the hollowest mockery of a united national existence. The result of this terrible War was, at the same time, a punishment richly merited by an Imperial House which had everywhere and on every occasion endeavoured to use its influence upon the national policy for the benefit of non-German interests. The Dane, the Swede, and the Frenchman were successively called in by the Protestant Princes—the summons in each case, no doubt, amounting to an act of treason against the Empire. But the denationalisation of German politics had been commenced by the Spanish Charles; and to him and his successors—with all their pretended patriotism—the guilt of it primarily attached. The consistent pursuit by the House of Habsburg of a dynastic, instead of a national, policy forms the sole justification for the acts of those Protestant Princes who purchased their sovereign independence and what they chose to understand under religious liberty, by the sacrifice of German territory to the rapacity of the Swedish deliverers and to the intrigues of the real masters of the situation, the Ministers of the French Crown.

But I can pursue the subject no further. Enough has been said to trace the downfall of the greatest nationality of modern Europe—the German—to the misconception of their royal task by a long list of

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monarchs, none of whom, from the days of Otho the Great, would learn wisdom from the errors of their predecessors, or forbear from pursuing the delusive phantom of an Imperial dominion or the selfish ends of dynastic aggrandisement. If both Germany and Italy, through the long course of centuries, failed to achieve national greatness through national unity, History knows where to fix the responsibility of the failure; and, if a great future seems once more to be dawning for both those countries, it is as nations acting within their national limits for national ends that they will alone achieve it. The Muse of History, when in her prophetic mood, needs not to busy herself, like an imperialist pamphleteer, with inventing new maps of Europe. It is the old map, marred by the misguided ambition of Emperors, which has to be restored, if we are to behold that order of things which is alone the legitimate one—a system not of crude States and arbitrary divisions, the creations of a successful campaign or of a lucky marriage, but of nationalities historically developed into nations.

Lessons such as those which I have today endeavoured to adumbrate in familiar instances, taken from the annals of three great nations, will meet us, if only we read with understanding, at every turn of our studies. They will abound in those courses upon which I propose to enter in the present academical year. In the history of Carthage, we shall treat of a State which collapsed because it neglected to secure the basis of all enduring national life—a patriotic agreement between the interests of the governing and the governed. Here we shall find ourselves on a straight road of enquiry, inasmuch as

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we are not likely to be embarrassed—would that we were!—by the accession of new materials towards our conclusions. In English history, in which it is my intention to the best of my ability to complete my predecessor's course, the case is different. From year to year, new materials come to hand, calling for examination and frequently producing a change in our estimate of the authorities previously at our command. Let us not be discouraged by the very growth of our resources; and by the necessity of learning to unlearn; but rather,

> not content that former worth stand fast,
> Look forward, persevering to the last,
> From well to better, daily self-surpassed.

The search after truth in itself elevates the seeker, and hope is everlasting. It has been finely said that the ancients erred in imagining the labour of Sisyphus as one of the torments of the damned. Ever recommencing his efforts, he was ever animated by hope; and not the endless resumption, but the hopeless cessation, of his endeavours would have doomed him to eternal misery. Our labours will, I trust, prove neither as useless nor as interminable as his; but let us at all events scorn to flag in their prosecution! Students of history work in order to qualify themselves to become intelligent readers of the present, as well as the past, of their country. That national self-knowledge upon which I have been dilating is, after all, based upon the education of the youth of a nation, just as the welfare of Plato's ideal republic was founded upon the training of its rising generation. None of you can deserve his birthright as the citizen of a free State whose progress (whatever his position in life) he will some day necessarily influence—that is, advance or

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retard—unless he learns to understand the gradual growth of that State, of her institutions and of her policy. History—ancient and modern—furnishes you with the means of acquiring that knowledge. Her teachings are both direct and indirect—by information and by comparison. Literature accompanies her by illustrations of an independent, but not isolated, national development. Language is herself a living monument of national progress or decay.

Let us, then, enter upon our studies with a sense of their relation to that twofold responsibility which lies upon each of us! Let us strive after self-knowledge, both for ourselves and for the nation to which we belong; and future generations to which our names shall be unknown shall find in the record of our efforts an example and an encouragement.

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10. THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS[1]

A DISTINGUISHED Professor of the University of Athens, to whom during our visit there we owed many courtesies, not long ago, on assuming office as Rector of his University, chose as the subject of the address delivered by him on that occasion a brief review of English university education and university life, based on the experience of a personal visit to this country. The review appears to me not less accurate than lively; nor is it any the less valuable because the Greek professor is anxious not to find fault but to mark merits, and to commend what is commendable even in institutions which, here at home, we are wont to criticise with the whole vigilance of homebred affection. Of the University of Durham he has not much to say, except that at one time the number of its *alumni* had been so much reduced that "if such a thing were to happen with us at Athens, the students would be fewer in number than the professors." On searching for the University of London, he was first met by the difficulty that it is an institution without either professors or students, in which (as he says) no one is taught and no one teaches, but where only examinations are held and degrees are given. He, however, clearly points out the objects of this academical Areopagus, as he calls it, and notes some unmistakable statistics of its system, in proof of the fact that the tests it imposes are sufficiently austere—a term which appears to be a favourite one on the lips

[1] A Public Lecture delivered at Owens College, Manchester December, 1876.

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of Athenian professors. At Oxford and Cambridge, he saw much to wonder at and to admire; and he has a word to say even in favour of the fellowship system, upon which such violent assaults have been made here at home, and concerning which he says, with an exaggeration which will I trust be forgiven him, that a system must be judged by its fruits, and that, if it cannot be maintained that fellows of colleges have always been men of mark, nevertheless nearly all eminent Englishmen have been fellows of colleges—from Newton down to Macaulay and Mr Gladstone. What is more to the purpose, and perhaps less open to cavil, he shows the influence of English university life upon something besides the acquisition of knowledge; and there seems no inconsistency between his generous survey of our English Higher Education and the concluding words in which he calls upon the members of his own University each to do his duty—τὸ καθῆκον—"duty—a little word, but one in which are comprehended the destinies of every community. The aspect of Hellas," he says, "would be a different one and her repute in the world other than it is, were we all to do our duty. And do not let us forget that the neglect of our duty is everywhere and at all times the cause of grievous harm, and that, although it may be merely censured within these academical walls, yet it may become a practical calamity; because in the University are formed the mind, the heart, the life of Hellas. Professors and students, let us not cease to bear in mind the heavy responsibility which is upon us, and let us not cease each to do his proper duty, so that we may bring together an army of young men of learning, of honourable ambition and of high character,

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such as, going forth from this Sacred Acropolis of Hellenism, is alone able to accomplish the work of our fathers!"

I thought that you would allow me roughly to translate these simple words of an Athenian professor of history—not only because they are words of a kind at no time unlikely to find an echo in walls like these, but because they may serve so to speak as a text for the remarks I have to make tonight, by way of conclusion to the course to which you have been good enough to listen[1]. There may have seemed some want of connexion between the observations I have addressed to you on successive occasions; but it is not wholly without some real connexion that I should like you to suppose them to have been offered. In the earliest age of Hellenic life—when that life becomes in some measure intelligible to history—there were bonds, not the less strong because they were not all bonds of a material nature, which held together the Hellenic people. Of these bonds we sought to recognise a representative expression in the reverence paid to Delphi and its Apolline sanctuary; and we saw that this reverence was not the offspring of a mere imaginary indebtedness, still less of a superstitious self-delusion, but a recognition of really national benefits conferred by a really national institution. We next saw how, when a single Hellenic State, when Athens had consciously and openly assumed the task of leading the Hellenic people, that consciousness found expression in works which belonged to the people as a whole, in creations of art and literature

[1] A course of four lectures on topics suggested by Greek travel. The first of these, on *Delphi*, is reprinted in this volume.

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which were not only glorious achievements of the present, but destined to keep alive a sense of the high aims as well as the high hopes of the Athenian supremacy in Greece. Passing in our third lecture for the most part to very different times and very different scenes, we saw how hard was the task imposed upon the Greeks in the days of their resurrection as a people, and how influences whose cooperation they could at one time ill spare, at another with difficulty avert, both made and marred many of the conditions of their immediate future. Tonight, it remains in conclusion to indicate—for I have neither time nor ability to show with any approach to completeness—what was and what is among the later Greeks the force of an influence which did not, indeed, of itself make them free or even of itself make them worthy to be free, but the sense of which may be justly described as among the truest notes of their historic identity, as among the most hopeful promises of their national self-recovery, as among the securest guarantees of their future self-development. Of this influence the University of Athens is the living representative; and, though the visit was but brief which I paid to its halls, you will not I hope think that I am inappropriately taking cap and gown out of my travelling-bag, if it is among students and professors that I close these brief reminiscences of Greek history and Greek travel.

The University of Athens is only the creation of yesterday. Its buildings, or some of those connected with it, are unfinished; its necessities—as I observe from the Rectors' annual reports—still cry aloud for that support without which a university cannot exist

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any more than an individual teacher (only that I confess there is a certain Southern *naïveté* in the directness with which the claims of deserving poverty are made known at Athens); its examination system is still not regarded as perfect, though it seems steadily progressing towards a more "austere" ideal. The University of Athens was only born in 1837—something like four centuries after Gemistos Plethon, one of the most typical Hellenes of the Renascence, had prophesied to Cardinal Bessarion, that the day would come when Athens would be free and would be once more the temple of the Arts and Sciences. If its foundation was not precisely like that of the University of Leyden in Holland, a historic commemoration of the dawn of national freedom, it at least very closely followed upon the establishment at Athens of the seat of the Hellenic Government; and in this respect, at all events, it was fortunate for Greece that the counsels of this Government were directed by German experience, and that it was the German type of university—that type at once so simple and so comprehensive, that form at once so full and so free—which was followed in the new Ethnicon Panepistemion of the Hellenes. But on this head a few words further on. The University of Athens is, as I have said, only the creation of yesterday; but, in another sense, it is the creation of a spirit endowed with a vitality belonging to few other of the nobler elements in the Hellenic character, and with a power of endurance which had been tested by trials almost unexampled in the history of any other people.

It is not my purpose to speak, except in passing, of that earlier University of Athens whose history would

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well deserve, in these days of debate on the objects and functions of universities, to be made the subject of an exhaustive monograph. Had I trusted myself to extend the number of these lectures beyond what has already been a sufficient demand upon your indulgence, I should, I confess, have liked to ask you to accompany me through a survey of the history of Athens in the later days of classical antiquity, to which so many of her architectural remains, as well as not a little of her literature, survive to testify. Of such a sketch, extending from the days of the establishment of the Macedonian supremacy to those, let us say, of the Emperor Justinian in the 6th century of the Christian era, an account of the fortunes of the University of Athens must have formed not only a prominent but the most prominent part. We should have seen how the physiognomy of the city gradually transformed itself in accordance with the course of its political history. The Phalerean Demetrius was a tyrant, but he at all events for a period secured peace to Athens; and it was to this time that seems assignable the more permanent establishment of those "gardens of the philosophers" which one might almost describe as the Colleges out of which grew the ancient University of Athens. One of these—that of the Peripatetics by the Lyceum—was, if I may so express myself, vested in the Principal of the College; and we know of the will of one famous Principal about this time, no other than Theophrastus, which bequeaths "the garden and the promenade (περίπατος) and all the houses by the garden" to his philosophical associates. Still more significant is the establishment for himself and his friends by a yet more famous philosopher, about this time, of a garden

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with the necessary collegiate appendages within the city itself—a foundation which, two centuries and a half afterwards, was still in possession of the followers of that philosopher, Epicurus. In one of those charming dialogues—I wonder whether you have read them; for I meet with very few people who have enjoyed what I think one of the greatest literary pleasures open to cultivated Englishmen, a perusal of the works of Walter Savage Landor—in one of Landor's dialogues, of which the scene is laid in the gardens of Epicurus, they are placed at some distance from the city, which is a dramatic licence. But the observation of Epicurus to one of the young ladies to whom he gives extra-academical lectures in his gardens very sufficiently meets the objections of persons given to the criticism of sites, who are disposed to fancy it of extreme importance to a college, what can be seen out of its windows. "The worst of all is," says little Leontion, "we can see nothing of the city or the Parthenon, unless from the very top." "The place," replies the philosopher, "commands, in my opinion, a most perfect view." "Of what, pray?" "Of itself; seeming to indicate that we, Leontion, who philosophise, should do the same." In the next period, Athens for a time recovered her freedom, but soon again became dependent upon the goodwill of foreign monarchs (though of Hellenic descent); and to the favour of one of these, Ptolemy Philadelphus, the growing University owed the foundation of that which is essential to every university—a library, which was afterwards kept up by regular contributions from the students. By the close of the 3rd century B.C. it may be said that the academical life of Athens had become the only aspect

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of her history which continued to possess a general interest for the world. With singular pliability, the Athenian community accommodated its institutions to the performance of the chief task which seemed left to it to accomplish on a scale worthy of its ancient glories. The Ephebia, or organised body of Athenian youths of civic birth, was transformed into a matricula (if I may so call it) of students, who, under the direction of the authorities of the State, enjoyed the full advantages of a higher education, and among whose number (with that hospitality which is the characteristic of a true university) foreigners also gradually began to be admitted. The study which preeminently flourished was of course that of philosophy; the Schools or sects of philosophy were known far and near by the names of the localities in which their tenets were taught at Athens—the appellations of the Athenian Colleges associated themselves for ever with the great divisions in the history of ancient speculation.

This academical character of the best part of Athenian life maintained itself into the Roman times, when the prosperity of the Athenian Colleges passed through those stages which all academical institutions must experience. About the time of Augustus, the University of Athens was left by the Roman State to govern itself; and the lecture-rooms of its professors of ethics and physics, of oratory and grammar and poetry, were frequented by students from every part of the Empire. But it was already exposed to the competition of other places of study—among the rest of Rome herself—and seems to have been threatened with decline. It soon, however, revived; and in the days of Hadrian—the Emperor who

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wholly renewed the aspect of the city—partook of the general growth of prosperity which rewarded his munificent exertions. To Hadrian's successors, Antonius Pius and Marcus Aurelius, is to be ascribed the organisation of the University in one very important respect. The professors were now as before appointed by the City Council of the Athenians; and the payment of some of them continued, though now fixed, to be defrayed by the community. Other Chairs were, however, endowed by the State. In this and the ensuing period we may therefore conceive of the teaching organisation of the University as follows. There were the four great philosophic Schools with endowed Chairs—teaching side by side in free and open rivalry, exposed therefore to an influence which in a university is at least as important as that of public opinion, the influence of mutual vigilance, and yet brought into healthy cooperation with one another by the opportunities of a constant social intercourse between colleagues and rivals. In each of these Schools there were, besides the Chairs paid by the city, two imperially endowed, or as we might call them Regius, professorships. There were likewise apparently about four professors of Rhetoric (Sophistics) and Grammar, and one "Regius" professor of Sophistics who enjoyed the handsome salary of 10,000 drachms—between £500 and £600. The "Regius" professorships were the best paid and looked up to as the prizes of the University; but besides the professors, "Regius" and civic, there were a number of other teachers in a condition of expectancy, and others who did not think it worth while to exchange the profits of private tuition for the comforts of a fixed salary and a pension

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—like a certain Chrestus, who declined to become a candidate for the 10,000 drachm Chair or "Throne," observing that "the myriad makes not the man" and remaining contented with his hundred private pupils.

These details will suffice to show that it is not merely a phrase to speak of the University of Athens in the days of the Roman Empire as an organised establishment; but it would take me too far, were I to attempt to show what were the character of its teaching and the nature of its influence upon its students, whose numbers in the period of the Antonines are known to have largely increased. Two remarks, however, may not be out of place. In the first instance, Athens, notwithstanding the number of students it attracted, and the munificence of Imperial and private patrons, remained, in comparison with Rome, a remote country town; and the simplicity of Athenian life must have seemed a kind of standing protest against the luxury of the great city. I do not say that all the professors combined plain living with high thinking after the fashion of that learned philosopher of whose supper Aulus Gallius has left us an amusing account—the whole basis and foundation of that repast was a bowl of Egyptian lentils, with small bits of pumpkin "animating the whole"; but then how interesting was the conversation even during the *mauvais quart d'heure* which occurred before they fell to, when there was found to be no oil in the cruet and the slave-boy said in Greek —and in admirable Attic too—"Messieurs, il y a bien de l'huile là-dedans; but are you not aware that there was a severe frost this morning; the oil is frozen?" Did not the professors sitting round that frugal bowl immediately begin a discussion as to why oil freezes

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more rapidly than wine, and was it not demonstrated how such must be the case, from the analogy of the rapidity with which rivers freeze, in comparison with the sea, notwithstanding certain statements of Herodotus? I do not say that the students always kept the Saturnalia in the way the same author describes, by vivacious discussions on the proper answer to some sophistic fallacy, or the true etymology of some out-of-the-way vocable; but I do say that such anecdotes show us how kindly and homelike a mistress learning was at Athens, and how well it was for the Roman world that there was in it a refuge where intellectual interests sufficed to make a simple life active and useful and happy. Secondly, the character of the University of Athens, like that of all true universities, was at once Conservative and Liberal. Freedom of teaching was sanctioned by the very system which concurrently endowed the conflicting Schools of philosophy—and the philosophy of those days was the theology of thinking minds; while the academical influence imparted to the whole intellectual contest its own character of personal peacefulness. Moreover, in its love of such studies as these, Athens did not forget one of its special tasks—the perfection of *form*, which, in literature as well as in art, seems to many the pedantry of training, but which is in reality one of its most directly cultivating branches.

By the death of Marcus Aurelius the University of Athens lost its most munificent Imperial protector; and an impious successor of his, Septimius Severus, seems even to have tampered with its revenues. But, even through the troublous times which were now approaching for Greece, the University managed to

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hold up her head in the midst of barbarian incursions and Imperial no-government. When, in 267, the Heruli took Athens—that they sacked it is to say the least an exaggeration of tradition—they are said to have spared the Athenian libraries in deference to the argument of one of their chiefs, that, so long as the Greeks were addicted to the study of books, they would never apply themselves to the exercise of arms. I should not have mentioned this apocryphal anecdote, were it not for the observation which in relating it (though hinting a doubt as to its truth) Gibbon makes on the argument involved —an observation most germane to the significance of the facts I am endeavouring tonight to bring before you. He says that this sagacious counsellor, if he did make such a remark, reasoned like an ignorant barbarian. "In the most polite and powerful nations, genius of every kind has displayed itself in about the same period; and the age of science has generally been the age of military virtue and success." Much might, I think, be urged both for and against the truth of this aphorism; but, in relation to our subject, I will only say one word. History—or the Providence which works in History—rarely, if ever, repeats itself in its outward forms; but there is no lesson it teaches more clearly than this: that the vitality of a nation depends upon its faithfulness to its intellectual inheritance, in at least as high a degree as upon the tenacity with which it clings to any of the other influences which made it a nation. In no instance has this been so marvellously exemplified as in that of the history of Greece. The Greeks, denationalised by invasions and immigrations, crushed, not only into the dust but seemingly out of existence, by long centuries

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of oppression, would not have—I use the expression not as a rhetorical phrase, but as the best translation of a fact into words which I can devise—would not have *found themselves again*, but for two influences—the influence of their Church and the influence of their literature. Of this literature, the University of Athens remained the representative and the guardian, till (to a great extent, no doubt, under the influence of the Church) its activity was suppressed by the arm of Power. On the Parthenon, you are shown some traces of the period when the temple of Athens became a place of Christian worship; soon afterwards (in 529), the Emperor Justinian confiscated the property of the Platonic Academy, and sent an edict to Athens which, once for all, put an end to the teaching of philosophy and of law. But the two powers which had thus come into internecine conflict were destined, under the direction of a higher authority than that of philosophic self-assurance or of Imperial orthodoxy, to work together as the preserving forces of a nation which sank back into a nationality, which then became what, to say the least, can in no sense be described as even a nationality, but which was, in the end, to rise again as a nation.

My task, however, if I may claim your attention a little further, is to pursue the operation of one of these forces only, or rather to resume a notice of its operation where it again becomes perceptible to us. The downfall of Paganism and the system of government introduced by that political and religious bigot, the Emperor Justinian, seemed for ever to have broken the connexion between Greek antiquity and the life of the Greek people. Constantinople became henceforth the refuge

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of whatever remained of Greek letters and culture, and of what can in any fuller sense of the term be described as Greek national life. But the government of Constantinople itself was Roman rather than Greek; the administration was national neither in character nor in intention; and the Greek Church, which entered into a kind of partnership with the Imperial authority, was in this period, as Mr Finlay says, neither Greek nor Roman, but created for itself a separate power under the name of Orthodox. Whatever Hellenic elements, however, maintained themselves at Constantinople, were repressed out of the possibility of self-assertion by the Latin Conquest of 1204; and driven into such refuges as remained to them in Thessalonica and in Trebizond.

Meanwhile, in Greece proper, the people had lost its identity. Depopulated and neglected under the Roman government, the country fell an easy prey to the great Slavonian invasions which began about the middle of the 6th century, and had probably been preceded by peaceful immigrations. These invasions and immigrations, to which succeeded those of the more or less mixed peoples of the Bulgarians, the Wallachians and—from the 14th century—the Albanians, seemed to have swept away the whole past of the nation—and (with the exception of a few isolated positions, the islands themselves of course being the chief) to have barbarised it out of its consciousness of itself. The period of the Crusades, with the oppressions and violences of which no other period—no, not even that of the Turkish dominion itself—will, from some points of view, bear comparison, completed the work. The Hellenism of the nation was overwhelmed, though not

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(as time was to show), in the true sense of the word, destroyed. This is shown, not so much by the fact that relics of ancient usage swam—or seem to have swum—across that sea of time which permits their fragile life to last while it dashes States and nations into fragments; as by these other facts. Whatever civilisation and literature, throughout this period, gave signs of a lingering life in the land, was wholly Greek; again, the religion taught and ministered there was taught and ministered by Greek priests; and, above all else, the language retained a strength which afterwards left it capable of freeing itself—except in the matter of local names and isolated words—from the Slavic element, and gradually assimilating to itself the cognate Albanian. Thus (for I cannot enter into the questions which will at once suggest themselves to anyone acquainted with the many difficulties of the subject) the Greeks, whatever the degree of their denationalisation, were not extirpated as a people capable of a possible future history by Avars, or Slavs, by Bulgarians or by Latins.

Then came the Turkish Conquest of Constantinople, followed a few years after by that of the Morea. Now, with regard to these Turkish Conquests, it will suffice at present to say two things. In the first place, the Turkish dominion over Greece did not bring into the land a large number of Turkish settlers; and it was thus impossible that any radical influence should be exercised by it upon such remnants of civilisation as the people possessed, or upon the future of its language. It, therefore, left to whatever genius existed or might be planted there the possibility, doubtless little dreaded by the Turks, of future growth. It allowed the possibility of

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the association with such a growth of the influence of the Church which, under administrative regulations seemingly certain to ensure its servility, it tolerated. Secondly, the Turkish Conquest of Constantinople, even before it was effected, brought together on a distant soil —that of Italy—what may be called a band of exiles, who, likewise unconscious of the historic task of which they were helping to prepare the performance, signally contributed to the growth of a movement destined to contribute by its results to the liberation of Hellas. Thus, the Turkish Conquest failed in setting the seal upon the destruction of the Greek people; and the Renascence of Greek learning began the work of that people's revival. So full are the darkest periods of history of the premonitions of the dawn; so unconsciously are we working for the progress of the future if we but each do τὸ καθῆκον—that which it befits us each to do—even if it be teaching grammar and collating MSS.

And now—for to dwell on the history of Greece in its other aspects forms no part of my purpose—let us enquire what in this sense was done by the torch-bearers of Greek intellectual life, and how their labours were not, even for the future of a nation which to them was nothing but a dream and to many not even that, labours spent in vain. It is probable that the influence of the Greek fugitives upon what is called the Renascence itself has been overestimated; but this question is not now before us. The labours of the Greek scholars of the Renascence proper formed a centre in the Greek gymnasium established in Rome by Leo X, their climax is represented by the activity of Janus Lascaris, the foremost of an active band of calligraphers and printers,

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tutors and librarians. With their help, though not through them only, the study of ancient Greek spread through Italy and France, and thence into other Western countries, and became, as you know, the distinguishing mark of a desire for higher and freer culture. But it still remained to begin that connexion between Greek learning and the life of what was still left of the Greek people itself. This connexion was begun at Chios, whose tranquillity and commercial prosperity were left undisturbed by the Turkish Government, and where it was possible to cultivate ancient and modern learning side by side. It was from Chios that sprang the famous Maurocordatos family, whose greatness was founded by Alexander Maurocordatos. Beginning his career as a teacher of philosophy and medicine, he entered the Turkish diplomatic service, and rose to such a height of influence at Constantinople that the Turks called him *Mahremi Esrar*—the man to whom all secrets are entrusted—and the Greeks deemed him the father of their oppressed people. It was he who by his writings, by his foundation of Greek schools in the scattered Greek communities of the empire, and by his efforts on behalf of the hitherto despised vulgar tongue, pointed the way to a recovery of national consciousness. The Fanariotes of Constantinople began to feel that they belonged to a nation which had a past; and a renascence of the study and love of Greek antiquity began within the boundaries of Greek life itself. Of this feeling the Greek schools which flourished, during the latter half of the 18th and the early years of the present century, in Constantinople and other seats of Greek life in the Turkish empire furnish significant proof. And, when

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at this day—at Constantinople for instance—one comes across one of the Greek schools which exist in parts of the Turkish Empire and prepare their students for the University of Athens—one says to oneself: There, too, the future of the Levant is preparing; there, too, a work is in progress which we may not live to see completed in our day, but of the ultimate accomplishment of which there is no need to despair; even if its method will not admit of being sketched in speeches limited to five minutes. Alexander Maurocordatos' son Nicolas, being appointed Hospodar of Wallachia, began the Greek civilisation of the Danubian Principalities on the same basis. And, as the 18th century progressed, as the decay of the Turkish Power began to announce itself in the results of the conflicts with Russia, as Greek commerce grew with the downfall of Venetian supremacy, and as the possibilities of liberation from the Turkish yoke began to dawn upon the people—this rise of national hope found its surest expression in the beginnings of a modern Greek learning and literature. These efforts harmonised in their tendencies with the literature of contemporary Europe, and produced what, in its general intellectual character, as well as in its political and religious tendencies, was a literature of emancipation. It severed itself from the Greek Church; and the question seemed to be, whether it would wholly attach itself to classical antiquity, or whether it would become wholly modern.

The century neared its end; and to the representatives of Greek literature the French Revolution for a time seemed the signal for the resurrection of their nation. The hopes of Rhigas "of Pheræ," the foremost

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representative of this phase of Hellenic literary feeling, were placed on a general rising of the oppressed against the oppressor. In full accordance with the character of the Revolutionary movement, he seemed ready to disdain the limits of mere nationality, and called upon all the Christians under Turkish rule, upon Servians and Bulgarians and Albanians, to make common cause with the Greeks against Islam and oppression. The songs of the exile went forth through Hellas. They were sung by Greek musicians to their Turkish masters, who thought the tunes pleasing and did not understand the words; but they were sung by voices and heard by other ears which *did* understand the words—Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων—the Marseillaise of the Greeks as it has been called—"Sons of the Greeks arise"—and those of many similar strains—

> O land of my dearest, my holiest duties,
> How long shall I lack thee, how long shall I miss thee—
> Ah when breaks the day that once more I shall kiss thee
> And gaze on thy lustrous, thy myriad beauties!—

Rhigas was not only the poet of the Greek resurrection and one of its proto-martyrs; but he was also—and for this reason I have reminded you of his wellknown name—a typical representative of that Greek love of learning which in those days was the muse of the aspirations for liberty. He was acquainted with German and Italian literature; he wrote French and Greek with equal facility; he was a musician and a poet, a writer on natural philosophy and on military tactics. The love of knowledge fermented in his busy brain together with patriotic aspirations—nor is it without reason that his statue stands in front of the University buildings at Athens, a

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memorial of the eager student who sacrificed so full and various a life to the country which as a scholar not less than as a patriot he so passionately loved. He was, in 1798, delivered up by the Austrian Government to the Turks and put to death at Belgrade.

After his death, it seemed for a time as if the scattered representatives of Greek learning and scholarship would fall back into more tranquil courses, and as if a study of classical antiquity, with an imitation of its models, would suffice for their national aspirations. But there was a deeper meaning in this tendency. The educated and thinking men of this sporadic Hellas had begun to recognise the truth that a nation's best hope lies in itself. What had the intervention of Russia availed in the days of Catharine and the Orloffs, what had the specious whisperings of the Envoy of the French Consul availed Rhigas and his Hetæria, when he fell at Belgrade, "as Palicares die; I have sown seed enough, the hour shall come when my people shall reap the fair harvest." The seed indeed was sown—but there is husbandman's work to be done between the sowing of the seed and the gathering-in of the harvest! It was this work of which much was accomplished by the sober and laborious generation of scholars who carried on its endeavours about the period of the turn of the century. They again steadily occupied themselves with the study of Greek antiquity, but they sought to imbue the rising generation with a sense of the principles of its natural classics, and to educate Greece in the school of Thucydides and Demosthenes. Of this group of men, the most eminent representative is Adamantius Coraïs, whose life, like that of Rhigas, was spent away from his native land, who, like

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him in youth, sent forth a "trump of war" (the title of a pamphlet calling upon the Greeks to rise against their Turkish masters), but the historic significance of whose genius begins with his labours, not as a political pamphleteer, but as a student of classical antiquity. "Remember," he said to his fellow-students—and in these words the endeavour of his life is summarised—"remember that you have to represent Homer and Aristotle, Plato and Demosthenes, Thucydides and Sophocles, whose works completed the greatness of Greece, whose names were highly honoured in life and are immortal in death. At the present day, you are the teachers of your land; but the time is near at hand when you shall be its legislators. Unite your possessions and your endeavours for the fatherland, which has sunk so low as to possess no common treasure for the education of its youth, and do not forget that, in the brighter days of Greece, education was a public duty for its rulers....At last, the day has arrived for which our unhappy ancestors have so long sighed in vain; nor need I tell you how the dawn of freedom is already breaking." His appeal did not fall on deaf ears. Schools and libraries began to spring up even in Peloponnesus; Coraïs became the treasurer of a vast inflow of national offerings; and he gave to his people the most precious gift which learning can bestow: he made its classical literature accessible to it, through his so-called "Hellenic Library," a collection of the best Greek authors chosen and edited with a special view to the national character of its contents and influence. He became the legislator of the modern Greek language, introducing, as the rule of its written speech, that compromise which has con-

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quered the extreme tendencies, both of purists on the one hand and on the other of those who wished Modern Greek to be written just as it is spoken. Thus he made possible a Greek Literature and a Greek Press, which should speak both to the people and to the educated world at large; and before that world he presented himself as the defender of Greek civilisation, proving that it was not dead, that it had already progressed and was progressing, and that it deserved the sympathy of the world, not only for what it desired, but for what it did. Thus he laid the foundation of European Philhellenism—a sentiment which proved too strong even for the force of paradox, and was victorious even over the celebrated discovery that there were no Greeks for the friends of Greece to sympathise with. The famous Slav theory of Fallmerayer had its day and did its harm—but its effect passed, and it is now no more accepted by the generality of scholars than is the counter-paradox which found the most emphatic expression in a revolutionary proclamation of the year 1822, assuming that all inhabitants of Greece in the present day who believe in our Saviour are Hellenes. But the learned world—and the public which likes the teaching of those scholars who (excuse the expression) propound theories that are hot and strong—are quite subject to the effects of a scare; and the theory of Fallmerayer might have had a very different influence, had not the Greek nation been already brought into something of intellectual harmony with its past by the labours of such men as Coraïs. He, too, has his statue at Athens; and through the kindness of the Rector of the University, I possess the speeches delivered on the occasion of its unveiling, of which speeches I wish

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I could reproduce to you the spirit—suffice it to quote the words of one of them (by Prof. Kokolinos himself), which describes Coraïs as "in brief the personification in life of the spiritual and moral forces of the Nation in these latter days. If to anyone of the true heroes of modern history, to him apply above all the divine words of Aeschylus:

> He wishes not to *seem* just, but to *be*;
> Fruit gathering from the deep field of his mind,
> Whence of good counsel the fair harvest springs."

Thus, in deep conviction of the usefulness of his task, Coraïs and his associates laboured at preparing the political by the intellectual and moral regeneration of Hellas; and, when the struggle broke out, he proclaimed its issue—liberation full and absolute; and European Philhellenism, which proved a force stronger than the illwill and mightier than the misgivings of Cabinets and the hesitations of Conferences, echoed his declaration, till, in principle at least, it in the end prevailed.

It would carry me too far to show how the intellectual regeneration of Hellas—partial and incomplete as it was—was carried on through the period preceding the Insurrection and helped to inspire its beginnings. Because the φιλόμουσος ἑταιρία which had been founded at Athens in 1814, in order to spread the light of learning over all Greece, was extinguished—together with all schools and places of education—when the Insurrection broke out, it does not follow that its labours had been wholly useless. A similar association had already, in the year 1802, been established in the Ionian Islands, which had combined the cultivation of arts and sciences with the nurture of a patriotic spirit; and, in 1808, was

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founded that Ionic Academy which in a few years developed into the first Greek University, the Ionian University, of which an Englishman, Lord Guildford, whose name is to be remembered as that of one of the truest benefactors of Greece, was the father and founder. It flourished, till the Union of the Ionian Islands with Greece in 1865, as a genuine centre of intellectual life; and many names connected with it are indelibly associated with Greek national literature and national progress. Meanwhile, at home in that part of Greece which was not like the Heptannesos under the control and guardianship of successive foreign Christian Powers, the struggle had been waged through its long series of phases. When it broke out, there was no longer any hearing either given or asked in the clash of arms for the voice which had made itself heard in the day of darkness and of hope deferred; a political conspiracy and a political opportunity—the Hetæria and the revolt of Ali Pasha—brought about the Insurrection; and its course was determined not by scholars, but by soldiers and statesmen. Yet the forces which made the Greek Insurrection triumphant over the power of the oppressor, on the one hand, and the intrigues and hesitations of the Great Powers, on the other, included two forces which Greek learning had helped to create, to foster and to establish as indomitable—the Hellenism of the Greek people, and the Philhellenism of educated Europe. This was the share which belongs in the liberation of Hellas to the men who had revived and maintained, so far as in them lay, the continuity between the intellectual life of ancient and that of modern Greece.

When something of peace and something of freedom

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were at last granted to the exhausted land, there was no subject to which the mind of the Greek nation more promptly and eagerly turned than to that of education. It would be unjust to Capodistrias, of the general character of whose administration as President this is not the occasion to speak, to ignore the fact that he was fully awake to the claims of the people to an organisation of its primary education, at all events, and laid the foundation of the system now prevailing. Thus, already in 1839, the Hellenic kingdom possessed about 190 elementary schools. At the present day, compulsory education obtains in Greece, and though not absolutely gratuitous, primary education there appears to be all but nominally so. I was, however, informed that in the rural districts, at least, popular usage has introduced a very important limitation to the universality of primary education; for, though all the boys go to school, it is not thought necessary to send the girls. A higher grade of primary schools is that of the so-called "Hellenic" schools, where ancient Greek is taught. Then come the gymnasia, or secondary schools, organised on the German model, where Latin is taught and an education preparatory to that of the university is given. All these, together with a military school, an ecclesiastical seminary and a higher school of political science, were already established in their beginnings by Capodistrias; but of the physical sciences and polite letters he would hear nothing "for the spirit of the people tends to a love of illusions; its power of imagination is violent, it loves sophisms and dreams of unfettered liberty. We have the instructive example of Russia before us, which is experiencing the results of political opposition, because

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its intelligent monarch too soon matured the fruits of the tree and established academies." Capodistrias had his own theories on the subject of the training of youth. "Which," he asked his secretary, "do you consider to be better—education without morality, or morality without education?" The young man, as in duty bound, held his peace. "Ah," continued the President, "have you, notwithstanding your youth, been seduced by Greek arrogance? You call yourselves descendants of the ancient Hellenes, and do not know that he who has only science and no morality is worse than the most wretched villain, because he knows better"—and so forth. To whom the secretary: "The President's words would convert me to morality, even were I an adherent of education." Who does not recognise in the rhetoric of Capodistrias the flavour of the principles of the Holy Alliance, in whose school he had learnt the true definition of morality; who does not hear in these words the twang of that Scythian bow which, worked by the hands of sympathetic German Governments, shot its shafts against academic freedom, the very palladium of German life? It is to be feared that the workings of the spirit which seeks to pronounce a divorce between that which God has joined together—between high moral and high intellectual training—were among the greatest difficulties of the University of Athens, when actually founded, and that it is only gradually that a reconciliation has been brought about between the National University and the directors of the National Church. But into this question I cannot enter. So long as Greece was, under the administration of Capodistrias, the pupil of Russian ideas and, whether he would or not, the

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instrument of Russian policy, the Government was afraid of crowning the educational edifice; and the University of Athens remained an unfulfilled dream. The λόγοι ἀνώτεροι, of which Alexander Soutsos (the Béranger of modern Greece) sings the "superior considerations," prevailed over the national aspirations. At last, after under King Otho the royal residence had been removed from Nauplia to Athens, the University was founded—in May 1837—first on the Acropolis, a happy thought which soon had to give way to the demands of practical convenience, when it was transferred to its present buildings, in the main or entirely erected by public subscriptions. Libraries and collections of other kinds were contributed by the munificence of private donors; prizes and exhibitions were founded; in 1845 a Polytechnic School was added; and at the present day the University (which till 1865 had a competitor in the Ionic University at Corfù) flourishes as the acknowledged head of the education of the country, eleven, or more, gymnasia and more than ninety Hellenic schools drawing from it their teachers and sending to it their students.

So far as numbers go, the progress of the University of Athens in the generation—or rather more—which has elapsed since its foundation has been singularly rapid, if the smallness of the population and the poverty of the State be remembered. It started with 32 students and a teaching-staff nominally reckoned at 30 professors—now, it has (or had in 1874) 1352 students, and its total of teachers was, at the end of the session 1875–6, 41 ordinary and 10 extraordinary professors, besides 2 honorary and 19 assistants. Like all statistics, these

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require examination; and, while it appears that the great body of the students are young men qualifying for the legal and medical professions, it may further be supposed that of the students of philosophy the larger proportion intend to become teachers in the gymnasia if not in the other schools of the country. The composition of the Philosophical Faculty, however, proves that no mere "bread-studies," to use the German phrase, are carried on under its direction; it will compare favourably with that of more than one distinguished Western University; philosophy, mathematics, philology, and archæology are well provided for; and, if I may refer to that study which can hardly be said to be more than beginning in one at least of our English Universities, while in the Scotch it is strangely conspicuous by its absence—the study of history—it is not neglected at Athens. One professor teaches national, another general, history, and a third the philosophy of the science. The appliances for the pursuit of this study appear to be fuller at Athens than at other places I could mention—both in the way of books and in that of a numismatic collection of rare excellence and value. But I must not enter into details. On the other hand, it is worth pointing out that of the total of students more than three-fourths are natives of the Hellenic kingdom, the rest with only one or two exceptions coming from different parts of the Turkish empire—the two natives of Chalcis, whom the Rector rather pointedly specifies, as Ottomans, are of course Hellenic subjects, for Chalcis is the only place in Greece where Ottomans still reside, and where a mosque is still reserved for their use. In considering these numbers, it is further to be remem-

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bered that university education in Greece is gratuitous, and that even the appliances of those studies which are of a costly kind are furnished to the students without any expense on their part.

Still, after all these considerations have been taken into account, it remains a fact not less remarkable than pleasing that, in a country of about a million and a half inhabitants, more than 1350 young men, or not far from one in every thousand of the population, should be enjoying the benefits of a university education. If such a proportion fails to leaven the mass, Greece will be more unfortunate than, considering her efforts in this direction at all events, she deserves to be.

The model upon which the young University of Athens was formed was that of the modern German Universities; and herein I think its founders acted wisely. With a new university, it is in general well not to seek to shun simplicity of Constitution. Time is a workman of infinite variety, and there is no fear lest the history of an institution which has life in it should fail in time to bring with it a growth of characteristic features such as we are wont fondly to dwell upon in the inner as well as in the outer aspects of old seats of academical learning, but which there is no need to impress deliberately upon a new one. But, in the case of the University of Athens, it was specially in accordance with the experiences which Greek study and learning had undergone, that their new home should open its doors as widely as possible, and that what was above all aimed at should be the freedom of teaching and freedom of learning from which Greek students in the days of exile had reaped such abundant fruits.

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The primary object of the new University, therefore, seems to have been to become a great centre of instruction, to possess many and well-qualified teachers, and thus gradually to perfect its examination system in harmony with the nature and amount of the teaching given. The first purpose was, if I may make use of a homely phrase, to put something into the youth of Greece; and there is common sense in the remark I find in one of the Rectorial addresses, that "it is not just or fitting to require from a young man more than one has given him." This is the true philosophy of the relations between teaching and examinations in a young university in a new country, whose primary object it must be to train the youth of a country in learning and science, and whose standard must progress with its own growth. In countries where universities of proved efficiency already exist, the duty of a new university is of course to maintain the national standards of the tests of learning at the level they have already reached, and to aid in raising it; but even here a fine set of examinations is not the purest proof of academical progress. It is a proud thing to be able to "pluck" faithfully and fearlessly, a prouder thing to be able to "pass" well-prepared students of an effective system. In any case, the University of Athens is, in my opinion, wise in directing its primary attention to its primary task, and I hope it will steadily pursue this course, until the day comes when it has to hold its own against, or to succumb to, the University of Byzantium of the new Greek Empire.

But I do not wish further to enter into questions which may seem to possess too strictly academical an interest. It appears to me that the University of Athens

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has lost sight of neither of the two objects which, among others, every true university ought to pursue. On the one hand, she does not lose sight—as becomes an institution belonging to an extremely practical people—of the connexion between the University and the professions upon which the political and the material welfare of the people, the administration of its laws, the maintenance of its health, and the learning of its Church depend. On the other hand, she remembers, as it befits every university and more especially one on the soil of Attica to remember, that the liberal Arts and Sciences are not only means to an end, but likewise to be cultivated for their own sake, and to be pursued as being themselves their own reward. It was highly pleasing to think that from the training of such men as I had the honour of conversing with, and some of whose published utterances I have since read, would proceed a race of judges and administrators of the law who might aid in bringing it to full honour in Greece. It was, again, gratifying to find in the chemical laboratories (which are on a scale the reverse of despicable) evidence of an energy likely to discover, and to place at the disposal of the State resources of which it sorely stands in need. And, with regard to such *desiderata* for Greece as an improved arboriculture, it was interesting to observe that thought was being taken of these, and that the materials for comparison were being collected in the phytological museum. But, while, in these and other respects, one felt that the national prosperity and progress were the subjects of care and forethought in the national University, neither did it seem forgetful of its duty to cherish other interests belonging to fields where the

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boundary-stones that are set, and the treasures that are found, and the trees that are grown, are of a different kind. The University is the centre of polite letters in Greece; with it are connected the Society for the Spread of Greek Literature and that Archæological Society of which one of its most distinguished Professors is the President, and whose labours, though only directed to the unearthing of the past, speak of patriotic effort to the traveller in the Greece of our own days as eloquently as any of the endeavours of politicians to make party the first break up party the second, or to join party the first and second in an alliance against party the third. Nor is poetry forgotten—an art which in Greece has at all times gone hand in hand with learning, and which the modern Greeks are not yet untrue enough to their past to follow other nations in leaving uncultivated. Not only have many of the Professors of the University won for themselves a distinguished position among the poets of modern Greek literature; but a generous benefactor has provided an annual prize, for which competitions take place successively on epical, lyrical and dramatic subjects and are judged with elaborate fulness by competent tribunals. I have placed in the Library of Owens College (together with the other publications of the University of Athens kindly presented to me after my visit) a number of these printed judgments, which are so characteristic of the life and spirit with which such contests are carried on in these modern Pythia, that one quite envies the liberal severity of a process one has not the moral courage to recommend for imitation at home—where Newdigates are academically crowned without being academically

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criticised, and where poetic effort in general is left too often to the judgment of minor wits, who think it their duty, so far as in them lies, to sneer it out of existence.

But I have said enough to show the abundance of vitality which even a cursory glance reveals in the University of Athens. Now and then, this abundance of vitality exhibits itself in those little incidents which do not of course happen in old universities, where town and gown have throughout the course of centuries dwelt in peace together, but which are not wonderful in an atmosphere so laden at times with political excitement as that of modern Athens. A Rector's Report tells of one of these in a recent year which, as *pessimi exempli*, I shall refrain from repeating. It is, however, not of a character in any way reflecting upon the honour and moral conduct of the students; and their openness to the influences of political agitation may perhaps seem more excusable when we read, as we did in the newspapers the other day, of professors appearing on the Pnyx, whither a generous patriotic enthusiasm had called some of the most distinguished of their body. So far as I can gather, the general tone of the University is patriotic, loyal and orderly—qualities which the better entitle its representatives to take their part in movements of really national importance. The university spirit of the students is one of the most promising features in the aspect of the University and of Athens; and it is one which no farsighted Government will be well-advised in neglecting. Any and every community is the better for the existence in its midst of a centre uniting and stimulating as well as, when necessary, controlling youthful aspiration. Youth, too, is a power in a nation—

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but the youth must be youth: it must have high aims and high hopes, and pursue these in forms both historic and liberal—and not fold its hands in calm content over what it happens to have achieved, and wonder why anything should need altering in this best of worlds and paragon of examination systems. But I have lost myself in China—and return to Greece.

If these brief notes on the new University of Athens and its activity which I have not wished to weary you by elaborating into a more complete sketch, such as might perhaps have interested some of my hearers, have sufficed to show that intellectual life has again found its fitting centre in Greece, let us on the other hand not forget that this intellectual life has in the first generation borne fruits which no student of the progress of modern European culture is likely willingly to overlook. And I feel it the more desirable to insist upon this, because, in considering the work of modern universities, Englishmen are often prone to think too little of one side of that work which is in reality of the very highest significance. A university is not only a place of education—its object is not only to train young men up to a certain point of knowledge and then dismiss them branded into the world—and the duty of its representative men is not only to labour in this task of education and instruction, sending forth generation after generation of certificated pupils into the professions and the various walks of active life. It is also a place of learning and research, bound to maintain and advance the science and the culture of the nation which looks to it for such maintenance and advancement; and called upon to give proofs—not quotidian and at all seasons, but proofs

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matured by labour patient and unperturbed (as all academical labour ought to be), which will bear the test of time—of its consciousness of this national office. The University of Athens, which boasts of such names as Constantine Asopios and Alexander Rhangabé, of Paparrhigopulos and Kumonduros, has not been deaf to such demands; and it seems to me—though I cannot speak from more than a superficial knowledge—that no university was ever in livelier and happier union with the national literature than this, and that none ever gave better promise of at once steadily raising the national culture and representing—as a university should do—its powers of actual literary achievement.

And now, in conclusion, one word to those of my hearers who, after enduring with me to the end, may not be disinclined to accept a suggestion from one who certainly has no wish to pose himself before them under the guise of either an experienced traveller or of an authoritative instructor. My tale has been long; my moral shall be brief; it is no moral, however, only a question. Can we not—some of us—do something to correct a certain unhappy result of the busy superficiality of the age in which we live, and the extraordinary opportunities of easily-obtained and easily-forgotten information which life in this country brings with it; I mean the tendency to judge of foreign nations by fits and starts? In the present century—to speak of it only—Greece and the Greeks have had to experience a variety of English judgments, in most of which there was probably more or less of truth, but in most of which there was also no small amount of haste and carelessness. Of late years, English interest

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in Greece has lulled—some of us wish the Greeks would pay their debts, build their roads, keep under their brigands (not that there is any trace of brigandage to be seen in Greece at the present moment) and leave the world in peace. Our policy helped to launch this kingdom in a form and under conditions which no moderately farsighted political intelligence could expect to be permanent; what, however, we ask from the Greeks is that they should play the part of Cæsar's wife in the political society of Europe, and cause themselves to be talked about as little as possible. If they have political aspirations, and think or speak of satisfying them when the conjuncture of European affairs seems opportune, we request them "to judge for themselves of the propriety or expediency" of making a stir. Our worn-out Philhellenism will not even help them with good advice; if they persist in hoping that they have our sympathy, let them cherish that or any other dream! Doubtless, it is pleasant to find that English goodwill is still valued in Greece—for the sake of the past and in pleasing testimony to our national character in the present, no longer so ungrudgingly admired in most other parts of the Continent. Doubtless, this is pleasant; but it should not involve us in undertaking responsibilities as advisers of a people which once hailed us as its protectors. What is the future of Hellas to us, that, after some noble English lives have been devoted to its cause and some sacrificed on its behalf—not to mention pecuniary transactions so flattering to the enthusiasm of some, and the astuteness of others, of our forefathers —we should still take an active interest in it? If we allowed Greece to be so small that she could not but

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be weak, if we allowed her boundaries to be such that Greek patriotic feeling could not and cannot do otherwise than hope in time to pass them, have we not given her good counsel enough, at times enforced by arguments to which she could not fail to be awake, how to conduct herself within those boundaries? Is our interest in her to be perpetual? May we not now, at all events, when we have already enough foreign affairs to bring our minds to bear upon, invite her to leave—not necessarily her neighbour—but *us*, at peace?

Such may be the feeling of many—though there are signs of a desire to revive a nobler and worthier feeling towards the destinies of a people whose cause our fathers thought that of civilisation and freedom, and though one such sign has been given by a voice to which all England was listening at the very time when I was preparing these remarks for your hearing. Such may be, I say, the feeling of many—and here at all events we are not politicians and will not touch even the outskirts of the Hellenic question, if such a one be about to unroll itself out of the complications of the vast Gordian knot we still faintly hope the sword may not be brought in to hew asunder. But those of us who are not without the opportunities of trying may, at least, try better to understand the nobler part of the character and aspirations of a people which, it needs no political insight to know, is still destined to play a great part in the world's history. We may try to recognise the fact that a nation which has kept its vitality chiefly and above all by adhering to its intellectual and spiritual inheritance, which has spent some of its best forces in the cultivation of that possession, which glories in gifts not calculable

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by any weights and measures to be found in the market, which cherishes its past as fondly as it dreams of its future, is not destined to be dissolved as a mere company of traders, or to sink into insignificance as the mere dependency of a suzerain. We may try to find the true answer to the question: whether, if the Philhellenism of our fathers was upon the whole a justified sentiment, the Hellenic nation has not upon the whole proved worthy of the sympathy its endeavours of self-liberation inspired; and whether, though much may have been left undone and much have been done wrongly, the errors of Greek Governments, the shortcomings of Greek parliaments, the selfish conflicts of Greek parties and the grievous and cruel failings of Greek administration can wholly obscure the hopefulness inspired by the progress Greece and the Greeks have indisputably made in minds just enough to be generous.

But I must close. When a reader of history goes on his travels into a land like Greece, when they take him within the course of a few weeks from the Lion's Gate at Mycenæ, near which are being unearthed the primitive treasures of the Atridæ, to the sea-walk of Corfù, where men are still discussing how much they lost or gained by the gift of independence bestowed upon them by Lord Palmerston's Government—from the monument of Chæronea, where more than two thousand years ago the Greeks lost their liberty, to the vicinity of that Albania where in December 1820 the Suliotes gave the first signal for the endeavour to recover it—his audience is not perhaps surprised by a mixture of reminiscences, such as even an indulgent ear will be apt to judge disorderly. But, though conscious of

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discoursiveness, I have sought tonight to recall to you above all one feature in Greek history—that feature which, though in very different measure and under very different conditions, is absent from hardly any part of its course, which revealed itself to us in the marble fragments of the Delphic temple, which is the most enduring glory of Periclean Athens, which ennobles the modest buildings of the young Athenian University of today. Intellectual aspirations—the love of knowledge and culture—the desire to cherish that side of humanity which is its unearthlier side—this is the feature of Hellenism without which to us that term would have no meaning and the love of Greece would not be what it is—a living love.

The horses are harnessed; and for the last time we drive through the dust of the Attic plain to the busy port, and unwillingly embark in the vessel that is to carry us away from Athens. As she slowly steams out of the harbour, the sunset is once more bathing Hymettus in its tender tints, and once more we behold beneath Lycabettus the columns of the Parthenon and in distant dimness the Attic maidens bearing the roof of the Erechthean sanctuary. Farewell to Athens, and soon farewell to Greece; but not to their memory, not to their companionship! Wherever letters and arts have a home —even though that home be where neither is the soil light nor the air pure—there Greek days and Attic nights may be spent. The hours you have given to me have not been of such; for I am no priest of the mysteries, and my initiation has never advanced beyond some very elementary stages. But, if they should have brought you in any way nearer to scenes and memories which to

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none of us need remain wholly closed and wholly unfamiliar, if what little I have been able to say should in any way have harmonised with the interests which induced you to come to hear these notes on Greek history and travel, I will spare you the apologies which would not atone for the necessity of making them. For, after all, there is enough in the Hellenic journeys of which I have spoken to invite those of you not already familiar with their scenes, to set forth in quest of them for yourselves—not necessarily staff in hand, but by a more facile process. If so, my heart would go with you. After days of heat and toil, the breezes are fresh on the Ægean; though the dust lies thick on the plain, the heights are near where the thyme is still sweet for the Attic bees; and whoever knocks at its portals, will find a hospitable welcome in the University of Athens.

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II. THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE COUNTER-REFORMATION

(*Macmillan's Magazine*, November 1890.)

In asking your attention while I essay to point a homely moral or two suitable to the present occasion[1], by a reference to certain passages of University history, which cannot be said to form part of its most widely attractive chapters, I may seem to neglect the promptings of an experience common to many historical teachers. In my class-room in this College, at all events, I have usually found those subjects awaken most interest and command most sympathy which are concerned with the unfolding of great causes, with the building up of mighty communities or institutions, with the spring-tides, so to say, in the vast flow of human events. But, in truth, there is no fixed line of demarcation in the intellectual and moral, any more than in the physical, world between growth and decline; and nowhere is the Divine Irony more awe-inspiring than where Providence might almost seem to abandon the destinies of mankind. Under the law of mutability, which condemns great poems to remain fragments, and the aspirations of youth to wither into unavailing regrets, the enthusiastic endeavours of whole generations and communities of men dwindle into impotence or are congealed into sterility; nay, they are at times perverted or distorted into super-

[1] This paper reproduces the substance of an address delivered on October 7th, 1890, at the opening meeting of the Arts, Science and Law Department of The Owens College, Manchester.

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stition and caricature. Sacred causes become the vestments of but half-unconscious hypocrisy, and principles which inspired patriots and sustained martyrs suggest cheap declamation or cheaper sarcasms to the babblers of the platform. But, here as there—so we gradually learn to comprehend—change must precede renewal; here as there, we come to see life springing from death, or from the quietude, the torpor, the rigidity, and the artificiality which are the semblance of death.

The movement which we call the Renascence had not come to an end when its current was disturbed, and in many places driven back in angry waves, by the blast of the Counter-reformation. In some countries indeed, such as our own above all, whither, except in isolated instances, the Renascence had penetrated comparatively late, some of its most characteristic and richest fruits at this time—about the second quarter, let us say, of the 16th century—still remained to be gathered in, or rather to be flung forth as from an overladen tree. Elsewhere, as in France, the new culture was, for the first time, basking in the full sunshine (a rather treacherous sunshine to be sure) of the royal favour; or, as on the other side of the Rhine, it had but newly declared open war against those who would not yield it an undivided allegiance; for it is sometimes forgotten that of the "Obscure Ones" not a few accounted themselves Humanists after a fashion. But, in the land which had been the real birthplace of the movement, the Renascence had, to all appearance, run its course, and the trumpet to which its champions as of old applied as much breath as was at their command was beginning to give forth a hollow sound. Satiated with the new

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culture, Italy had gradually, in a very noticeable degree, grown weary of its representatives. No doubt, it is customary to attribute the decay of classical learning, together with the enfeebling of native Italian literature and the sapping of the national morality, to the baleful influence of the Catholic Reaction, fostered and protected by the dominion of Spain. But, if you look a little closer, you will, I think, find that, though the charges of heterodoxy, heresy, and atheism were soon, as a matter of convenience, mixed up with the purely moral accusations heaped upon them, the Italian Humanists of the 15th and early part of the 16th centuries were, generally speaking, the authors of their own downfall. Neither true intellectual and moral freedom, nor honest doubt, was the note of the later Italian Renascence. In the fulness of its significance, the movement, which comprehended Dante and Petrarch as well as Columbus, and which sounded new depths in the human soul as it mapped out afresh the visible earth, has been rightly described as the discovery of the world and of man; but on the ardent children of the age itself the discovery acted as, in individual human life, analogous revelations are too apt to act, overpowering all self-restraint and self-control. Thus, the younger generation of the Italian Renascence grew up worldly in the literal sense of the adjective—Epicureans, according to the interpretation which the later Middle Ages attached to the much-abused name; and you know where Dante, who in the midst of his speculations held fast to the faith in man's responsibility to God, lodged the Epicureans. From their earlier ancestors, who had seen Christianity, even in the person of its Temporal Head, the Emperor Frederick II,

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rub shoulders with Islam itself under the same placid Sicilian sky, they had inherited the toleration born from indifference; so that, when a critical treatment of Christianity suggested itself, the attitude of contempt, which toward such subjects had become habitual to learned men, was only by a minority exchanged for serious examination. Classical antiquity, an uncompromising reverence for which had become engrained in the intellectual occupations and studies, nay, in the very diversions and amusements of the century, could offer no religion of its own; for, except in the matter of isolated superstitions, positive paganism was rarely adopted, unless as a pleasing fiction. But it corroborated the inclination of the few to assume the superiority of their lightly-built systems of philosophy, borrowed by eclectics from eclectics and tinged with a rosy theism, to all possible theologies, ancient or modern; while, again, in self-satisfied imitation of the infallible ancients, far larger numbers fancied a belief in fortune a sufficient guiding-star to prosperity and fame, as it had been to Sylla, as it had been to Cæsar, as it was to the *condottieri*, the Tyrants and intriguing Pontiffs of the age, who, like the Sforzas and the Medicis, were the honoured Mæcenases of their generation. Thus, to put it plainly, large numbers of those who held themselves emancipated by the new culture—now no longer new—took refuge in one form or another of fatalism; and, through the door thus opened, all those misbeliefs made their entry, all those astrological and magical and alchemistical superstitions and impostures from which the very martyrs of the Italian Renascence could not keep themselves undefiled, and which are the shame of the century

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of the Reformation in Italy—nor, as you know, in Italy alone.

Far be it from us to dogmatise on the connexion that may have existed, as cause or as effect, between these phenomena and certain personal characteristics which the men of the later Italian Renascence shared with the degenerate types of scholarship in most countries and most ages. The worst faults of these Humanists sprang from an exaggerated self-estimate, which all their surroundings helped to foster, and which the influences best calculated to warn men of their individual littleness were wanting to check. It was as individuals asserting themselves in petty communities, citizens of no great State, as a rule not even members of an academical republic in whose honour they might have found their own, that these superior persons looked down upon common men. They were often in high places in the State and even in the Church; but the secret of their power lay in their dictatorial assumption of the direction of public opinion and taste. They had been the spoiled favourites of their times, to whom everything was permitted, because from them everything was expected. The contempt for everything ordinary and for everything customary was the signature of the age at large; but society at large can never do more than follow, and encourage its lions to roar. The sudden changes of fortune which, as a matter of course, ensued were all the harder to bear; and the decline of the Italian Renascence exhibits the first examples of those tribulations of men of letters—the *infelicitas literatorum*—of which the darkest pages of our own literary biography furnish too faithful reproductions. In such circumstances,

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there seems little need of dwelling on the immorality which was the curse of a movement so variously beneficent to mankind; an immorality which was made a charge against them not first nor only by the Church they contemned, but by refined wits and poets who had come forth from their midst, such as Baptist Mantuan and Ariosto, who dedicated to these fallen leaders a kind of Dunciad of their own.

Thus, when the movement of the Counter-reformation began its fateful endeavour to curb the spirit and master the mind of Italy, those who might have been expected to be found among its most potent adversaries shrank away with blunted blades and armour already pierced. And what, in this the day of its decay, had the Italian Renascence, with its discredited learning, its peddling productivity and its fragmentary borrowings from the ill-understood ethical systems of antiquity, to oppose to the new current, strong in the unity of its purpose, strong in the self-abnegation of its agents, and strong, too, in the fact that many of them had almost as it were reconquered for themselves, and spiritually recast in the process, the beliefs they had inherited from the past? The Humanists had, as a body, been blind to those points of contact which existed between themselves and the reformers of dogma who, in unmistakable connexion with the trans-Alpine movement, were beginning to stir the cities of northern and central Italy. Had there been more scholars of the type of Sadoleti, whose letters we read at this day with an interest such as no brilliancy of wit can impart to the epistolary pyrotechnics of many of his contemporaries, the Counter-reformation itself might have modified its

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character, and some of the noblest elements in the civic life of northern Italy might have been spared exile and denationalisation. All this was not to be. On the first inadequate essay of the Counter-reformation under Pope Adrian VI, the Humanists had swelled the chorus of rejoicings over the breakdown of so much virtuous effort out of season. Now, where the Fleming had chastised with whips, his successors chastised with scorpions; and Italian culture, even in the person of a representative poet such as Tasso, was led captive by the executive officers of the Reaction, the Jesuits, who were at home in all countries, because they had no country of their own. Who can survey unmoved the degradation of such and so productive a culture into subservience, sensuousness, and self-ridicule? Yet we should pause before compendiously attributing this terrible decay to the corroding acids of priestly and Spanish misrule. The main cause of the collapse in which the Italian Renascence ended, is to be sought in the spirit of self-centred arrogance that had mastered its purer and nobler impulses.

In the downfall of the Renascence which was inevitable in Italy, even had no northern barbarians laid ruthless hands upon the Sacred City, the Italian Universities had small share or concern; for, in truth, they had been but very partially affected by the course of the movement itself. It is erroneous to suppose that they had thus early been in substance emancipated from ecclesiastical control; while the system on which they were for the most part established offered few opportunities for the permanent erection of Chairs connected with other than the regular professional studies. The

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influence of particular teachers was accordingly too varying and unstable to give to the generality of the universities a character and an influence of their own, apart from the inherited traditions which distinguished such ancient seats of professional learning as legal Bologna or medical Salerno. Florence, of course, forms an exception; but its great School of philological studies came to an end about the time of the death of its pupil, Pope Leo X; while at Rome itself academical life only fitfully flourished before Leo's short-lived reorganisation of the Sapienza, according as a Pope sat on the throne of St Peter who was a born man of the pen like Pius II, or innocent of Latin like Paul II, or who, as has been said of Alexander VI, encouraged hardly any literature at all but that of epigrams.

Thus, when the storm of suspicion and aversion which had gradually gathered broke over their heads, the last representatives of the Italian Renascence, who had been blind even to those points of contact that existed between them and the heralds of the northern Reformation, were left to bear its force alone. In Venice, the last refuge of what was worst as well as of what was best in the movement, one of the most typical representatives of the degenerate type of scholarship to which I have adverted, Pietro Aretino, survived beyond the middle of the century. The decline which he incarnated seemed no decline to him; for, by means of flattery and sarcastic invective, he had acquired in his own person a power hardly inferior to that which in later times has been wielded by the cooperative journalism of scandal. And he, too, had to work in the dark; for this Scourge of Princes, as he was styled, who

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boasted that his physiognomy—his voluptuous, Alcibiades-like physiognomy—was known in remote Persia and Ind, could not venture to show himself in public by daylight, or to step into his gondola even by night unarmed. We know and reverence what is meant by the solitariness of genius, when we think of the mighty Florentine, the memory of whom dignifies the very idea of exile. But the loneliness of the Aretine is the Nemesis of that vain and unblessed self-dependence which forms the dark side to the cosmopolitanism of the Italian Renascence. For this cause, above all, was its glorious culture led captive by the henchmen of the Reaction, and shared the long and melancholy bondage of the beautiful land which had given it birth.

An experience and a warning of a very different kind suggest themselves, if we turn to the later days of the Renascence, and the conflict between it and the religious Reaction in France. Here it was in the nature of things that what was an exotic growth to begin with should, in the first instance, be transplanted into those quarters where it was most likely to find welcome; and in so far as the movement was not pressed into Court service, it is with academical history that the progress of the French Renascence is most closely associated. After the destructive visitations of the English Wars, the University of Paris had shown, not for the last time in its eventful history, a marvellous power of self-recovery. True, the age could never return when from all parts of Europe students of Divinity and of the Liberal Arts found their way to the mother-source of these studies through pestilence and every other peril; and the new French monarchy, by means, more especially, of the

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powers granted to the Parliament of Paris, kept a tighter rein over "our daughter the University" than she would have borne in the days of common conflict against the pretensions of the Holy See. And, unfortunately, the Sorbonne and the other collegiate fastnesses of the University, during the half-century or thereabouts which preceded the accession of Francis I, knew not how to meet the assaults of the new spirit either by an effective resistance or by a gracious capitulation. Francis founded the Collège de France, which may be regarded as the first great French lay school of higher education; and then (as has sometimes happened in similar circumstances) the Colleges of the University began to give way, and their venerable portals, with more or less creaking of hinges, admitted a large element of the new studies, and not a few of the new teachers. In the small College of the Ave Maria, Ramus, not yet repulsed by both Sorbonne and Synod, expounded his philosophical heresies; and the revolt spread from hostel to hostel, and from College to College, their independence of any central authority materially facilitating its progress; until, by the middle of the century, the change was so complete that the Crown could be publicly called upon to sanction it by means of a Commission of University Reform. Before, however, the Commission appointed under Henry II, and redemanded by the three Estates under Charles IX, could actually begin its sittings, the opportunity of permanently reorganising the studies and life of the University upon a broad basis had passed away; and the interesting *mémoire* of Ramus, who had been a member of the original commission, remains as a melancholy record of

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high hopes and small achievements. A large proportion of the more eminent Humanists having gradually become imbued with the teachings of the Reformation, pressed to their logical issue by the typically French genius of Calvin, the University began to lose the public confidence which it had in so notable a degree recovered, together with the goodwill of the Crown, alarmed by a propaganda it was unable to repress. The Counter-reformation was invoked; its agents were ready at the door; and hereupon there ensued the long succession of struggles between the University of Paris and the Jesuit Order which ended in a defeat of the former, more humiliating in its circumstances and more disastrous in its effects than that suffered by it in its conflict with the Mendicant Orders and their supporter, the Papacy, in the 13th century. These struggles turned on the claim of the Jesuits to establish a College of their own in the University, but they were fought out mainly on the ground of the political and other antipathies excited by the Society, with which we have at present no concern. When, in the end, the Collège de Clermont—to be re-christened, in a rather maudlin hour, the Collège Louis-le-Grand—was definitively established, and speedily filled with the sons of the most influential classes in France, the University had to content itself with putting difficulties in the way of their graduation, thereby lessening the social estimation of its cherished degrees. What was the result of this century of conflict, besides a threefold series of tremendous philippics and a vast display of pettifogging? That the Jesuits succeeded in introducing a system of higher education differing very little from that of the Colleges which had so passion-

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ately repelled them, though differing where it did rather to the advantage of the intruders, being on the whole more elegant, and diversified by theatricals instead of horse-play. At the end of his interesting history of the struggle, M. Douarche[1] quotes the well-known accusation attributed by Voltaire to a *conseiller du Parlement* who had taken part in their banishment in 1762—of having furnished him with "a pretty kind of education! When I went forth into the world, and thought that I might make bold to open my lips, everybody laughed at me. It was all very well for me to spout the odes to Ligurinus [!] and the *Pédagogue Chrétien*; I knew neither whether Francis I had been taken prisoner at Pavia, nor where is the place of Pavia on the map; of the very country of my birth I knew nothing at all; I was perfectly ignorant concerning either the chief laws or the material interests of this land of France; I understood no word of mathematics, and no syllable of sound philosophy: I just knew some Latin *et des sottises*." But the same historian correctly adds that, if the complainant had been educated, not by the Jesuits but in one of the Colleges of the University of Paris, his ignorance would have been equally varied. His studies would have been arranged as they were under the Fathers of the Society: he would not—to borrow a distinction drawn by a distinguished American scholar—have learnt too much Latin, for nobody can learn too much, but he would have wasted his days in pretending to learn it. In other words, the so-called training in Arts which at Paris had been saved out of the wreck of the Renascence, was as feeble and truncated an education as the impoverished Scholasticism which it had

[1] A. Douarche, *L'Université de Paris et les Jésuites* (Paris, 1888).

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superseded. When we think of the exuberant intellectual life which had filled France in the days of Francis I and Henry II, and of the impetus given to almost every kind of intellectual effort open to the age, we may well lament the drought that had come to prevail precisely where the streams of culture should have been wisely directed into enduring channels of irrigation. And this failure of higher education in France meant, not only that the great University of Paris had come to confine itself in Arts to a meagre course which neither furnished a liberal training of its own nor served as a scientific preparation for the other Faculties, but that these Faculties of Medicine, Law, and Theology were in a great measure narrowed into—well, into the prude professionalism which in the case of the first-named even comedy could hardly caricature. I need not now remind you how, after a prolonged succession of tentative efforts, designed to meet particular needs or to suit general political conceptions, after attempts to specialise professional training outside university life, and a sustained endeavour to centralise university life in a single great State-machine, the France of our day, which breathes a freer air, is recurring to more generous and liberal methods. What may specially interest us here is the revival and expansion of those provincial Faculties—each on a broad scientific or literary basis of its own and aiming at completeness within itself—which had long led so shadowy an existence. Nor may the time be far off when a whole series of provincial French Universities will assume the name to which their actual character entitles them. So far from looking askance on this great movement, Paris, with a generous sense of the primacy

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rather than supremacy which is her due, is taking the lead in it; and the inauguration of the new Sorbonne, rather more than a year ago, signified the cordial recognition by students as well as teachers of the beginning of a new era of French academical education, in which each university will consist of a number of coordinated Schools of research and learning, endowed with resources, provided with teachers, and developing methods of their own, and striving alike to remain abreast, so far as it is within their power, of the progress which animates the world of science and letters at large.

I should have liked to attempt some further illustrations of the methods of the Reaction, and of the effects produced by it, from the history of the German Universities of the period between the Peace of Augsburg and the Peace of Westphalia. And I might here have essayed to prove the rule by the exception, and have dwelt, from this point of view, on the examples of Heidelberg and of Helmstädt—the one a living University whose achievements renew themselves like the verdure on the banks of its own Neckar, the other dead, except in the minds of those to whom freedom and tolerance are the watchwords of even the highest among university studies. But enough has been already said to enable you, if you will, to apply to our own case in our own College some of the lessons conveyed by these academical experiences of the past. The times of which I have been speaking were, it is true, marked by many signs of decline and decay, more especially from the point of view of that enlightenment of the mind after which the true student aspires. On the other hand, the age into which we, and the younger of us in especial, have been born justly

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prides itself on being one of unprecedented multiplicity and variety of intellectual, and above all of educational, effort. I have no intention of suggesting that, in accordance with the law some philosophers have thought themselves able to detect in human progress, a reaction awaits this new revival; for only shallow wits are satisfied with their own application of any such theory. Yet no age is secure from its own dangers, and least of all one which is apt to disdain the warnings of the past. Now, the very essence of university life lies in its fellowship and in its freedom; and it was the lack of one or the other of these essentials which largely accounts for the phenomena I have sought to trace in the history of Italian and of French culture. So far as we are ourselves concerned, the one feeling which I should most regret to suppose in possession of any student of this College and University would be indifference towards those institutions themselves. Of our microcosm it is true what Goethe said of the world at large: "Whosoever desires to take pleasure in it, must first learn to attach value to it." Without the establishment and orderly progress of a collegiate organism like that to which we belong, how much intellectual effort might have been thrown away for want of necessary aid, how much retarded by ill-chosen methods of labour, how much perverted by mistaken self-estimate in the forty years which have passed over its head! Beyond a doubt, there is an autodidactic element not only in genius, but in all true intellectual power; beyond a doubt, too, the best part of that strength of character which is not less ennobling than genius comes to men and women from no source which we can either measure or control. But

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those who have been most richly endowed with these Divine gifts have always been the readiest to perceive the inestimable advantages of training in association with others. "Few indeed there are," said Cardinal Newman, when addressing a body of students like yourselves, "who can dispense with the stimulus and support of instructors, or will do anything at all, if left to themselves. And fewer still (though such great minds are to be found) who will not, from such unassisted efforts, contract self-reliance and self-esteem, which are not only moral evils, but serious hindrances to the attainment of truth. And next to none perhaps, or none, who will not be reminded from time to time of the disadvantage under which they lie, by their imperfect grounding, by the breaks, deficiencies, and irregularities of their knowledge, by the eccentricity of their opinion and the confusion of principle which they exhibit." Do not then, I entreat you, rate too low the advantages of that intellectual intercommunion which is one of the natural accompaniments of a regular collegiate life. Great is the value of honourable rivalry between fellow-students, of the free criticism of daily work, of the ties which form themselves in class-room or laboratory between teachers and learners, and of the consciousness of belonging to the same community, united together in the free organism of an academical republic. It is a common life, and not a mere throwing together of individuals each bent upon carving out his own fortune in a sort of intellectual counting-house, at which we should all alike aim. As for comparisons, we need neither make them nor fear them. We have our own work to do, and on our own strenuous efforts must depend the measure—I trust

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a growing measure—of success with which we shall accomplish it on the lines we have, in no spirit of innovation, marked out for ourselves. The University which Owens College called into life, and of which it is and always should remain the foremost College, is based on the recognition of the value of collegiate training; and, whatever efforts may be made by the Universities of the land, and in a modest degree by ourselves among the rest, to extend their influence beyond the walls of their own Colleges, it should not for a moment be fancied that such laudable efforts can take the place of an organised collegiate system established on a permanent footing, and aiming at completeness of training on a solid, scientific, or literary basis. Let us therefore, as members of a College which boasts no ivy round its towers, if you will, pretend to no sentimentality in our loyalty; but let us not think meanly of what our College has achieved, and of what it may achieve in the future, nor ignore the evanescence of much of even high intellectual effort without due organisation, coordination, and control.

Lest, however, I should for a moment be misunderstood as implying any wish to shackle in you the freedom of self-determination, or to impede the energy of self-reliance, I will at once ask you to remember the other side of the picture, as it presents itself in the university life of post-Reformation France. Here, in nineteenth-century Manchester, it would be idle for us to pretend to stand altogether on the ancient ways, though we should be blameworthy indeed, were we consciously to abandon a single sound tradition of earlier collegiate and university education. But the arbitrary restriction

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of academical studies in Arts and Sciences is not to be numbered among these traditions; as well might we go back to the Seven Sisters, whose origin was so dubious, whose vitality was so varied, and about whom there was, in truth, nothing definite save the number. At Paris, when the Renascence was struggling with the old system, a proverb much in vogue asserted that a good grammarian is a bad logician: by which was meant, not that any fatal contradiction exists between the two sciences, but that a learner, content to devote himself to a new and therefore inferior branch of study, forfeits all prospect of distinction in the older and worthier one. How far nobler is the saying of Ranke, when describing the foundation of the University of Berlin, that the true purpose of a university is to communicate to the minds of the young generation not only science which is in a state of completeness, but also science which is in a state of growth. "Thus the student is brought into contact with the living elements that make up the progress of human culture." I have always regarded it as an honourable characteristic of our College, even before the foundation of the University with which it is organically connected, that no assumption of a preferential place has disturbed the coordination of our studies, whether old or new, and the cooperation among their representatives. Not all of these studies, if we are to estimate historically their influence upon the education of the human race, may seem to some of us entitled, as Barrow said of the great Exact Science which he professed, to be robed in purple and sit upon the thrones of kings. But who shall foretell the relative rate of the future advancement of learning and research

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in their several branches? Who shall reckon the needs as well as the gains of human knowledge in the times to come? Let us, in the meantime, feel assured that there is no fear of one science, or one group of sciences, as the timid would have us apprehend, overpowering and superseding the rest. As soon might the laws of the physical world be expected to overwhelm those of the moral, which alike are, maybe, hidden in part, but immutable and eternal.

After saying so much to you about our studies, how can I close without reminding you that they and the college life of which they form so important a part are, after all, but means to an end. Through whatever gate you pass out—and may it be the gate of honour for you all—the battle of life lies beyond; and, unless you are steeled and strengthened for this, it were better that you had never entered these walls. This does not mean that, whether or not you have passed this or that examination-test, you will necessarily be the better or the stronger for the mere fact that you, too, have been at college. There are, as you are perfectly aware, fewer specious reasons for our indulging in such a self-delusion here than were formerly to be found, or are still to be found, elsewhere. But the temptation to think that college life will, as it were, automatically exercise a sufficient beneficial influence upon the student is by no means peculiar to those ancient seats of learning which have, in recent days, striven so honourably to baffle it; nor is the warning which, in this respect, we may take from certain passages of their history one which, even in this busiest of communities, we can altogether waive aside. At Oxford, in the later part of

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the 16th century, the spirit which at its commencement had animated the great educational reformers in the University had died out, and the University itself had declined under an arbitrary rule which, in Hamlet's phrase, "played upon" our great educational seminaries for the shifting purposes of its own political or ecclesiastical aims, till the very leaders of academical life and thought were at a loss how to shape their action, as change followed upon change. The new studies, which Colet and More had cherished with so lofty a conception of their uses, had soon begun to languish, or were cut short by those very grammar schools which are among the most enduringly beneficent creations of the English Renascence. In the glories of the Elizabethan age Oxford had little more than a nominal share; and, if the sister University may seem, in this relation, to have been more fortunate, this may at least in part be ascribed to the fact that at her head stood the wisest of the Queen's statesmen, instead of the most contemptible of her minions. At Cambridge, the struggle of precisian pedantry against wild license found an echo, nobler than itself, in the early masterpieces of Spenser; while Oxford was ill-fated in having to suit herself to the scruples, mixed with the good intentions, of his narrow-hearted hero. But, in truth, what there was left in both Universities of academical vitality proper was absorbed in bitter theological controversies; and this may help to explain the gradual relaxation of studious effort in the great body of their members, which included an increasing mob of gentlemen—and others—who lived at ease. In the early Stewart period this decline continued; and there began the most selfish era in the

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history of our Universities, or I might more correctly say, of the Colleges into which our Universities had all but dissolved. This era gave rise to types which had been quite unknown to the Middle Ages, and are to a large extent being fast forgotten by our own times. One of these types was the Don, for the profound significance of whose designation we must go back to the times of the Counter-reformation—the college Fellow who led a life to all intents and purposes quite apart from that of the undergraduates and contemptuous alike of its follies and its aspirations, and who thus became only too surely absorbed in the petty interests and personal fortunes of the particular society into which he had been fitted. We may trace him out of the 17th through the whole of the 18th century into the earlier decades of our own—an oligarch of two or three quadrangles; at times, in the first instance at least, secluded from the world by the love of free solitude, which in the scholar too frequently lapses into the inertia of melancholy, more generally (to use the language of Wilberforce) distinguished neither by the "solidity of judgment possessed by ordinary men of business, nor by the refined feelings and elevated principles which become a studious and sequestered life." In direct and conscious antagonism to him stood a type, all too frequent, of the undergraduate, ill-schooled, ill-disciplined, and ill-mannered, "with no further thought of study," to quote a contemporary of James I, "than to trim up their studies with pictures, and place the fairest books in open view, which, poor lads, they scarce ever opened or understand not"; subjected to a bewildering multiplicity of

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rules and regulations which he believed himself born to break; full of sincere contempt for all the officials of his college save the barber and the cook—in statutory language "prodigal, wasteful, riotous, unlearned, and insufficient"; in milder words, careless, through the shortcomings of others even more than through his own, of any responsibilities resting upon him as almost in face of the full duties of life, and about to become the citizen of an active, industrious, free, and God-fearing community. I do not for a moment pretend that such descriptions are generally applicable to our masters and scholars in the period between, say, the chancellorship of Thomas Cromwell at Cambridge and that of Laud at Oxford; but I assert that such types as I have suggested were then not uncommon types, as is shown by their frequent reproduction by Elizabethan and Jacobean writers, no doubt with a good deal of peppering for the public palate, but also with a very conscious assurance of their substantial accuracy.

How bitterly a decadence assuming such forms as these revenged itself upon our Universities when the great struggle broke out from which our nation was to issue forth both purified and hardened, I need not recall. The part which they played in the great Revolution (far be it of course from me to depreciate their self-sacrifices or to sneer at their loyalty) was, intellectually speaking, a passive part. And this, not because of any abstinence on their side from entering into the political conflict itself, such as might well have admitted of justification, but because they had most inadequately helped to prepare the nation through its rising generation for

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the great issues of the struggle. What, then, had become of the students who in the early Stewart age—though an age of exquisite sentiment and exuberant wealth of expression—had "grown into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all the while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge"? Were they now, if not scholars and men of science, professional men who added dignity and earnestness to the conduct of private life, or citizens who, taking part in the direction of public affairs, impressed on it their own instructed reverence for truth and reason? You shall hear the answer, if you will, from Milton once more, who, had opportunity been granted him, would have sought to transform the Universities into true schools of civic virtue. "Poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees. Others betake themselves to State affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding that flattery and court-shifts and tyrannous aphorisms appear to them the highest parts of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscious slavery if (as I think) it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyment of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which indeed is the wisest

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and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken."

If, then, I ask you in conclusion to take your college life seriously, as destined whether you will or not to shape the life which awaits you outside these walls, do not think this closing word of counsel altogether superfluous. I have, I need hardly say, no special application in view of Milton's reproaches to his generation. If we can contribute to the training of those destined to do service in that part of public life which is apt to arrogate the designation to itself, so much the better; more especially, as it is incontestable that in every profession, and even in that of politics, people have to go through a certain process of technical education, either at their own cost or at that of somebody else. Let this be as it may. In any case, college life offers more opportunities than are always seized for putting into practice those methods of associated action which, pre-eminently in our country, accomplish so much in many a great and good cause, above all in the holy cause of charity, of help to the poor and needy, towards whom culture, like wealth, has its duties, and whom I fear culture even more frequently than wealth passes by. But what I have in mind is of a more general nature, though perhaps it may include more than I can formulate in what may seem a merely negative definition. I will, however, put it as best I can. No other habit is formed with so fatal a facility, and none requires so painful an exertion in order to shake it off, as that of taking a low view of life —at whatever stage and under whatever conditions— and of its responsibilities. Our age prides itself on its hatred of shams, on its contempt for the obsolete for-

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malities of the past, and on its insight into things as they are rather than as they pretend to be. All this is well, provided it be not the product of the false shame which too often mistakes itself for manly repugnance to hypocrisy. It is this same ignobility—often very likely more pretended than real, but false and hateful whether it be affected or ingrained—which stunts our speech, defaces our manners, and perverts our morals. I hope that, in this collegiate community of ours, we shall never shrink from supporting one another in any attempt to unmask such pretences, and from cherishing the courtesy which springs from consideration for others, the conscientiousness which is born from respect for ourselves, and the highmindedness which implies a remembrance of Whose race we are. Our College may play a small part or a great in the history of our country's progress; but it rests with ourselves to see that this part shall never be other than an honourable one, or contaminated through the fault of any one of us by contact with what is degrading and corrupt and vile.

What I had to say as to the fellowship, the freedom, and the high purpose of our work within these walls, I have without any scruple addressed to you as students of a real college in a real university. We may unhesitatingly assume the responsibility which the claim to be regarded as such throws upon us all. We are not the likelier, on that account, to forget the difficulties of either past or present; still less to overlook the generous confidence of our friends and benefactors, and of the public, which has enabled us to make this claim, and can alone enable us to sustain it in the future. Nor, because we hope to go further and, while increasing

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the efficiency, to extend the usefulness of this great place of learning, research, and education—need we advance without caution or aspire without reverence. But on this head, too, I will say nothing further. In the enchanted chamber of the house of Busirane there stood inscribed over door after door the words *Be Bold —Be Bold*, and everywhere *Be Bold*. Over one iron door alone, at the upper end of the room, was likewise written, *Be not too Bold*. Britomart could not solve the twofold riddle, and yet it meets us, encourages us, and awes us in all our endeavours.

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12. IS IT EXPEDIENT TO INCREASE THE NUMBER OF UNIVERSITIES IN ENGLAND?[1]

(*Macmillan's Magazine*, November 1878.)

IT is often difficult to put a question without in some degree indicating the nature of the answer that is expected to it; but this question appears to me as fair as it is direct, and I will try to answer it with similar straightforwardness.

I shall not assume, as speaking from a general historical point of view I might feel tempted to do, that the *onus probandi* ought to lie with those who assert the negative, and who maintain that it is *not* expedient to increase the number of Universities in England. From the Middle Ages downwards, universities have to so large an extent been the bearers and representatives of higher national culture, that the establishment of a new university was long regarded in all European countries as a *primâ facie* benefit to the nation in the midst of which it was founded. If I waive this general historical argument, I hope that, on the other side, no mistakes of past times will be quoted as disproving the expediency of present action. A reckless or haphazard increase in the number of universities is inexpedient in any age or country; and the word *multiplication* seems to have been expressly imported into the discussion of this question, in order to suggest a negative answer. Of

[1] A paper read before the Education Section of the Social Science Congress at Cheltenham, October 25th, 1878.

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course, as the melancholy roll of dead universities shows, some mistakes have been committed in the direction of excess, some in the choice of locality, some perhaps in other ways. These are dangers against which it is the duty of prudent statesmanship to guard, except where, as in the United States, absolute liberty in the foundation of new degree-granting institutions has been established as a virtually irrevocable principle. I am not aware whether any one wishes to defend that principle—I certainly do not. The question we have to consider concerns our own time and country, and has to deal with *its* existing means and wants.

To demand that the number of English Universities should be increased—to what extent I am not now considering—implies an opinion that the existing number is insufficient. It amounts, as you are aware, to four; but these four are not of the same kind. Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham, however their organisation may from time to time have been, or may yet be modified by national authority, are, and are likely to remain, self-governed bodies, arranging and conducting their own system of teaching and examining, and exacting residence as a condition of their degrees. The University of London is, at the present time, an examining board conferring its degrees upon all comers who pass its examinations, whether or not they have been educated in collegiate institutions. At present those of its candidates who have, and those who have not, been so educated, are about equal in numbers. To its examinations, Colleges such as University College, London, and Owens College, Manchester, send large numbers of candidates; and no other English university examinations

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or degrees are open to the students of these Colleges, and of others which are gradually growing up in different parts of the country. We thus possess *three* teaching and examining Universities—of which one (Durham) has hardly extended, or seems likely to extend, its operations beyond a local sphere—and *one* which has entirely, so far as its system is concerned, dissevered the responsibility of examining for certificates of knowledge from the responsibility of teaching. And, with the exception of Durham, the North of England, which contains fully one-half of the population of the country, is entirely without a seat of university life.

One observation suggests itself immediately from the recital of these familiar facts. The union of all the English Universities in a single institution is out of the question, even were it desirable. Oxford and Cambridge are altogether unlikely ever to become mere branches of a single centralised system; and, for my part, I think it would be deplorable if such should ever be the case. The centralised system which prevailed in France, till it was recently interrupted, is well known; it was described ten years ago by Mr Matthew Arnold, who sufficiently pointed out its great defect—the want of freedom of teaching. The uniformity of study, which has resulted in England from the wide-spreading influence of the University of London examinations, has already begun to produce its consequences. Professor Croom Robertson, of University College, London, has dwelt on this with regard to the typically academical study of mental philosophy. On the other hand, while Oxford and Cambridge will never become branches of a central university, the University of London will never

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again become a mere system of colleges. Nor is it desirable that it should become such. It is a national benefit which never will or ought to be relinquished, that there should exist in this country examinations like those of the University of London, impartially conducted by examiners chosen from the widest possible area, and open to all comers. But while a single central university seems impossible in England, this by no means implies that the professions and the State should not take care of themselves and of the interests of the public, by maintaining, establishing, or perfecting more or less uniform standards of examination for admission to practice or service. These professional and State tests are different from, and yet quite compatible with, examinations for university degrees. In making this remark, I venture specially to point to the question of medical education.

Such, then, are the *means* we possess. What are the *demands* we have to meet? There is a growing demand throughout the country for the highest, for what, if you please, I will call the academical, kind of instruction. This demand is extending in range as it is increasing in strength; the old studies have become wider and fuller, and yet our times too have their New Learning, like the Renascence age. For some of these studies—such as medicine, and various branches of physical and mechanical science—the ancient seats of learning are in a position of relative disadvantage.

But I am specially anxious to point out—and here a twelve years' experience of a part of England which is without a university may be of some value—that in this country there is a growing demand for academical

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instruction, and a growing sense of the advantages and importance of university training, university life, and university influence. Some of the most signal of these advantages least need enumerating, such as the association of students and teachers in study and in daily intercourse; the formation of new Schools of learning and research among the flower of the students and graduates, the encouragement among the students at large of a systematic and sustained kind of study, the gradual elevation of tone and feeling among those who live together for high, or at least pure, ends, among those who have so lived together and who still retain their connexion (though it be merely nominal) with their *Alma Mater*, and among the community around. This community finds in the university a centre for the schools and other local and educational institutions, and for a large proportion of all its efforts in the direction of intellectual progress. These are some of the benefits of university education and university life which are recognised with the utmost distinctness by numbers of men who have never been at a university, and in districts where thought and aspiration are sometimes believed to run entirely on cotton and iron—for Mr Lowe tells us that at Manchester, if we try to bring Pegasus there, he will very soon be found turning the wheel of a cotton-mill.

If these demands are increasing and likely to increase, the question arises whether they can be met by the existing means, either in their actual or in some modified or extended form? In other words (for this is what it comes to), can the double system of Oxford and Cambridge on the one hand, and the University of London

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on the other, be so elastically applied as to satisfy *in perpetuum* the national needs of university education and university life?

No one will seriously contend that Oxford and Cambridge can supply the wants of the entire country within their own walls, as in times gone by, so far as university training is concerned. Nothing, indeed, is more striking than the great increase in the numbers of their undergraduates in recent years, and in the efforts which have been made to facilitate and cheapen residence. At Cambridge especially, with which I am more familiar, the increase of educational activity is quite wonderful to any one who has observed the progress of that University within the last generation; and it is idle to speak of Cambridge any longer as a university for any one class or division of the nation, religious or social. Still, both Oxford and Cambridge attract students in larger numbers from their own districts than from others; residence there, except in the case of those who can obtain scholarships, is more expensive than many who desire a university education can afford; and, as an old Cambridge man who yields to nobody in loyal affection for his University, I will fearlessly state another consideration. If Cambridge and Oxford continue indefinitely to extend their educational activity within their own walls—and I am far from saying that its limit has in either case been already reached—there is a serious danger that this educational activity will absorb their best forces, and that the work of instruction will unduly overshadow the pursuit of learning and scientific research. Already, there is a misproportion perceptible between the efforts devoted to what has been well

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described as the distribution of existing knowledge and those devoted to the acquisition of new. To avoid this misproportion, and to secure to itself the double character as a place of education and learning, should be the object of every university, whether its foundation date from the Middle Ages, from later days, or from the times in which we live.

Neither Oxford nor Cambridge can attract students in equal proportions from all parts of the country, or become for the remoter districts the centres of all school and educational life. On this head, I may quote a few words written to me something more than two years ago by one of the present Secretaries to the Charity Commission, who has as fresh and wide an experience as any man of the endowed schools of the country. With reference to the proposal to make Manchester the centre of a new university, he wrote: "What more particularly interests me is the effect such a university would have upon the grammar-schools we are reorganising in that district of the country. Manchester Grammar School is the only school thereabouts that acts largely as a feeder to Oxford and Cambridge. Leeds Grammar School sends some men, and so do the Liverpool schools; but the number from any other endowed schools thereabouts is almost insignificant. I cannot but think that a university in Manchester, free from the traditions of expensiveness which hang about Oxford and Cambridge, would tempt a very large number of boys who now, in default of anything short of Oxford and Cambridge, go straight into business at seventeen years of age."

On the other hand, nowhere is the insufficiency of

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all processes of what I may call intramural or gremial extension more clearly recognised than in the old Universities themselves. Two plans have been, accordingly, suggested by way of supplement. The one is the scheme, which has been proposed and rejected at Oxford, of affiliation of local colleges. My conviction is that where a college has already attained a life and character of its own, it is impossible to accommodate it to institutions, however venerable and powerful, of an altogether different historical growth. To affiliate a college like Owens College, Manchester, for instance, to Oxford, would be to stunt its best growths at home, to paralyse much of its higher teaching, and to move it backward, instead of forward, in its career of literary and scientific endeavour. The other plan, which Cambridge has for some years energetically worked at, and which Oxford has just adopted, is that known under the name of University Extension. Lecturers—chiefly, of course, young lecturers—go out from the university to the large towns to turn the sod, if I may so express myself, and if possible to sow the seed of a love of learning and research. I believe this plan to have already had excellent results; but its tentative character is obvious, its operations can never be thoroughly systematic, and it only lays the foundations of an edifice which, in the words of *The Times*, has still "to be crowned."

But, besides the old teaching and examining Universities we have the examining board of the University of London; and why, it is urged, should not this, in conjunction with local colleges, suffice for all demands? The answer is twofold. The permanent restriction of the regulation of university courses throughout the

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country, apart from those of Oxford, Cambridge and Durham, to a single centre must produce a uniformity which, as I have already said, will tend to narrow the lines of university teaching, and it will stereotype a principle which, though new, has many advocates, and on which, since it is in my belief radically unsound, you will perhaps allow me for a moment to dwell.

This principle is that of the dissociation of teaching from examining; of committing the determination of the courses and subjects of study on which the examinations turn to those who have not (unless accidentally) any concern with these courses and subjects as teachers. Degrees are not the main object of a university; but, apart from the fact that they cannot be dispensed with as the national recognition of its right and ability to regulate its own methods, they are necessary to systematise its courses of study, and to encourage continuity and regularity of work among its students. I was much struck by the observation of an eminent Professor of the University of Oxford, that in his opinion the most important argument in favour of the creation of a new degree-giving centre lies in the impulse to be expected from it towards continuous and regular study in the place of its establishment. The later experience of the two largest Scottish Universities has unmistakably shown that the practice (formerly much neglected) of proceeding to Arts degrees has led to a more systematic and extended study there. But, where the power of granting degrees, of regulating the examinations for them, and of determining the ordinary curricula of study, is wholly dissociated from the teaching body of an academical institution, its teaching will infallibly

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either tend to degenerate into mere dependent preparation or *cram*—or it will have no integral connexion with any regular system of education.

Now, it is not so much that fault has been found with the existing system of the London examinations from various points of view. Such has certainly been the case; but neither have the Oxford and Cambridge systems of examinations been exempt from criticism or change. The first point is, that on the Governing Body of the University of London the Colleges which prepare their students for its examinations are unrepresented; that they could not be easily represented there so long as half of the candidates for the examinations come from no college at all; and that, even if they were to obtain some influence upon the conduct of the examinations, it would, in the case of any college of considerable growth, be too small to satisfy the claims for change which, like all academical institutions desiring to progress with the progress of their age, it must from time to time desire to make. Of course, this difficulty would weigh most heavily upon colleges distant from London. I am very far from saying that the maxim, *les absens ont toujours tort*, would there hold good; but the preponderating influence would necessarily belong to the great London Colleges, even if the representatives of the country Colleges could be always running up to town. London is London; and under whatever Constitution, so long as London is the seat of a University, that University must be mainly under its control. The second point is, that, even if a fairly satisfactory system of representation were devised for the Colleges belonging to the University, yet the London degree must, on account of the non-

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collegiate candidates, remain a mere examination test, without any certificate of collegiate training. This combination alone makes a university degree signify that its recipient has enjoyed the benefits of university education and university life—and it is these benefits for which, as I have said, there is an increasing demand in England.

I have sought to show, or rather to indicate, why our existing national means in university education are insufficient to meet our existing needs. I am not called on to explain in what way the establishment of a new university could be carried out, without either prejudicing the existing academical education in the country, or foreclosing the policy of the future. But, if a new university is a desirable addition to the means of higher education of the country, it must give fair guarantees of efficiency and permanence. Even to start with, it should not be what a vivacious member of Parliament has called "a poor provincial university." Its proposed nucleus should already be the educational centre of a considerable district, and enjoy the confidence and support of that district. It should not be one-sided, or sectarian—or insolvent. And, whatever plan is offered for the constitution and working of a new university, it should include guarantees that its degrees will from the first be maintained at the proper level, and its examinations conducted with openness and impartiality. Lastly, it must keep in view the inexpediency of *suddenly* and *hastily* increasing the number of university centres. If homogeneous colleges, each of which is able to furnish satisfactory guarantees of efficiency and permanence, can be united in a single federal university with a fixed centre, such a scheme seems to commend itself as at once

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the safest and the most elastic; but no hasty union, and none to which the State shall have nothing to say, should be accepted by the country, or allowed to shut the door to future developments.

A scheme, which in the opinion of its promoters possesses these features and avoids these dangers, is now before the Privy Council, and its outline is no secret to those interested in the matter. But I have refrained from discussing it now, or from advocating the claims of any particular institution or institutions. My object has been to show, that, if one of the highest and most imperative of our national needs is to be adequately met, a carefully considered and prudently carried out increase in the number of English Universities is expedient and indeed necessary.

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13. *PI-PA-KI*[1]

(*The Owens College Magazine*, June, 1879.)

PI-PA-KI, or, *The Story of the Lute*, has for a considerable number of years been accounted one of the masterpieces of Chinese literature, and the very flower and chief glory of the Chinese drama. Since this work was originally composed, towards the end of the 14th century—a period when our English drama proper was still unborn, but when the Chinese had already passed through that seemingly hopeless phase of decay which it is the fate of most dramas from time to time to undergo—this national classic has by no means rested on its reputation. Indeed, it has been so repeatedly reedited, and even in parts rewritten, that its original author would probably hardly know his offspring again, after it has undergone so many "cobblings" (to use a Greek theatrical term), or so many "beautifyings" (to use a Manchester architectural one). Critics and commentators have whetted their wits upon it; and, if there are no *Pi-pa-ki* professors in China as there are *Divina Commedia* professors in Italy, it has been discussed and disputed upon from any and every point of view. Its historical references and allusions, actual or supposed, have been laid bare by the Watkiss Lloyds and Richard Simpsons of the Celestial empire; its morality which, so far as intention goes, is unexceptionable, has been insisted upon with an unctuousness which morality ought to be able to spare; its

[1] A paper read at a soirée of the Owens College Union and Chemical Society, on April 25, 1879.

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construction as a play has been lauded as in full accordance with the approved Chinese fashion of successive scenes contrasting with one another—a fashion so subtly responsive to the exigencies of the fastidious, that in England it is commonly adopted by successful sensation novelists; its style and diction have been extolled as abounding in refinements enjoyable only by the *connoisseur*, but perceptible (as I think in truth they are) to any fairly sensitive reader. But it is not because *Pi-pa-ki* is one of those very few works in the literature of the world which seems to have once for all secured the sympathies of the people in whose language it was written, that I thought I might be allowed to speak to you about it for a few minutes tonight. An endeavour to be truthful is one of the unwritten laws of a history class-room, and I, accordingly, feel bound to disclose to my audience here the fact that my acquaintance with Chinese literature is altogether second-hand—gained through the medium of translations. Criticism attempted under such conditions is unlikely to be exceptionally profitable; for whoever is not well acquainted with a language—and more especially with an Eastern one—can at the most guess at, he certainly cannot hope to catch, the perfume of its poetry. And no criticism, I take it, is worth much, except that which is able in works of merit to point out distinctive excellences and characteristic beauties—while it is the mere journeyman's part of the craft to lay a swift finger upon oddities, crudities, and blunders. Therefore, a truce, if you please, to criticism on the present occasion; and, in its stead, a few words which may serve to introduce to some of you, as a novelty, a classical work which might be treated

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from many points of view, but which I propose—and I hope not inappropriately so, on a night when students are our hosts—to regard more especially under its aspect as a students' drama.

It is, I venture to think, no paradox to assert that (to speak of no others besides these) a student is the hero of the greatest English and of the greatest German drama, and of what many will agree with me in thinking the serious masterpiece of the greatest dramatic genius of France. But reject, if you will, the first and the third of these instances as at best far-fetched, though surely Hamlet took to the class-rooms of Wittemberg the student's ways and weaknesses which he brought back thence to Elsinore; and though surely Alceste the Misanthrope became such, as students will whom old books and old ideals have taught every lesson but the cardinal experience that, to be truly great or truly good, a man must not shrink from renewing himself in season. At all events, *Faust* (as no one will deny) is the students' drama *par excellence* in Western literature; and few situations are at once simpler and more effective than the well-known one at the beginning of the play, of Faustus sitting among his books and papers and phials, and deploring the vanity of all his studies in all the Faculties. The very same key-note seems to be struck in the opening lines of the Chinese *Pi-pa-ki*, spoken by the hero of the drama, Tsaï-Yong. "What is this world!" he sighs as the scene opens. "What is this world! I have studied everything; the books which I have read cannot amount to less than 10,000 volumes!"

It is, then, a student with whose experiences, emotions and actions this drama is concerned; but a student,

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observe, of a far less discursive type than Prince Hamlet or Seigneur Alceste, or even Doctor Faustus, though *he* was Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, and had doubtless begun steadily before he furcated simultaneously in so many directions. *Pi-pa-ki* appeals to the sympathies of many kinds of readers, but primarily to those of students who enter for elaborate examinations and pass them with credit to themselves and their kinsfolk.

In its predilection for students, and more especially for successful and distinguished students, as heroes of its plays, Chinese dramatic literature faithfully reflects the social system from which it springs. Chinese society is, I need not remind you, organised as an aristocracy; it is, however, an aristocracy not of birth, but of merit, and not of merit displaying itself by chance, but of merit ascertained and classed by examinations. The Chinese do not think (as many excellent people may, peradventure, think in certain other countries) that it makes a critical difference whether a man has or has not the placid initials B.A. attached to his name—the ordinary bachelor, unless he has otherwise given proof to the contrary, is among them considered as but an ordinary person. On the other hand, after from among the select of the bachelors have been chosen, by the result of the final State examination, the select of the select, those who have come forth from the winnowing are universally looked upon as the very promise and hope of the nation at large; they are appointed to the Mandarinate and the high posts of the empire; and, unless they disgrace themselves sufficiently to be by way of express punishment again lowered to a place among the people, it is

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they who conduct or misconduct the affairs of the realm, as if they had been summoned by birth or fitted by wealth to be hereditary legislators and beneficed statesmen. It follows, that the candidate obtaining the highest place in the final State examination list occupies a position more exalted in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, than even the Senior Wrangler holds in the eyes of the British public. Accordingly, we find in the Chinese drama that the *Tchoang-Youen*, or senior classman on the list of licentiates, the *flos juventutis* of the Celestial empire, is the hero of many a play, while failure in an examination leads by a natural, if not strictly inevitable, progression to highway robbery, cannibalism and other practices altogether irreconcilable with the regularity of an established social system.

Tsaï-Yong, then (let me, if you please, tell so much as I have time to tell of *The Story of the Lute* in the narrative tense), was the son of a retired magistrate in small circumstances, and was himself likely to prove a useful member of society, being already a full Bachelor of Arts. He was happily married to Tchao-on-Niang (the heroine of the play); and, as, according to his own avowal, he was of a contented, unambitious disposition, nothing seemed to stand in the way of his leading a happy though obscure life in the remote province where his youth had been spent. True, his father and mother were waxing old—nor was he possessed of the magic flower which confers the boon of immortality. This was the single grief which vexed his soul; but it was a deep one. For filial love is one of the ordinary duties of humanity (as enunciated in the small paragraphs of the Manual of Filial Duty); while the duty of ministering to our

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parents is the first of the higher stages of Filial Duty itself.

Two months only had Tsaï-Yong and Tchao-on-Niàng been married, when the Emperor issued his orders for the holding of the final State examination, and summoned to the capital from all the provinces of the empire the Bachelors of Arts qualified to sit for the final certificate. Full of sanguine hopes, the chosen youths of China flocked to the arena, beguiling the tedium of their journeys by sympathetic confidences. We all know how vividly interesting it is to most students to hear of *somebody else's* method of reading and calculations of success; and here are three typical candidates conversing as they approach the Burlington House of their native land.

First Bachelor. "As for me, I am no fatalist; I do not suppose that success or failure always depend on chance, and I was unwilling to leave everything to luck. Far from it; I thought that, by dint of labour, I might rise as high as the clouds in the final examination. True, the wants of this world are subject to the decrees of Heaven, which turns them as it chooses; but when a man happens to be gifted with eminent talents, you can hardly expect him to go to sleep by the side of a spring in the depths of a forest." To which general proposition the Second and Third Bachelors readily assent with a Platonic "You hardly can." The *Second Bachelor* is not, like the first, a divinely-gifted genius "bound" to succeed; but a hard reader who has loyally gone through the Chronicle of Confucius, and the philosophers and the principal monuments of literature in general, living laborious days, and at night taking an extra hour or two

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by the light of the glow-worm; but his misfortune is a weak memory, which, not improbably, the pressure of an examination-system designed to produce a display of incipient omniscience has further tended to enfeeble. The *Third Bachelor* represents yet another variety of student—him who puts all his strength into a single subdivision of study, and usually comes out low on the list by the purest accident; his wish was to be a verbal scholar of unimpeachable accuracy, exact in his orthography, blameless in his pronunciation; and his conscience is burdened with but one sin of omission—when he put only one leg to a letter entitled to two—forgot to cross a *t*, as we should say—and no doubt thereby lost the half-mark which would have made all the difference.

Among the 500 Select Bachelors who flocked to the capital to be examined, and if possible approved, was Tsaï-Yong, the husband of Tchao-on-Niang. While the parting from his wife at the call of ambition but little vexed his heroic soul, he was filled with unspeakable grief at having to leave his aged parents behind him. A conflict of arguments and of arguers had arisen in his home on the question whether he was right or wrong in acting thus—nor is it wonderful that opinions should have differed, for the textbook on the subject is impressive rather than clear, when it teaches that the first degree of the higher kind of filial duty is to minister to our parents; the second, to serve our sovereign; the third and highest, to attain to great official dignities, and thus, by extending our reputation into the remote future, to shed a lustre upon our father's and mother's names. The young man's father and the confidential friend of the family (the Old Rowley of the play), were for his

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going where glory waited him; his mother volubly besought him to stay. The wife held her peace. (In this there is a true touch of dramatic art. Cordelia was silent while Goneril and Regan protested aloud; it is by their *deeds* that Cordelia and Tchao-on-Niang, and such as they, often prefer to show their love.)

The great day had come at last; the streets of the capital swarmed with travellers arriving on horseback from all parts of the empire, to witness the ceremonial and public rejoicings which as a matter of course accompanied it. For, in China, the Final Examination is a great affair of State, and the multitudes rejoice to behold the chosen youths of the empire assemble for the supreme intellectual contest—just as in other countries men assemble in tens of thousands to see the academical athletes row in eight-oared boats, or run between the ropes on the greensward. As for the Select Bachelors, after they had dismounted from their horses, black care had dismounted with them, and some, before they had crossed the threshold of the house of examination, had already clean forgotten all they had ever learnt, unless it was the opening sentiments of the primer from which they had as children imbibed the rudiments of wisdom in the elementary school. Yet all had to enter, walking in pairs, and listen to the address of the great official appointed to preside over the competitive examination. Nobody could have been pleasanter than this President, and nothing more original than his view of his duties. He begged the candidates to take heart, "for," said he, "I am one of those magistrates who are fond of pleasure and gaiety; I am not at all like the Examiners of previous years." (Such sudden changes in the ways and notions

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of Examiners are well known to be among the pleasing surprises which the best conducted of examinations have in store for their candidates.) "In the last competition, for instance," he continued, "the first essay required had for its theme a question of literature; the second, one of ethics; the third, one of politics. But, as for me, I intend to-day to set, instead of the first essay, the former half of a couplet to cap; instead of the second, a riddle to answer; and instead of the third, a song to sing to a given air. The candidate who shall complete the couplet, guess the riddle, and sing the song, shall be raised to the degree of Tchoang-Youen, and covered with glory; he shall wear flowers embroidered in gold in his hat; he shall have a seat reserved for him in the imperial palace at the banquet on the doctors' gaudy-day. As for him who shall not properly pass the test, he shall have his face blackened with ink, and be expelled from the examination-room by means of a cudgel."

Hearing these words, 498 out of the 500 bachelors unhesitatingly renounced the competition, or (to express it briefly) "scratched," by leaving the room spontaneously; so that but two remained behind. Of these two one lacked a sufficiency of acquirements to justify his honourable persistency, the other was Tsaï-Yong, our friend from the country. It would be tedious to tell how neatly the wise young bachelor, and how absurdly the foolish one, capped the lines proposed to them; how in a string of four sentences, each consisting of four words with a double meaning apiece, Tsaï-Yong at once discovered the eight geographical puns intended by the wily Examiner, while his competitor broke down over a similar botanical puzzle, and how that luckless youth,

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in his wild endeavour to satisfy the third and last test, not only resorted to the wholly irregular expedient of copying, but copied in such a way as to incur the execrations of the scholar as well as the reproof of the moralist. "What ho! Ushers!" cried the presiding Examiner in his just wrath, "blacken the cheeks of Tchang-pé-tsiang with ink, and expel him from the examination-room by means of a cudgel." "Why," pathetically exclaimed the unfortunate candidate, "why is it necessary to beat me? I perceive that destiny is against me, and I am ready to go home." So he departed precipitately, while the President turned to the hero of the day. "Tsaï-Yong, I acknowledge the superiority of your talents, and the profundity of your erudition; you rise high above the rest; your performances have really struck me, as Examiner, as quite out of the common. I hasten at once to inform His Majesty the Emperor of the results of the competitive examination. Ushers! bring in the Senior Wrangler's cap and belt, and cap and belt with them Tsaï, the Senior Wrangler, the Tchoang-Youen."

For three days, as is the custom, the Senior Wrangler, mounted on a horse resplendent with all the colours of the rainbow, paraded the streets of the city, intoxicated with sympathetic joy; but even this was only a foretaste of the higher favours that awaited him. No sooner had he been presented to the Emperor, than that gracious Sovereign, impressed both by the young man's eminent merit and by his agreeable exterior, commanded Doctor Nieon, one of the most distinguished officials of the empire, and Preceptor to the Imperial Family, to give his daughter in marriage to the brilliant young Senior

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Wrangler. The youthful Nieon-Chi was a most attractive person, and distinguished by a quiet retiring demeanour, and a strict sense of propriety which had often been the wonder of her father's household. Her hand had been applied for by two of the female matrimonial agents who invariably manage such transactions in the capital, on behalf of the Lord President of the Council of State, and the Lord President of the Privy Council. Though these ladies had pressed their suits with the utmost vigour, even coming to blows with one another in their professional zeal for their respective clients, yet they had completely failed. For Nieon-Chi's father was a man of lofty ambition, who was resolved that his daughter should never marry anyone but a Senior Wrangler. "Ordinary Bachelors," he observed, "can be had anywhere." And now, the revolution of a day had of its own accord brought what his paternal heart desired, and the fair Nieon-Chi was to be a Senior Wrangler's (and an exceptionally good Senior Wrangler's) bride.

But Tsaï-Yong himself, upon whom Fortune seemed to be showering all her favours, could not wholly forget the claims of his home and of his past. The thought of his aged parents, who might have sunk into want and poverty and at this moment be in need of his support, tortured him in the midst of his prospects of advancement and prosperity; and, though the laws of China admitted of arrangements being made for a double marriage, when Nieon's proposal reached him he remembered with a pang that he was married already. He, therefore, forwarded to the Emperor a humble memorial praying that he might be allowed to return into his native province; but a counter-petition had gone up at

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the same time from his would be father-in-law. Accordingly, his Majesty, in his gracious reply, insisted on the principle that imperial commands are irrevocable, and signified to Tsaï-Yong the imperial opinion that, if filial piety is the basis of all virtues, on the other hand the perfection of good manners consists in serving one's Sovereign. So Tsaï-Yong was raised to the rank of Privy Councillor, and appointed out of hand Imperial Monitor for life; and he was married to the Grand Precentor's daughter; and in the whole empire there was no happier father-in-law than his.

But Tsaï-Yong's heart was heavy; for he could not forget the home of his parents, and the quiet past before the days of his Senior Wranglership. Most of all, when, in the cool of the evening, he withdrew into his library, and called for his lute and his books, in order to charm away his melancholy, he could not, though he would, be gay. There seemed some nervous current in the atmosphere around him. While he essayed to touch his lute, he bade one of his servants agitate the air with his fan, when somehow the poor fellow broke the fan in pieces. Absently, Tsaï-Yong ordered him thirteen strokes of the bamboo-cane on the back, and resumed his lute, while another servant burnt perfumes in a pan. When lo! this unfortunate varlet let all the incense fall on the floor; and to *his* back also Tsaï-Yong absently ordered an application of thirteen strokes of the bamboo-cane. "Arrange my books on the shelves," he said to a third attendant, while taking up his lute once more. The man dropped a book flat forthwith, nor was *he* left without his reward. Scarcely had Tsaï's lute given forth a few sounds when, attracted by them, his wife Nieon-Chi

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entered the library, eager to seize the opportunity of listening to an exhibition of the musical gifts of the Senior Wrangler, of which she had heard so much. "What shall I sing to you, dear, since you desire to hear the sound of my new lute? Shall I sing the song of the pheasant who so early in the morning wings his flight aloft?" "Oh, no, that is a mere bachelor's song." "Shall I sing the song of the bird, Louen, who lost his mate?" "Oh, no, for we are happy together, and desire no widower's elegies." "Shall I sing the wrath of the fair Tchao-Kiun?" "Oh, no! a tragic tale would ill befit our bliss; sing to me, in this calm of the evening, the ballad beginning, 'When the pinewood waves in the blast of the storm.'" Then, Tsaï's fingers attempted the air of the ballad she desired—but, how strange! his lute played, instead of this, its own airs: "When I think of the day of my homeward return"—"The stork sat alone in her nest on the tree." His wife thought he was mocking her; yet it was not he who was playing these airs, but the lute—the new lute which, as he told her, had taken the place of the old one he had cast aside. "Is there," she cried in tears, as he sat there in gloomy brooding, "is there no sympathy between you and me?" But Tsaï-Yong turned aside with a half-answer. They brought him a cup of wine to drink; yet he was not cheered by it; and sadly she left him in solitude to his thoughts. Then, at last, the regrets of his soul burst forth; and the father and mother whom he had deserted came before him, as in the previous night they had appeared to him in a dream. He had fancied himself back in his native home, entering the chamber of his parents at cock-crow, as had been his wont, in order, his wife by his side,

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dutifully to enquire after their health. And he called to mind how of late there had been much talk of famine far away in his native province; and his heart began to yearn and tremble irresistibly for those he had abandoned. So he summoned a faithful and confidential servant, and told him of his desire to visit his father and mother, whom, with his wife, he had left behind him. But at last, in order that the project might not be thwarted, it was agreed between them that, instead of Tsaï-Yong, the faithful servant should make the journey, and bring home to his master a true report concerning the parents he had abandoned.

The rest of the tale has a heroine, but no hero. Of course, the famine had indeed stricken down the parents of Tsaï-Yong, after in their son's absence they had gradually sunk into poverty and want, in the midst of which, instead of consoling one another, they had exchanged reproaches for reproaches. Then it was: "Ah! old villain! what made you send your son away to the capital?" and "Ah! old hag, why is your tongue for ever wagging against me?" Meanwhile, who but Tchao-on-Niang, the deserted wife, sought to be the peace-maker between the parents-in-law? Who but she carried to the pawnbroker what the poor thing had of valuables in her own possession, a comb, and some gold needles, and some head-gear? When the pressure of the famine grew more severe in the district, and the hungry poor had to be fed by rice distributed by an Imperial Commissioner, Tchao was not afraid to appear at the office of relief, and to undergo the bullying and the cheating and the cruelty of the wicked Commissioner (who tried to make a personal profit by seizing the doles he was

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sent to distribute). At last, in order to have a mess of boiled rice ready for the hungry old folk, Tchao was fain herself to feed upon the husks. But a yet bitterer food was her portion, for her mother-in-law ungratefully suspected her of secretly partaking of delicacies when she hid herself away for her wretched meal, and tried to surprise her in the act. The poor girl's self-denial was speedily vindicated; but the old woman never recovered from the fainting fits into which the painful discovery threw her. Soon, the old man likewise succumbed to his sufferings, and, after three years of self-devotion to the parents of her husband, whom he had abandoned, the faithful Tchao-on-Niang was left alone. Her father-in-law had died, blessing her and cursing his unfilial son. To the faithful old friend of the family he had bequeathed his walking-stick, with which to chastise, and drive from the house, the unnatural son, should he ever return.

Wherewith should Tchao defray the cost of the funeral of her husband's parents? She had sold her gowns and her ornaments, and nothing remained to her but the "clouds of perfume," the hair of her head. So she bravely cut it off and cried it for sale in the streets, and with the proceeds buried those to whom she had been more than a daughter. And then, as in her youth she had learnt the arts of drawing and painting, she depicted on a board the old man and the old woman her parents-in-law, with the forms and faces belonging to them when in the last stage of emaciation. And, taking the picture and her lute with her, this true daughter and true wife set forth on her wanderings to find the man who had forsaken his parents and forsaken her. She

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found him in the end; found him by one of those happy chances with which a kindly Providence rewards (not only on the stage) faithful endurance. Tsaï-Yong had at last opened his bosom to his second wife, and she had sympathetically encouraged him to go forth in search of her whom he had deserted. In a temple of Bouddha on the highroad, where the wandering wife had sung to the visitors a song on the theme of filial love, and as she passed out had dropped on the floor the rolled-up picture of Tsaï-Yong's parents, she had well-nigh encountered Tsaï-Yong himself, who had soon after entered the temple, dressed in all the pomp of a Senior Wrangler's official costume. Thus, he took home with him to his house in the capital the picture, while she, returning to the temple in search of it after his departure, learnt his name and station. And so it came to pass that, when he was once more seated in his library, and, unable to fix his attention on either philosopher or poet, was casting his eyes over the picture and full of wonderment—rightly guessing both its theme and its painter—she, the wife of his youth, was already beneath his roof. Their meeting was at hand at last, and thus we leave the situation to find a solution commending itself to the sympathies of Chinese society. Tsaï-Yong resigned his high office and withdrew into a blissful and complete —indeed, a more than complete—domestic retirement.

Such is, in barest outline, this entertaining, and in many parts most genuinely touching, Oriental drama. A fuller analysis would better show that its motive springs of pathos have much in common with those familiar to us in the plays and fictions of our Western literatures, however largely, and however oddly and strangely, it

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may differ from their ways of thought, and feeling, and action. Its chief interest as a students' drama—the aspect under which we have more especially regarded it tonight—is the (to us) novel way in which it puts the conditions of a very old conflict. This conflict lies between that ambition which sometimes seems the highest impulse of a sense of duty, and that sense of duty which coincides with the highest ambition. *Pi-pa-ki* brings home the truth, at once bitter and sweet, that what the wisdom of the wise is not always able to see a pure child's heart often practises in its simplicity. It teaches the beauty of humility even to a land of certificated merit; and it shows, though under Chinese forms of manners and morals, that while no *success* is perfect in itself, *virtue* is perfect; since—

> If Virtue feeble were,
> Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

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14. THE STUDY OF HISTORY AT CAMBRIDGE

(*The Saturday Review*, July 6, 1872.)

A DIRE difficulty is said of late to have severely exercised some tender consciences among the resident members of the University of Cambridge. For the first time in her annals, a divine strange to the bosom of the University was summoned to fill her pulpit in the academical hours of a Sunday afternoon. The protest against his intrusion having proved futile, it remains unknown what steps are in contemplation to prevent the repeated violation of a useless tradition. As it happens, the study of History at Cambridge has not yet reached so advanced a stage as to produce there an unworthy jealousy of non-Cambridge historical luminaries; and the "Rede" Lecture of the current year, which had been most judiciously committed to Mr E. A. Freeman, was not only listened to with respect in the body of the Senate House, and applauded with enthusiasm in the galleries, but may be destined to aid in the long-desired development of a study which the lecturer has very specially at heart. It would, indeed, be a worthy response on the part of the University to the wise teachings of her guest, were the study of History at Cambridge to be reorganised, or rather for the first time to be made a reality, on a system essentially in accordance with the views urged in his masterly address.

There can be no difficulty in deciding what is needed to place the study of History at Cambridge on a footing

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of adequate dignity and usefulness, if it be remembered what has hitherto been done, and what has hitherto been left undone. The records of positive performance are singularly short and simple. Regius Professors of Modern History have no doubt lectured at more or less decent intervals, both before and after the French Revolution supplied them with a favourite subject for their courses. As the offices of Historiographer-Royal and Poet-Laureate were at one time combined at the English Court, so at Cambridge the Professor of Modern History has added to the arduous duties of his chair the responsibilities of poet *ex officio* to the University. Gray, "the celebrated poet" (by brevet of the University Calendar), indited a splendid Installation Ode in honour of the Duke of Grafton (which must have often consoled the victim of Junius), even as Mr Kingsley at a later date celebrated the ancestral glories of the house of Cavendish. Among Gray's successors, Professor Smyth is still remembered as one of the few Whigs who had of late haunted a Cambridge Combination Room; and his lectures on the French Revolution are as respectable as his Latin verses. After him, the late Sir James Stephen did honour to the Chair, and, if he did not materially add to the extent of historical knowledge or to the growth of historical criticism, yet he contributed something towards a more sympathetic treatment of more than one class of historical questions. Then ensued Mr Kingsley's brief official honeymoon with the Muse of History, the deceitful hollowness of whose charms he has since so cynically revealed. Professor Seeley's career has as yet been too brief to admit of comment. But no past Professor has virtually attempted more than the delivery

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of occasional courses of lectures; nor is it pretended that the institution of the system of professorial certificates, or the more recent "special" examinations in history for the ordinary degree—a kind of *visa* to the passport which ensures the distinction of a B.A. without honours—has materially advanced the study of History. It was accordingly felt, a few years back, by a small but resolute band of believers, that something more must be done to promote the closer study of a subject which the University had hitherto been contented to treat as an agreeable *parergon*. The example of Oxford suggested the doubtful experiment of constituting (if the mixture of metaphor be permitted) a two-legged Tripos; and "Modern History" was for a time united with Law in a *mariage de convenance*. Undoubtedly, there are numerous points of contact between the two sciences, and the knowledge of one is irreconcilable with ignorance of the other. But there are many other sciences with which History has at least an equally close connexion; and indeed, she had, we believe, in passing, formed one of the happy family known as the Moral Sciences Tripos. But at Cambridge, as at Oxford (where it has since been dissolved), her union with Law proved more barren than had been expected; at Cambridge, at all events, the equality of conjugal rights is only nominal; the budding barrister regards the "getting-up" of certain specified periods of history as an unmitigated nuisance, interfering unwarrantably with his willing devotion to Gaius and Blackstone, while the obvious necessity of requiring only a limited knowledge of special portions of "Modern History" from all the candidates in the joint Tripos has produced a dead level of mediocrity in the historical

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performances of the large majority among them. A general consent of experience has accordingly recommended a divorce between a hastily assorted couple. Law will probably, as becomes a Faculty of academical studies, be left to itself; and the question arises, What is to become of "Modern History"; for "Modern History" alone owns a Professor at Cambridge, "Modern History" alone has received a quasi-independent recognition in its range of studies, and "Modern History," if left to itself, may not improbably run the risk of being left to itself out in the cold.

A Syndicate has, we believe, been appointed to take this difficulty into consideration. We would fain hope that this Syndicate, upon whose recommendations the immediate future of historical study in one of our chief seats of learning must virtually depend, will be found equal to its splendid opportunity. And, for once, safety seems to lie in a radical reform. A death-blow should be boldly dealt to the absurd pedantry which has established as a quasi-scientific division the futile distinction between ancient and modern history. Granting that the fall of the Roman Empire of the West constitutes a broad landmark as convenient as it is unmistakable, granting that much of the unity which the revival of the Roman Empire gives to later European history is fictitious only, yet what pretence is there for the assumption that there is a bar at the boundary, and that the study of the life of the world can be cut in twain like a sheet of paper? As well might the sagacious distinction be maintained which Bolingbroke draws, somewhere in his *Letters on History*, between the period which has to be "studied" and that which has only to be "read."

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But it seems unnecessary to dilate upon so obvious a truth. After the forcible remarks on this head by Mr Freeman in his "Rede" Lecture, what shadow of excuse can remain for upholding this futile protest against the "Unity of History," and for forcing the veriest beginner into beginning at a half-way house with "Modern History," while "Ancient History" is relegated into the tangled depths of the Classical Tripos?

In other words, a Historical Tripos which shall include History at large is the one reasonable solution of the problem. Such a proposal is certain to meet with manifold objections; but these objections it will surely not be difficult to refute. With those who are opposed to the multiplication of triposes in general it is, indeed, not easy to argue; for their objection amounts to one against any systematic extension of University studies. They convert Leibniz's profound apophthegm of *Non multa sed multum* from a plea for thoroughness into a cry for onesidedness. The old studies will not suffer by the competition of the new, if the new are but enabled worthily to range themselves by the side of the old. And, if it is feared that the uncertainty of reward will deter undergraduates or Bachelors from seeking distinction in a new Tripos, is not the remedy in the hands of the Colleges themselves? But there are others who will confine their protest to the particular Tripos proposed. It is, indeed, wonderful that the possibility of systematically pursuing the study of History should be denied by those who have not even taken the trouble to compare the experience of the great Continental schools, where Ranke and others have trained generations of historical students as methodically and successfully as Moltke

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has trained staffs of military officers. A more specious objection *in limine* will be urged by many who hold by the principle that "examination is to the student what the target is to the rifleman." The primary object of education is, they say, to give power, and the primary object of examination is to test it. On this principle Cambridge has proceeded and has thriven; this object is fulfilled in the case of the Mathematical, and even of the Classical, and certain other Triposes; but to examine a man in History is merely to ascertain whether he has within a given time amassed a certain amount of information—in other words, to set a premium on "cram." To these arguments the answer is, that in examination, as in study, everything depends upon method. Make the examination at once comprehensive in its range, and searching in special points, and it cannot fail as a test of power. Historical power lies not only in the accumulation of materials; it includes the criticism of them, the combination of them, the reasoning from them directly and by analogy, and the artistic treatment of them so as to meet the demands of true taste. Nor is the hope Utopian, that the promise of such results can be ensured in a general Historical Tripos. As Mr Freeman says, no man can be "equally familiar with the tongue, the literature, the political constitutions, the civil and military events of all times and places." But

> it is none the less true that the student of history or of language—and he who is a student of either must be in no small degree a student of the other—must take in all history and all language within his range. The degrees of his knowledge of various languages, of various branches of history, will vary infinitely. Of some branches he must know everything, but of every branch he must know something. Each student will

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have his own special range, the times and places which he chooses for his special and minute study....Some branches must in every case be primary and some secondary: which are primary and which are secondary, will of course differ in the case of each particular student. It is enough if each man, while thoroughly mastering the branches of his own choice, knows at least enough of the other branches to have a clear and abiding conception of their relation to his own special branches and to one another.

It is this *modicum* of special and of general knowledge which it should be the business of a History examination to test. The present is not the time or the place to indicate the features of a scheme by which such a result might be secured. It is enough to insist that a fair knowledge of general history, and a special knowledge of a special period, to be selected, if possible, within a given range by the candidate himself, should alone be held to qualify for historical honours. And it is here that the so-called "classical" training which many undergraduates bring up to the University, and which they there augment and perfect, would serve at once as an equipment and an encouragement. The Classical Tripos is heavily enough weighted already; it is indeed, in the opinion of some, overweighted by the effect of recent changes. In it, History should hold no other than an exegetical place; historical study proper, and its proper fruit, the power of historical criticism, should be cultivated in a field of their own. Nor is there any good reason to fear that the result might be, at first at all events, to drive "Modern History" into the background by associating it with "Ancient." The man who has been led by the close study of the classics to the special study of what is called Ancient History is the most promising student of History in general; and it is not

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those who study, but those who ignore, the history of Greece and Rome who are indifferent to that of their own country and of the modern world in general. So much at least might be learnt from the examples of Macaulay, of Arnold, and of many others whose names our Universities justly boast. Nor is the feeblest of all arguments against a systematic study of History likely to derive any strength from the consideration suggested by the mention of great autodidacts of any country or age. The study of History is indeed independent in its vitality of encouragement by triposes and their rewards; but it depends upon the action of the stewards of our great academical endowments, whether that study shall in future, as heretofore, be left to individual and isolated effort, or be made more general and systematic, and thus more vigorous and national, by a judiciously liberal use of such opportunities as that which Cambridge has now before her.

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15. THE NEW TRIPOS

(*The Saturday Review*, May 5, 1883.)

THE celebrated sarcasm of the late Dean of Westminster concerning the University of Cambridge and her usual attitude of magnificent repose will need to be considerably modified before it is allowed to pass into a proverb. Of late, at all events, the resident members of that University have not sat with folded hands in such intervals of time as they could spare from the task of mastering their new Statutes, and establishing a complete harmony between the provisions of Statute B and the apparent intention of Statute E. The *autonomia amministrativa, didattica e disciplinare*, which the Universities of another country are striving so hard to obtain or recover, has within the last few years been applied so freely and to so much purpose at Cambridge, that, among non-residents, it is nowadays a wise child indeed that knows its Mother. The transformation of the old Triposes has been accepted outside with a due amount of faith and hope, which may possibly find its justification before long, unless the misgivings freely expressed in the University itself lead to a speedy revision of the reforms. The success of the younger Triposes can hardly have been expected to be rapid, and has certainly not as yet been of a nature to startle the public mind. Among them, the Historical seems to be steadily producing a healthy crop of genuine students of History, if not precisely what can fairly claim to be known by a name we have seen enthusiastically bestowed upon it—that of a "Cambridge

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School of Historians." In the Semitic Languages Tripos, for which five examinations appear to have been held, six candidates have already obtained honours; and the Indian Languages Tripos, which came into operation in 1879, has very nearly passed one candidate for each year of its existence. Hence, it is only in accordance with the general tendency of things, and with the courageous spirit which has latterly animated some members of the University in their desire to be all things to all men, that the Special Board for Medieval and Modern Languages should have recommended the Senate to establish a Tripos in Modern Languages and Literature.

At the present day, it is hardly necessary to say that the wish to promote an academical study of modern languages and literature, including our own, which finds expression in this proposal, deserves the welcome which it will very generally receive. Those who are interested in the teaching of these subjects in this country will derive from it a much needed encouragement. It may be laid down as a maxim beyond dispute that no subjects ignored by the highest educational bodies in the country can, as a rule, be liberally or even effectively taught in institutions of a lower grade. At Oxford, some little attention has long been paid to the more advanced study of other modern languages besides our own in its earliest stages; and quite recently one of the most competent persons in the country for the purpose has been appointed to the dignified office of Examiner in Spanish. Cambridge, too, has of late acquired an Anglo-Saxon Professor in the person of no less eminent a scholar than Mr Skeat; but, with this exception, and we hope soon also with that of the Clark Lectureship in English

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Literature at Trinity, the official teaching of modern languages and literatures has hitherto been left out in the cold. A slight dash of English literature and composition has indeed been introduced into the (perhaps inevitably) heterogeneous mixture termed the General Examination for Ordinary Degrees; and, among the so-called Special Examinations which are added to this by way of ensuring in each graduate some isolated accomplishment, modern languages hold a modest coordinate place. How modest, may be gathered from the fact that in 1884 candidates at this "Special" Examination will, among other things, be examined in "German literature from 1760 to 1830." The comprehensiveness of this period defies comment, though we may wonder why its beginning should have been arbitrarily fixed in the middle of Klopstock's and Lessing's careers, and ten years or so before the beginning of Goethe's and of the *Sturm und Drang*. All this cannot be said to amount to a genuine encouragement of advanced study in these branches of learning at Cambridge; and the present state of things has accordingly reacted upon the schools of the country, over which Cambridge exercises an influence even more widely extended than that of the sister University. For, unfortunately, it cannot be denied that, though many able and some admirably qualified men are engaged in the teaching of modern languages in this country, yet there are very few schools in which the primary requisite for all satisfactory teaching—a fair amount of time—is allowed to them. This is well known to those who have acquired some experience of the University Local Examinations, in which it is frequently not so much the candidates who are examined in French

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and German, as the annotated text-books "assimilated" by them. The University of London, no doubt, does its best to keep up the highest possible standard; but the powers of a mere examining board are limited, and (to take the two extremes of its system with regard to the subjects under discussion) nothing could be humbler than the London Matriculation demands, and nothing more lamentably barren of results than the London Doctor of Literature Examinations. If, therefore, Cambridge could raise the study of English and other modern languages to an honourable position in her academical system, she would effect more on their behalf than by sending out to the schools of the country a hundred additional examiners to report on a thousand additional "local" candidates. And she would, at the same time, do something more than this; for she would foster within her own walls a species of research to which they have been for the most part inhospitable, and escape, in respect of whole departments of knowledge, a reproach similar to that launched against her by the Elizabethan satirist:

> Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
> To tell our Grant his banks are left forlore.

"By Granta's side," as is well known, even Radical reformers are practical men; and we should no doubt be very promptly set right, were we to express a regret that, instead of a new Tripos, with a cut-and-dry scheme of examinations, being straightway recommended for adoption, a system of teaching should not have, in the first instance, been set on foot, which might have in course of time supplied both a number of persons fit to be examined, and a number of persons fit to examine,

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in the new subjects. For there exists at Cambridge an unwritten law which has survived all the Commissions that have ever sat upon the University; and, according to this law, nobody has ever been held bound to read what does not pay. We, therefore, cheerfully assent to the expediency of beginning with a Tripos scheme such as is likely gradually to attract candidates, whose requirements, in their turn, will make it worth while to introduce into the University qualified teachers, so far as they are not already in existence there. For we remember the saying of an eminent statesman of the present day, who, being asked his opinion concerning the relations it is desirable to maintain between University examinations and University teaching, pronounced in favour of their being kept very close, adding that in his own experience he had never passed a Cambridge examination without a coach. We, therefore, gladly confine ourselves to enquiring whether the scheme actually proposed fairly corresponds to the demands which ought to be made upon the degree examinations of a great University in one of its Honours Schools. In other words, what is intended to be the character of Cambridge scholarship upon which the University sets the stamp of its approval in what is intended to become one of its recognised departments of study?

The first doubt which naturally suggests itself arises from a comparison of the title of the new Tripos with the subjects of examination proposed to be included in it. The Tripos is to be established in Modern Languages and Literature; but the examination is to be confined to French and German, with the optional addition of English. All candidates are to satisfy the Examiners in

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the first four papers in French and German, and in the *vivâ voce* examination, and are afterwards to choose between five further papers in French and German, or five in English. For the present, then (though the scheme, with a possibly undesigned artfulness, speaks of "languages" in the plural, but of "literature" in a collective singular), other languages and literatures besides these three are to be excluded, except perhaps in so far as some incidental knowledge of them is indispensable for understanding the history of the growth of the languages and literatures taken up. This, we confess, opens no very promising prospect in the way of linguistic and literary scholarship, and suggests some curious speculations—for instance, as to the notions which will be deemed sufficient for "Modern Honours" on such matters as the relations between the Norse tongues and the English, or the influence of the literatures of Italy and Spain upon that of France. And the denial to Italian, at all events, of a coordinate place in the scheme must at best be regarded as an ignominious necessity. If Cambridge can remember without envy the many brilliant Italian scholars whom Oxford has produced in the last and the present generation, surely more than one of the distinguished personages whose names are subscribed to the new Tripos scheme, and who cannot be suspected of sharing Roger Ascham's honest prejudices against "our English Italians," will allow that something beyond a mere by-the-way knowledge of Italian literature should be looked for in every Englishman who pretends to a more than superficial acquaintance with his own.

But, to pass to subjects that are required to be studied from those that are not. The scheme of Honours

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examinations in French, German, and English proposed by Professor Seeley and the other *septemviri* is simplicity itself, and betokens an almost pathetic confidence on the part of the Special Board in the Examiners who will eventually conduct the examinations in question. We cannot suppose that it is intended to select these functionaries mainly from members of the University, among whom we venture (with the highest respect) to doubt whether a sufficient number could be secured at the present day to apply, with comfort to themselves, the *peine forte et dure* of the *vivâ voce*. On the other hand, it would be a novel, and, as it seems to us, a hazardous, experiment to entrust the conduct of any system of Honours examinations in the main to persons not members of the University, and this, we need hardly add, for reasons not involving the slightest reflexion on the abilities, acquirements, or character of external experts. But, apart from this, the discretion left to the examining body appears to us dangerously wide. Thus, the "two days'" papers in French and German, which all candidates must pass, are partly in translation, partly in composition. In the former, a three hours' paper covers a selection, at the Examiners' choice, from all German authors not earlier than the 18th century, and a similar paper a selection from the French not earlier than the 17th; while the composition test consists of a single paper in each language of passages and subjects for original composition. (The scheme abstains from "calling" each composition, "finished," or unfinished, "an essay.") After passing through this not very formidable ordeal, the candidate makes the selection already referred to. If he goes on to the higher regions of

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French and German, he has, in each language, to answer a single paper on the grammar and historical grammar, with short passages for translation, of Old French and Old German respectively, and, in the same way, a single paper in each literature. That these tests will exclude the absolutely incompetent we readily believe; but can it be seriously supposed that candidates of real merit can be appreciated and compared by an examination of this sort, which seems to be modelled on University Local or School-leaving precedents? A three hours' paper in German, including historical grammar (shade of Grimm!), and a three hours' paper in French literary history, "including (if desirable) short passages for translation into English!" Why, even Mr Saintsbury, who has packed into his *Short History* so large an amount of genuine literary exposition, together with an excellent selection of "short passages," would be unable to devise a paper of quintessential questions which should make it possible for a candidate to attest his knowledge of the entire subject between nine o'clock and noon. After this Pindaric flight across languages and literatures, the candidate is finally asked to write an essay in *English* on some "matter connected with" one or both of the languages and literatures in which he is undergoing examination, and, having accomplished this, and satisfied the Examiners in the colloquial part of the business, he has done all that is expected of him, and is a potential First-class man, technically entitled to rank as a scholar beside the First-classmen of the old Classical Tripos. If, on the other hand, not perhaps overwise in his generation, he chooses five papers in English as the second part of his examination, he will certainly be let off less

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easily; and, though the conditions of the scheme are here also vague enough, the names of Messrs Skeat, Bradshaw, and Aldis Wright may perhaps be taken as a sufficient guarantee that the interpretation intended is neither a loose nor a thin one. Still, the question arises, to which the published proposals furnish no visible answer, whether the candidate in English will not have cause for regret if he has not pursued his German studies further than is required by the earlier half of the examination. He is not asked to have studied either "Old-German" or any of those earlier forms of the Teutonic tongues which are more closely related to his own; of Old-Saxon and Frisian, of Gothic and the older forms of the Scandinavian languages, he may have learnt no more than is supplied to him in the notes of his text-books. In the same way, "Old-French" seems to be treated as unconnected with the growth of later English, or as requiring only to be read for the English part of the Tripos in some earlier or later "translateur."

It will have been guessed from our remarks what appears to us the direction in which these proposals should be reconsidered before they are adopted by the University. Either throughout the scheme, or at all events in the latter half of it, a bifurcation should, in our opinion, be introduced between the Teutonic and the Romance languages, which would make it possible to secure a proper treatment of the latter, including of course Provençal, in the examination scheme. A sufficient knowledge of Latin, at all events in its later stages, would in any case have to be required in this division, where special credit might be given for special proficiency by the small initials known to most of the little

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Triposes. The examination in the Teutonic languages should either comprehend two subdivisions, or (as we should prefer) be subjected to another bifurcation. The principle of this partition would be the obvious one. In the one part, the examination should combine with a thorough literary as well as a linguistic treatment of modern (High) German, a demand for a reasonably sufficient knowledge of Old- and Middle- and High-German. The other part should be the English division proper, in which a thorough knowledge of English would necessitate a competent acquaintance with Old-Saxon and Frisian, and with Gothic. Probably, it would not be difficult for the eminent English scholars in the University to devise means by which the influence of the Scandinavian group at one period of the history of the language, and that of Old-French at another, might find special recognition in the examination.

We are quite prepared to find these suggestions, which we purposely refrain from pursuing into detail, censured as too complicated, though, in truth, they imply only a threefold and obvious, instead of a twofold and arbitrary, division of the scheme. Nor should we wonder were they to be pooh-poohed as involving demands which it is out of the power of a mere English University to satisfy. If such is actually the case, we have only to observe that at Cambridge the hour for establishing what professes to be a Modern, and actually attempts to be a German, French, and English Tripos, has not yet struck. We will say nothing of English scholars, such as the University might at the present day easily train in sufficient numbers with the aid of a Tripos of their own; but can it be seriously proposed to

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send forth a succession of students of French and German as the wearers of University honours in "Modern Languages and Literature" who have satisfied no tests beyond those which these proposals indicate? We are by no means moved by any apprehensions as to what will be said at Paris or at Munich. The matter is one which the good sense of Cambridge and the just pride of Cambridge are perfectly able to decide for themselves; and, if the credit of her scholarship, whether of the old or of the new type, is to be upheld, the University will abstain from cheapening her honours as, to our knowledge at least, they have never been cheapened before.

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16. JACOB GRIMM

(*The Saturday Review*, October 3, 1863; *ib.*, December 3, 1864.)

IT is seldom that a scholar, either by his works or his life, achieves that kind of popularity which is wont to attend the steps of the successful poet or statesman. Among his associates and equals, he enjoys the esteem which his merits have secured him; but to the crowd he is as one who lives apart and has no claim on its interest. Thus, in the "intellectual city" of Berlin, where scholars flourish as on hardly any other German ground—whose University still boasts her Boeckh and Bekker, her Bopp and Meineke—such names are famous only among those who know how to appreciate the labours of their bearers. Yet among these Berlin scholars there was one, and but a short time ago there were two, whose names were household words to a far larger circle. The Brothers Grimm were known and revered by many who pretended to no interest in their Germanistic researches. They were beloved by the children for whom they had gathered the flowers of ancient lore, and honoured by the men who saw in them sturdy champions of liberty of thought and speech. Unobtrusive in manner and retiring in habits though they were, yet few men were more wont *digito monstrari* than the Brothers Grimm. At last, it was known that death had parted those who had passed hand-in-hand through youth, manhood, and old age—that the younger was taken, and the elder, unmarried and solitary, left to finish his course alone. But it was not for long that he was to work in solitude;

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and, on the 25th of September last, Jacob Grimm was laid by the side of his brother Wilhelm, to be separated from him no more.

Both the brothers were Hessians by birth, and received their education at the Lyceum of Cassel. Both afterwards removed as students of law to their native University of Marburg, without either of them being, in the end, able to reconcile to his wider tastes the speciality of this study. Jacob was accordingly delighted to follow his celebrated master, the subsequent Prussian Minister of Justice, Savigny, to Paris, and to be of assistance to him in his literary labours there. On his return to Cassel, he was appointed Librarian of the Private Library of the then King Jerome of Westphalia. The literary tastes of that monarch not having been extensively cultivated, it is said that the directions issued to the new Librarian consisted simply in the following:—"Vous ferez mettre en grands caractères sur la porte 'Bibliothèque particulière du Roi.'" At this period, Jacob's politics seem to have been of a purely local hue; for, on the return of the Elector, he remained in his service, and he accompanied the Allies to Paris as Commissioner for the recovery of the Hessian books and MSS. of value taken thither by the orders of Napoleon. He subsequently attended the Vienna Congress as Secretary to the Hessian Plenipotentiary, and then made another journey to Paris on an errand similar to the former, on behalf of another sufferer, the Prussian Government. On again returning to Cassel, he was appointed to a high post in the Public Library there, where his brother Wilhelm had already obtained a similar office. From this point, they were never again separated. In 1830, Jacob

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having deemed himself slighted by the promotion of another man to the vacant post of Principal Librarian, both the brothers migrated to Göttingen, at which University they were appointed Professors, and Jacob Librarian. The occasion of their dismissal from these posts in the year 1839 is too well known to require more than a passing notice. King Ernest Augustus, once so conspicuously popular in this country as Duke of Cumberland, revenged himself on the seven most distinguished Professors of his "Georgia Augusta," who had refused to accept his illegal repudiation of the old Constitution of the kingdom, by sending them to the right-about *en masse*. By this means, Göttingen lost, and rival Universities acquired, the services of historians such as Dahlmann and Gervinus, and of philologers like Ewald and the Brothers Grimm. The King consoled himself for the loss by the observation, at once philosophical and elegant, that professors and *hetæræ* were to be had everywhere for money.

It was the neighbouring King of Prussia who honoured both the young University of his capital and himself by inviting to Berlin the most distinguished Germanists of the day. Here they remained during the rest of their lives, inseparable as ever, though Wilhelm had so early as 1829 become a married man, with Jacob's approval. The years of Revolution, however, disturbed their lives, as they did those of all the learned men of Germany who were patriots not less than scholars. Jacob presided at two semi-political meetings which took place at Frankfort and Lübeck shortly before the outbreak of 1848; and it is remembered how, at the latter meeting, the venerable chairman, after delivering an impassioned

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harangue, sank back, fainting and exhausted, in the arms of his neighbour. He subsequently sat in the Frankfort Parliament, and, by accompanying its remnant to Gotha, identified himself with the consistently Liberal party which derives its name from that city. For the last thirteen years, he resumed his literary labours at Berlin, his chief joy until the death of his brother Wilhelm, and his only consolation afterwards.

A mere enumeration of those labours would exceed our limits, but it will suffice to recall a few of the most important among them. Jacob Grimm's first appearance as an author is stated to have been in 1812, as a contributor to the *German Museum*, then conducted by A. W. von Schlegel. Soon afterwards the brothers conjointly published their *Märchen*, so familiar to all lovers, learned and unlearned, of popular mythology. They are, in truth, unrivalled for the simplicity which proves them to be fresh from the fountain of a nation's youth, and which strikes us at least as something far different from the occasionally namby-pamby productions of their most successful rival, Hans Christian Andersen. The readers of Andersen's autobiography may remember his annoyance at not finding himself hailed at once as a brother by the Grimms. The simple-minded Dane called at their house in Berlin, and being asked which of the Brothers he desired to see, he replied, the most learned. He was accordingly introduced by the servant-maid to Jacob, he being, as she averred, the most learned man in Europe; and it was then that Andersen's vanity received no slight shock when he found that his fame had not yet reached the ears of his rival story-teller. The Stories for Children and the House were followed by the

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so-called *Alt-deutsche Wälder*, to which both Brothers contributed a collection of various treatises on Old German poetry and language. Schlegel, at no time free from either conceit or jealousy, was fain to deride these encroachments on a field which he loved to deem his own —viz. that of any language, ancient or modern. Among the further combined efforts of the Brothers should be mentioned their collection of German legends (*Sagen*), and of Irish fairy-tales, the latter on Crofton Croker's plan. Meanwhile, Jacob had independently published several works which prove him, on the whole, to have possessed the advantage of *Vielseitigkeit* over his brother, hitherto chiefly occupied with mythological and cognate subjects. His *German Grammar* (published at Göttingen during the years 1818–1831) marks an era in the history of comparative philology. Nor is the syntactical portion of the work less admirable from its clearness and simplicity. Passing over the various collections of romances and hymns edited by him, we must not omit to mention his work on *German Legal Antiquities*, his *German Mythology*, and his *History of the German Language*— the latter given to the world in the midst of the storms and troubles of the year 1848, in which the author took so vivid an interest.

The crown of the labours of both brothers was to be that *German Dictionary* with which their names will ever remain associated. Up to the date of Jacob's death it had only reached the letter F (or, more precisely, the word *Fromm*), three volumes having already been completed. There is, however, little doubt that it will be allowed to retain the names of the Brothers, though partially finished by other hands. It is reported that its completion will be

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superintended by Herman Grimm, the son of Wilhelm, and an author of considerable promise. He will doubtless be supported by the scholars who have hitherto assisted his father and uncle in their labours; and thus there is reason to hope that this work at least will escape the fate so common to great German undertakings of the kind, of remaining a fragment. It is greatly to be regretted that the Grimms did not take into consideration the shortness of human life, and begin their *magnum opus* several years sooner. It is planned on the largest scale, and, unlike our English dictionaries, may be safely depended on, both as an etymological and as an orthoepical guide. No scholars have ever approached the Brothers Grimm in their knowledge of their native language, whose prose authors and poets, whose proverbs and popular idioms, whose archaisms and adoptions, were all equally familiar to them. In no language had a work of this kind ever been previously attempted on any similar scale; but their labours have since found imitators in France, and we believe that the London Philological Society intends, at no distant time, to do for our language what they did for the German. Over all such undertakings that of the Grimms enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being conducted by men whose authority on the subjects of their work had grown to be almost undisputed, and who in themselves possessed the resources of an Academy of Language or a Philological Society.

From the accomplishment of this giant task, first the younger, and then the elder and greater of the Brothers, has been stayed by the cold hand of death. Jacob Grimm was in his eightieth year, when his labours

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at length came to a close. His ceaseless toil, and the honour which it has brought to his own name and to that of his grateful country, disclose to us the noblest and at the same time the most characteristic phase of German intellectual life. A certain portion of the British public, speaking by the trumpet of its leading organ, exults in frequent sneers at the German "professors." Blatant superficiality may pause for a moment in its self-congratulations to contemplate the simple and single-minded life of one of the greatest scholars of modern times, one of the hardest workers of our age, and as upright and free a heart as ever aspired after the fulfilment of its hopes in the days of a brighter future.

Little more than a year after the death of Jacob Grimm, and the appearance of the above imperfect tribute to the memory of himself and his beloved brother, the son of Wilhelm, Herman Grimm, well known as author of the *Life of Michael Angelo*, printed a singularly interesting memorial of both Brothers. It consisted of two of the last speeches ever delivered by the more famous of the pair. "...orations originally held in the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, of which both the brothers were distinguished ornaments; and their subjects are both of special biographical interest. The first speech was delivered by Jacob in memory of his brother Wilhelm, about six months after the death of the latter, and is accompanied by a well-written supplementary memoir by Herman Grimm. The other is a discourse delivered, rather later, on the congenial topic of Old Age; and both together afford materials, of rare simplicity and exquisite grace, for a picture of the private life of two men who were the best specimens of the salt of Germany—its much decried professors. As furnishing such a picture, rather than from any intrinsic importance of their own, these speeches well deserve a passing notice. Anything written by Jacob Grimm is, moreover, of itself sufficiently entertaining, thanks to the wellknown peculiarities of his style, which is all his own, and original

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without eccentricity, quaint without the faintest approach to mannerism. The editorial piety of the nephew has, of course, deferentially preserved all the peculiar orthographical notions of the uncle, and every line attests Jacob Grimm in the matters of spelling and punctuation. Scarcely a single capital letter, and marvellously few commas and full-stops, to the exclusion of almost every other sign of punctuation, deface these memorials of the great German grammarian."

An article entitled "The Brothers Grimm," in *The Saturday Review* of December 3rd, 1864, from which I have reprinted the preceding paragraph drew attention to this unique publication, as adding many interesting personal touches to the earlier notice of the elder of the Brothers reprinted above. Wilhelm Grimm died on December 16th, 1859; Jacob on September 20th, 1863. The survivor's tranquillity of soul had never deserted him; and, on the day before his death, he had suddenly seized a photographic likeness of Wilhelm, which lay by his bedside, and for some moments attentively contemplated the image of the brother whom he was so soon to rejoin.

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17. KARL RITTER[1]

(*The Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society*, April 8th, 1886.)

THE Professor of Geography of whom I purpose briefly to speak this afternoon—to what end and in what connexion with the general purpose of these addresses will, I hope, make itself manifest before I close—was a German professor of the old type. That type has begun to grow rather rare since the German professor's pupils—I might with little exaggeration say, this particular German professor's pupils—gained those victories which have made so important a series of changes in the map of Europe, and since many of the professors themselves have been trained by experience in the conflicts of the political arena and the social conventionalisms of the great world. But the old type is or was one on which it is difficult to look back without regret; for the German professor at whom it was impossible even to smile without respecting him, was a being of many virtues and of some foibles—one who combined with some of what Bacon terms the faults "incident to learned men" numerous and signal excellences which only the shallowest and most presumptuous ignorance could venture to overlook.

Of the German *Gelehrte* of the old school, an admirable example was Karl Ritter, the author of the chief geographical classic of modern times, the first who, in

[1] Some passages in this lecture were borrowed from a review of Gage's *Life of Ritter*, contributed some years since by me to *The Saturday Review*, and are now reproduced with the permission of the Editor of that journal.

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the words of Alexander von Humboldt, drew up the scheme of Comparative Geography in its full extent, and in all its relations to the history of man. It is just possible (for he lived till 1859) that one or the other of my hearers may remember the appearance of the old gentleman himself, as it might be seen any day *unter den Linden*; for, when he visited England, he consented to modify the patriarchal simplicity of his outer man in deference to the prejudices of our free country. The tall and venerable figure, clad in long blue cloak and broad-rimmed hat, the noble head and steadfast countenance, with the huge horn spectacles and the ample rolling collar so familiar to us in the portraits of German poets and philosophers of the last generation, made up a personality of the very simplest dignity and the most winning friendliness. There could be nothing more old-world than the external form and ways of Ritter, unless it were the external form of the book to which, above all others, he owes his fame—unwieldy, unattractive from every point of view which printer and publisher could leave out of consideration, impossible type on intolerable blotting-paper. But the man had a serene simplicity about him unmistakable by the most casual observer—that absolute freedom from assumption which is a sure characteristic of real greatness, that perfect candour which marks him who is aware that so long as he has to live so long he has also to learn, that humility which is the crowning grace of genius and which made Ritter always ready to ascribe his own achievements to the influence and suggestion of other men. Of the book, I will try to say a little more, after I have endeavoured to suggest the growth of the conceptions to which its production was

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due, and which, since the day of its production (for there cannot be many instances of a scientific work leaping so suddenly into fame) may be said to have become the common property of the world of scholars and thinkers. But, as is so often the case with men of his stamp, more especially when Providence has granted them the boon of finding a sphere of activity wholly congenial to their natures, there is a something worth reading in his life as well as in his books.

Shortly after his death, a tribute was paid to him by one of his most distinguished pupils, Professor Ernst Curtius, the illustrious historian, archæologist and geographer, whose own seventieth birthday was celebrated two years ago by an act of combined homage on the part of German, English, and American scholars. Curtius wrote of his revered master that the endurance of his fame was certain. "But what, in a still higher degree than his unswerving diligence, his comprehensive learning, and his thoughtful contemplation of nature and the history of mankind, arouses our reverence, is the unselfish and devoted love of science which filled his whole life, the quiet modesty and humility of his spirit, the clearness and harmony of his mind, and the sincere piety which animated his entire being." On such a career I cannot but think it may not be wholly useless for those of us to cast a passing glance who are interested in the promotion of a science which, to Ritter, I do not scruple to say, owes as much as it owes to any man.

I am well aware that the question is often asked—indeed, it is incidentally discussed in some interesting correspondence in the current number of the *Journal of the Manchester Geographical Society*—*Should there*

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be a professor of Geography? To this question the logically minded sometimes take exception as premature, until the previous question shall have been decided—*Can there be a professor of Geography?* It has occurred to me that if we can answer with an unhesitating affirmative, and with a full sense of what the term implies, yet one other question, viz., this—*Has there been a professor of Geography?*—then both the previous questions and that which depends on them will admit of being solved without any very serious difficulty.

Of Ritter's earliest days it will be enough to say that he was born in 1779, at Quedlinburg, near the Harz Mountains, the ancient city of the Saxon Emperors, whose great progenitor, Henry the Fowler, lies buried there in a vault under the Abbey Church. Quedlinburg, as some of my hearers may remember, was also the birthplace of Klopstock, whose imaginative religiosity and profound desire to understand, so far as it is given to mortals to understand, the ways of God to man, may not have been without their influence upon his much younger fellow-townsman. Here, Ritter spent the first six years of his life, till the death of his father, a physician of high scientific attainments. He was then transferred to the newly-established school at Schnepfenthal, near Gotha, where the famous Salzmann was endeavouring to carry into effect a system of education of which the watchwords were conformity to natural laws and "enlightenment"; and whither the little boy was accompanied by his mother and elder brother, and by a young friend of the family, Gutsmuths, who became and remained for 54 years a teacher at Schnepfenthal. Salzmann's name is well known to all who are interested in

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the history of pedagogy, and his educational method is not the less worthy of admiration because some points in it are now regarded as matters of course, while others have inevitably become obsolete. Salzmann and Gutsmuths were the two men who exercised the most important influence upon Ritter's training. Gutsmuths deserves a word of commemoration on his own account among those interested in geographical education: for he was perhaps the earliest pedagogue who put something of life into the geographical teaching of the young. He was an excellent draughtsman, and insisted upon the drawing of maps by his pupils—an acquirement which was to become invaluable to Ritter, who showed so much ability and taste for it that he had at one time nearly been altogether diverted to the profession of a draughtsman and engraver on copper. Another principle which Gutsmuths was the first, or one of the first, to introduce into geographical education was that of making his pupils see with their own eyes. He was constantly organising those excursions, valuable alike as opportunities of instruction and as healthy recreation, which have long been an integral part of the life of German schools following the ideas of Salzmann and Pestalozzi, and of which English schools and colleges are likewise beginning to recognise the value. That the plan can be successfully adapted even to a higher range of geographical training has been proved by no one more completely than by my friend Professor Boyd Dawkins, whose cohort of physiographers has invaded many parts of this island, and has, I believe, thanks to its leader, found a welcome in all. Ritter never lost the taste implanted in him by these early wanderings;

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for, though some of the countries which were among his favourite subjects of literary description, above all Palestine, had never been visited by their delineator, yet he was no stay-at-home like other geographers of whom this has been whispered among his fellow-countrymen, and it may be said of him that he saw enough with his own eyes to enable him to found upon personal experience that principle of comparison which, through him, was established as the very basis of scientific geography. What is perhaps even more to the purpose, he from an early age, and before he had any conception of the fact that his intellectual activity was to be wholly devoted to geographical science, made a point of studying the types of all geographical features that fell under his actual observation. He did this as a young man at Frankfort, and again at Geneva, where he produced charts of the neighbourhood so excellent as to make Pictet declare to him that he had never witnessed so accurate a delineation of a mountain range. No doubt very much has since been done in this field, of which Ritter could have had no conception. He was not, e.g. I take it, acquainted with those methods of discriminating between the main types of mountain forms shown in our present exhibition, in the application of which some Swiss schoolboys have all but attained to perfection. His description of the Mont Blanc scenery is worth reading after a thousand others for its accuracy and freshness. His account of a storm in the Jura irresistibly recalls a famous passage in *Childe Harold*; in a word, his eye had been trained from his very earliest years, and his hand had been trained to follow his eye. I should perhaps add that Gutsmuths,

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to whom Ritter owed so much, himself gained a considerable reputation as a writer of educational books on Geography; but I dare say these have long ago been superseded, and I have looked for any of them in vain in the catalogue of our exhibition.

The question whether the study of the ancient classics—or to put it more fairly, the study of grammar—is the most suitable basis for a sound secondary education, is not one which it would be satisfactory to attempt to discuss in passing. Ritter's career, I must candidly say, affords no very valuable illustration of the advantages or disadvantages of the old plan, which the educational system in vogue at Schnepfenthal discarded; for Ritter, who, on leaving school, found himself short of Greek and Latin, applied himself with great industry to supplement what he regarded as a real defect. Some of us cherish a lurking suspicion that, in the great conflict between opposite schemes of secondary education, there is a good deal of fighting for shadows, so long as the fundamental principle is lost sight of: that no education is worth anything at all which fails to implant both the habit of work and the love of it. When, at the age of seventeen, Ritter went as a student to the University of Halle, he had only in so far chosen his career in life that he had already formed an engagement to act as tutor in a family at Frankfort, distinguished by its intelligence not less than by its wealth and influence—the family of Hollweg, or Bethmann-Hollweg, as it was subsequently called, after intermarriage with the equally distinguished family of Bethmann. (The Prussian Minister of State and celebrated jurist, M. A. von Bethmann-Hollweg, was one of Ritter's pupils.) The knowledge that education was to

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be the work of his life probably gave to Ritter's plan of university study a greater breadth than might otherwise have characterised it, though no doubt the freedom of choice which he practised was in full accordance with the ideas of intellectual and moral training that had been instilled in him at Schnepfenthal. The point to which, however, I wish to direct your attention, is that here also, at the University, he was far from any design of educating himself as a geographical specialist, so much so, that he passed by the lectures of the only professor of his day who might himself have been called by such a name, the celebrated traveller Forster. If anything, he rather supplemented a training which at Schnepfenthal had been defective on this head, by literary studies, by learning to understand and love great literary writers both ancient and modern. Thus, when two years afterwards he left the University to enter upon his tutorial duties at Frankfort, he stood on the threshold of manhood, as one might wish all those to stand by whom learning is to be advanced—with an intellect neither prematurely bent in one particular direction, nor warped by too early a professional training, full of sympathy for man and nature, with a clear eye, an open mind, and a humble heart.

In the years which followed, and in which gradually, and at first unconsciously, Ritter's task in life began to shape itself distinctly before him, fortune, no doubt, favoured him in an unusual measure. As an honoured inmate of one of the chief and most intellectual houses of a city full of historical interest and political importance, and a prosperous seat of busy mercantile life, he was freed at once from all the harsher cares of existence, and

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left in the main to pursue his own method of instruction with pupils whose progress as boys, and afterwards as men, amply rewarded him for his indefatigable exertions on their behalf. The chief study which he systematically pursued with his pupils was Natural History, on which he prepared illustrated lectures with the greatest care; and, during the stay of the family at a neighbouring country seat, he became devoted to Botany, emphatically asserting that he could not imagine a nobler occupation than the study of the riches of nature "in the very field where she seems to have created them for her own refreshment." As time passed on journeys followed—one to Switzerland—and personal contact with at least one man, whose conversation was worth many journeys. You can hardly fail to guess who is the original of the following description: "He discourses with equal skill, whether talking with physicians about the anatomy and physiology of the men and beasts of the New World, medical institutions, the yellow fever, the influence of climate on health and civilisation; with mineralogists about the geology of the countries which he has seen, the mountains he has climbed, and the volcanoes in whose craters he has tried chemical experiments; with naturalists respecting the skeletons and the millions of bones which he has beheld in the valleys and on the highlands of South America; and with botanists about the plants of the torrid and temperate zones....Never in my life have I gained so distinct an impression of any region as Alexander von Humboldt has given me of the Cordilleras." The modest tutor, possessing his soul in quiet, little knew how in that masterpiece of Physical and Descriptive Geography which has become the

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property of the literature of the world, in Humboldt's *Cosmos*, his own services to science were to be praised with ungrudging generosity, and how his own fame was to be linked inseparably with that of the most brilliant and versatile scientific writer of his own or perhaps of any other age. Yet, though he was himself still unknown as an author, Ritter's reputation was already steadily growing, and more than one seductive educational offer was made to him only in order to be declined. He, however, accepted, without interrupting his tutorial duties, the important post of Secretary to the Frankfort Museum.

It was about this time that he first appeared before the world as an author. Even now, at the time when he produced both a *Manual of Physical Geography*, and the first part of a more general treatise on the *Geography of Europe*, he had not resolved upon making Geography the special study of his life, and it was almost unconsciously that his researches into Natural History in all its departments, his readings in History, and his study of Languages had converged to the same end. To my mind, there is something extremely instructive in this; we are watching, as it were, the growth of geographical genius, and we begin to understand it by a kind of synthesis. His *Manual of Physical Geography* did not content him when written; or at least, after taking the opinion on the MS. of Leopold von Buch and other friends, he withdrew it from the publisher's hands. I wish half the authors of school manuals—and not of Geography only—were equally awake to the fact that, in the world of books, to deliberate is not always to be lost. Ritter's suppressed manual was the germ of his

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subsequent *magnum opus*, the *Erdkunde*. His work on Europe, on the other hand, was published, though not in a complete form, and may be instructively compared with those academical lectures on Europe which were posthumously given to the world, nearly sixty years afterwards. What interests us most in connexion with the early book is not the detailed execution of any of its sections, or the charts which were put forth by him in illustration of it, and which are noteworthy as the very first attempts—earlier even than Humboldt's—at a method of demonstration now-a-days familiar enough to the walls of every schoolroom, and exemplified with profusion in our exhibition upstairs. What is really most striking in connexion with Ritter's first book is the signal proof it furnishes of the clear perception at which he had already arrived of the true extent of the domain of Geographical Science. Not only did he assert what we now regard as self-evident, that a study of the physical character of the earth must be made the basis of that science; but he pointed out what are the real relations between Geography and History.

A great deal of truth, and perhaps just a few truisms, have been uttered in confirmation of the proposition that Geography is a very valuable auxiliary to History. Who has not warned his pupils that they will fail to follow the campaigns of Alexander the Great without the aid of a map, and that it is useless to expect to have a thorough insight into the significance of the American Civil War without some conception of the territorial relations between the Northern and Southern States? These things, if you please, we will assume at once. But what for the geographer is of importance is the

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demonstration of the converse position, that History is a very important factor in Geography. How have those forces which are mainly moral—and it is with such forces chiefly, though not exclusively, that History has to deal—affected the face of the earth, itself the table of which it behoves Geography to note the changes? How, for instance, has the history of Scotland affected the corner of the world called by that name, and how have the follies and the fury of man contributed to make or leave Ireland what it is—part garden, part bog? Or cross the other Channel, and ask what History has made the Geography of the Netherlands; for it is man, not nature, that holds the key of the *Waterstaat*. How has History, i.e. the changes due to the hand of man, and traceable to it, in Sicily, gradually dried up the water springs, bared the forest-clad hills, and made large districts of a land full of corn and wine and oil, a field of stones and the abode of despair? All this, and much like this, which Ritter afterwards worked out with patient assiduity in reference to a great part of the known world, seems to me contained in the maxim enunciated by him in the early book of which we are speaking. History and Geography must always go hand in hand. The country works upon the people, and the people upon the country. Nevertheless, some of us think so single-mindedly of our own particular department of study that we cannot conceive of the rest unless it is subordinate to it. People talk of Historical Geography, as if it signified nothing more than an enumeration of the changes which have taken place in the distribution of nations, nationalities, and States over the face of the globe. This is, in itself, knowledge desirable to possess,

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and a knowledge which Professor Freeman has done his best to prevent people from pretending to possess who really lack it; but it is only the beginning of a knowledge of Historical Geography. What has man, so far as historical records, historical evidence remain to tell us, done to change the face of the earth? That is the real subject of Historical Geography. The geographer's point of view, which should take into consideration physical as well as historical changes, commands a range in this one sense more extensive than that of the historian. On the other hand, the historian is justified in resenting the attempts of certain so-called historical geographers to apply their canon to all his results, and their endeavours to force him to confess that the phenomena of history are the consequence of geographical causes only, and that communities are free and citizens are patriots because of the configuration of mountain and forests, and because of the situation of the waters that are above, and the influence of the waters that are under, the earth. The action of the moral forces, which it is the historian's main task to trace, is often affected by geographical causes—it is never, whatever some thinkers may think, controlled by them.

Ritter's sojourn at Geneva, whither he betook himself with his pupils when he was already more than thirty years of age, was a continuation of his Frankfort life. Of course, he was now already conscious of a higher degree of freedom and independence, in view of the approaching inevitable separation from the young men to whose education he had so long given his main attention, and who were soon to look life in the face on their own account, as well as by reason of the greater dis-

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tinctness with which his own future was shaping itself before him. He had known how to wait and how to prepare himself in one of those long and tacit apprenticeships which men are privileged to serve to what may be called new sciences, but which the old and well-regulated studies are, as a rule, less ready to accord to those who profess them. Geneva, the local situation of which was, I need not say, especially favourable to the maturing of the ideas and projects entertained by Ritter, was at the same time, as it has so frequently been, an active centre of intellectual intercourse; and if a personal medium was needed whence the rays should refract, how could it have presented itself more effectively than in the person of Mme de Staël in her mansion at Coppet, who was at once a kind of *genius loci*, and as Ritter himself dutifully labelled her, "*la première imagination de l'Europe*"—the first imaginative potency in Europe. But the stay of Ritter at Geneva did not put an end to his relations with the Hollweg family, which continued, in an extremely honourable and easy form, by his accompanying his pupils in a winter tour through Italy, and then settling with one of them at the University of Göttingen, no longer in the capacity of tutor, but in that of paternal friend and adviser.

At Göttingen, Ritter spent seven years, ending (if my calculation of dates be correct) in 1818. They were the years in which he came clearly to recognise the character of his life's work, and, while patiently waiting to see in what shape the external condition of his life might arrange itself, concentrated his intellectual endeavours upon a definite field—indeed, upon a definite task, though one comprehensive enough even for the

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most resolute intellectual ambition. It was at the end of this period that Ritter married, very happily. No doubt, it is given to comparatively few intellectual workers to be able to pass through so long a preparatory stage, and then, in the years when judgment is ripe and strength still unimpaired, to accomplish what they have gradually come to know to be their purpose. But if the race is sometimes to the swiftest, at other times it is to the most patient; and at all times it is to those in whom there is that which prohibits their faltering. In 1817, when he was in the thirty-ninth year of his life, the first volume of his *Erdkunde*, the work on which his fame rests as on a foundation of enduring solidity, was ready for the press. Its success, when it actually appeared, was rapid and complete; and perhaps one of the most remarkable tributes to its striking excellence was the admiration called forth by it in a class of men who were not at that time looked upon as among the leaders of European intelligence, but of whom the world has come to think rather differently in the generation to which we belong —the officers of the Prussian army.

It seems that among the military authorities a determination immediately formed itself to secure the services of the geographical genius of the author of the *Erdkunde*, for the education of the Prussian officers of the future; and we shall see how before long the design was carried into effect. The geographical training of the Prussian officer of the modern type—the type of which Moltke is the most splendid example—is an extremely familiar fact; but I dare say few of my hearers have traced back the origin of the system under which this training became so thorough and so comprehensive, as in part I

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have little doubt it should be traced back, to the impulse given by the writing and the teaching of our Professor of Geography. Meanwhile, offer upon offer of more or less congenial educational work had been pressed upon the modest scholar who suddenly found himself famous; but he was tempted by none of them, not even by the proposal that he should become tutor to two Princesses (one of them is now the Empress of Germany), or by the even more honourable invitation that he should take the place of Pestalozzi, the Nestor of school reform, at Yverdun. He continued to devote himself to the continuation of his book, and it was only when an offer reached him of the post of Professor of History at the Frankfort Gymnasium that a conjunction of motives led him to accept it. But he held it for so short a time that we may pass by this brief interruption of the main work of his life (for such it was, notwithstanding the intimate relationship between his new occupations and his old, and notwithstanding the probability that this episode, too, may have added strength to his conception of Geography under its most comprehensive aspect). Hardly had he settled at Frankfort with his wife—with whom, as a true professor, he had solemnly agreed beforehand that life can be made happy, and that life *must* be made happy, without evening parties—than he received a summons to Berlin, as professor at the School of War, under the title of Professor of Military Statistics (a title as to the significance of which he confessed to feeling rather in the dark), and as Extraordinary Professor in the University. These professorships, upon which he entered in the year 1820, he held till his death, nearly forty years afterwards. The symmetry of his

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life, divided between two periods of almost equal length —the one a period of preparation, the other one of achievement—is thus very remarkable; but you will not expect me, after already taxing your patience at such length, to expatiate upon the simple annals of a purely academical career.

At the Military School, we may presume his pupils to have attended with military punctuality, and a man through whose hands passed, for considerably more than a generation, the flower of those who were to hold the posts of responsibility in the Prussian army of these latter days, may be credited with some influence upon the forces which have shaped recent history. At the University, his success was reached—as professors, whose courses are not obligatory, must reach it—by persistent personal endeavours. He commenced his lectures with zero for his number of hearers; but he patiently awaited the few who were good enough to drop in before the close of the session. The next half-year he experienced a slight increase, and three years afterwards he found himself writing in his diary: "Full lecture-room; I must have a larger." In the end, his lectures were crowded by students from all the Faculties. Not only did the students of the Natural Sciences find it almost necessary to attend courses of instruction from which they learnt to compare, to classify on broader principles—in a word, to extend and expand—their special studies; but philologers and theologians, and lawyers and laymen, crowded to hear discourses from which each carried something away; for the very nature of his method made it sure that all would learn something from him. At the same time, the spirit of his teaching

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and that confident sympathy which large audiences infuse in their members, while small numbers cannot but feel themselves to be more or less isolated units, supplied the stimulus which (I suppose we must confess it) is often worth as much in a lecture as the amount of positive information taken home by an audience. What I have read of Ritter's lectures quite accounts to me for the interest they excited; though their distinctive character is thoroughness of treatment rather than lively play of illustration, and though his style rather suggests earnestness of manner than a flow of eloquence, which latter may be impressive in an occasional lecture, but is rarely welcomed as a genuine mark of enthusiasm when a lecturer allows it to play its part at regular intervals in a regular course. The extraordinary industry of Ritter enabled him to be always fresh, even when the skeleton of an old lecture served as the scheme of a new one; so that, of his more frequently repeated courses, some became continuous records of the progress of geographical discovery and of the advance of geographical science. Of his courses the following two are specially remembered: *Comparative Geography*—(this was that which he most frequently repeated and which has been translated into English by Ritter's biographer, Mr Gage, to whom I am very largely indebted for the materials of this address); and *Europe*—an extremely pleasant course, of which we have a late revision, published posthumously. I have, quite recently, been reading parts of this most suggestive book, and cannot adequately express my admiration of its manner, thoroughly interesting as well as wholly free from catching at effect, as well as, in almost the same measure, of the lucid disposition of

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its matter. It concludes with a section on the British Islands, which affords an excellent illustration in brief of Ritter's manner of teaching. This section accounts for the origin of the two Channels to which these islands owe the most characteristic features of this history, and for the evidence of that origin which the character of our western coasts furnishes, and shows what the island of Britain, an island with 105 large harbours, owes to the great revolutions of nature. But —and it is in this kind of demonstration that Ritter excels no less than in the physiographical part of his subject—how has the hand of man changed what nature offered, and how has the geography of the island been modified by human enterprise! Up to the middle of the last century, the highroads of England were bad and crooked, and not supplemented by a single canal. Only a few rivers admitted of ships fully laden entering them, few of the harbours afforded safe anchorage, little use was made of the coalfields in the interior, because of the cost of transport, etc. Then, there was Ritter's course on *Palestine*, of which the substance is in the hands of English readers, besides various courses on Asiatic and African Geography and Ethnography, a very popular course on Greece, to which Curtius may have owed the inspiration of those chapters of his that place before us with so much force the relations of land and people. Such, e.g. is the chapter which explains geographically, in what sense Macedonia did not belong to Greece, possessing, as it did, a climate like that of Central Europe, unfamiliar and full of mysterious discomfort to a Greek, and prescribing to human life, in such matters as dress and food, modes of habitation, and social inter-

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course, conditions quite different from those to which the Greeks were accustomed; but which also explains, again geographically, in what ways Macedonia was fitted for the great task in the end accomplished by it. This is only an application of Ritter's general principle, that vertical as well as horizontal dimensions have to be regarded in Comparative Geography. Then there is the course on the *History of Geography and of Geographical Discovery*, of which there is an excellent edition, though, not, I think, an English translation. It is a course which might with advantage be periodically reproduced in an extended and enlarged form; indeed, as Ritter only carried it as far as Columbus, a continuation is in any case called for. I cannot imagine a more stimulative set of lectures in the direction both of geographical enterprise and of geographical study; and I am by no means sure that the great activity of late displayed by the Germans in both directions—an activity about which so much sensitiveness has been displayed in England and in some of our Colonies—may not be in part due, as so much of what they have achieved in the course of their history has been due, to academical impulse. The historian of Geography who carries on Ritter's conception from the point where he broke off, the close of the 15th century, will speedily find an exemplification of the truth that the enthusiasm of enterprise and the enthusiasm of study usually go hand in hand. As a learned Church is almost always an active Church, so in Geography, in many a university of the Renascence age, the most interesting discovery was made that could be made in connexion with the subject, viz. the discovery of the study of Geography itself. An admirable theme, which,

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with more time and knowledge, I should have liked to discuss today, is that of the revival of geographical study in the Renascence age, both in the universities and elsewhere.

Ritter's activity, so far from being exhausted by these various courses of lectures and his teaching at the military school, extended in other directions in which I do not propose to follow it. Above all, he was to his death President of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin, of which he was himself the founder, and of which Humboldt, Petermann, Dove, and others were active members. Of this Society and its Journal the efforts are before the world; for the age in which we live is a journal-reading age, and perhaps there is no science which for many reasons stands more in need of publicity than Geography, whose progress depends on the cooperation of so many forces and interests. On the other hand, is Ritter's *Erdkunde*, the work which sums up his labours as a geographer, which he freely used as the basis of many of his lectures, and on which his fame must rest, still largely used and read? I hardly know; but this, I think, is clear, that, if Friedrich Schlegel was a little profane, as enthusiastic people are sometimes wont to be, in calling it the Bible of Geography, he was not far wrong if he meant that Ritter's method, as here expressed, is one of which the truth is raised above the controversies of Schools or cliques, and one which may be modified in many ways, but is not likely to be overthrown.

And the key to that method seems to me to lie in the principle, that Geography is not a compound of sciences, or parts of sciences, but a science with a basis

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of its own. The ideal professor of Geography is, accordingly, not a gentleman ready to make himself generally useful to his friends the professors of Physics and of History, but he professes a subject which belongs to himself. Ritter's *Erdkunde* purports by its title to be a compendium of our knowledge of the earth. Let us take the book by its word. The term "compendial" need not disturb us, for, of course, there can be no question here of a mere mechanical description or material enumeration. Of this, I fear, in the various stages of geographical teaching, there must always be much. It is the real stumbling-block, and not the less so because of the ease with which this necessary part of education—the providing of the materials—can be made to assume a very imposing semblance. I think with trembling of the attempts which are obviously made in France and elsewhere, and made, as our exhibition shows, with a completeness absolutely startling to those who were, like us of the older generation, trained with less elaborate aids, to fill the memory of the young with geographical facts within a millimetre of the possible. Ritter says himself, in one of his lectures: "If Compendial Geography (which is very much what we call Descriptive Geography) confines itself entirely to the materials which it enumerates, it cannot lay claim to be accounted a science." Only that is a science which, by observing and demonstrating the connexion between cause and effect, tends, however slowly and imperfectly, to establish rules and laws.

Geography has to enquire *from the earth itself* what has been its history, both before and after man was an agent in that history. Nature has written the record

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of her changes upon the face of the earth, and man has written the record of his. They cannot be kept distinct and dissociated from one another, so long as the geographer maintains the point of view which he is bound to maintain. What has befallen the earth, what has it suffered, what has it (the phrase may be used) *done* in the course of the ages? Of Prehistoric Geography, the evidence necessarily differs in kind from that of Historical Geography; but the story is a continuous story, and the evidence is coherent evidence. It is the task of the professor of Geography, who, like Ritter, is conscious of the unity of his subject, to maintain that unity, which he will most readily succeed in doing, if, like Ritter, he steadfastly adheres to his point of view—the point of view of the earth and its history. I do not think that, since the efforts of Ritter and his successors, much doubt has remained as to the place which belongs to Physical Geography in the total plan or scheme of the science. But, oddly enough, there has been a great deal of looseness as to that part of it which one would have thought most easily defined. Historical Geography, as distinct from Physical, can only mean a study of the changes concerning the earth occasioned by those forces of which the operation is traceable by historical evidence: in a word, the changes concerning the earth which are due to man acting in those communities—nation, State, Church, etc.—of which history preserves the memory and demonstrates the operation. Historical Geography does not mean a certain amount of historical facts conveniently distributed according to geographical divisions; in a word, Historical Geography does not, as a great many honest people seem to think, signify

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geographical history, which, as a matter of course, must form an integral part of our elementary historical teaching. Ritter perceived this, and his clear insight into the purposes of his own science—while it gave a certain severity to his method and might even seem to lower the dignity of Geography by treating it as the study of the earth from the point of view of the earth—in reality not only prevented him from poaching too largely upon his neighbour's manor (for which, after all, eager sportsmen may now and then be pardoned), but taught him how to protect his own. When, in 1859, he died, at the age of eighty years—after remaining almost to the last in good health, and attesting the tranquil vigour of his mind by the firm piety of his end—he left the science to which he had devoted his life assured of an influence upon civilisation and upon the progress of mankind largely due to his individual efforts.

In conclusion, while apologising to you for the inadequacy of my address, both to its subject and to its occasion, I should like to try to put into two or three sentences the idea that prompted me in choosing a theme which I still think might, in better qualified hands, have proved not wholly unprofitable. The place of Geography in university education will not be determined by a modification of the current system of examinations, by requiring a little more knowledge of Physical Geography here, and a more intelligent and familiar use of the political atlas there. It will be determined by the energy and genius of those students and observers—of whom there are not a few among us at this day—who have so entered into the very heart, and so identified themselves with the very essence, of this subject, that with

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them everything they learn contributes to geographical knowledge, and assimilates itself to geographical study. Such leaders, at once aspiring and inspiring, every science wants, and such leaders it must borrow on occasion. How such a leader is formed, it might, perhaps, have been possible to show by examples nearer at hand than that to which I have today ventured to ask you to turn your attention. But I know none more to the purpose than that of the Founder of Modern Comparative Geography. A mind comprehensive enough and an energy many-sided enough to address itself to the studies of Natural Science, of Language, and of History, with equal zeal and sympathy; a capacity for taking pains, possessing itself from the very first of the technical and mechanical acquirements, without which a science containing in it so much of an art will almost invariably refuse to be conquered; a literary faculty which had strengthened itself by the best examples, but did not imagine its function to be that of absorbing all other faculties; a lifelong devotion always intent upon building solidly, without any fear lest the time should not come for crowning the edifice; and a genius humane enough to perceive in all true science its noblest, that is to say, its educational aspect—such seem to me the elements which should make up, as in Karl Ritter they made up, a true Professor of Geography.

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18. ERNST CURTIUS

(*The Edinburgh Review*, April, 1904.)

THE filial piety was well advised which preferred that the late Professor Ernst Curtius, a scholar in whose fame all lovers of Greek history and culture may claim an interest, should himself tell the story of his life and labours[1]. To the English public, the best known of his works is his *History of Greece*, which is entitled by distinctive merits of its own to hold a place in our libraries by the side of the great works of Thirlwall and Grote, and which has not been superseded by the labours of his German successors in the same field. The diversity of the merits to which we have referred may be illustrated by the fact that no two English scholars more warmly welcomed the publication of Ernst Curtius's book than the late E. A. Freeman and the late Matthew Arnold. Freeman was no doubt specially attracted by the German historian's singular power of tracing the mutual relations between "Land and People," in which he found both the starting-point of his theme and the key to many of its later developments. Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, welcomed in the work the first sustained endeavour to set forth the essential characteristics of Hellenic art as the most adequate expression of Hellenic religious and national life, more especially in such a section as that on "The Years of Peace." But

[1] *Ernst Curtius*. Ein Lebensbild in Briefen. Herausgegeben von Friedrich Curtius. Berlin, Julius Springer, 1903.

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the results which Curtius formulated with so measured a grace in his *History*, he had matured by long years of research and travel; and, in the later part of his life, his labours as an archæologist bore much invaluable fruit for our knowledge of the actual monuments of Greek antiquity. For recalling these achievements in their connexion with his personal biography, the ample collection of his familiar letters now printed by his son sufficed; nor can we feign regret that he should himself have failed to preserve many of the letters addressed to him, and thus have avoided the risk of being lost among his correspondents. To this rule, however, he, naturally enough, made one exception. The present volume contains a large number, possibly all, of the letters written to him by the late Emperor Frederick, after the close of their prolonged intercourse as tutor and pupil.

The life of Ernst Curtius was one on which it was fit that a full and concentrated light should fall. His humanism was of a type uncommon enough in this later age, and unlikely to become more common in future generations. It was rooted, not only in the love of classical studies for their own sake, but also in devotion to art, and in the conviction which, rightly or wrongly, Curtius believed to be the pervading principle of the highest Hellenic life: that the highest function of art is the service of religion. To this conviction Curtius bore repeated testimony in the addresses, delivered generally before University or Academy, in which it was his wont to reveal many of his profoundest thoughts and highest aspirations, and to which we propose to refer occasionally in the following pages as illustrating passages in the record of his life supplied by his

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letters[1]. Curtius, who never ceased to draw inspiration from Hellenic conceptions and ideas, loved, though master of a ready pen, to exemplify in his own practice the preference of the Greeks for the spoken rather than the written word. The potency of Greek literature—the model of all later literatures—rested, he declared, essentially on the fact that it so long remained free from the influence of writing[2]. For himself, while as a writer consistently seeking to combine clearness with ease and grace, he was, apart from his academical teaching proper, indefatigable in the practice of public speech, not on topics of ephemeral interest, but on the very things which were nearest to him as a historical scholar and lover of art.

Ernst Curtius was born at Lübeck on September 2, 1814, as the third son of Syndic Karl Georg Curtius. When looking back, seventy-nine years later, on the harmonious and, as he thought, divinely ordered course of his life, he said that it was rooted fast in the home of his youth and the city of his birth. "Such a city as Lübeck cannot but awaken the historic sense. Under the mighty impression of its ecclesiastical edifices, one grows conscious of the real nature of the impulses and forces that render the human mind capable of the loftiest achievements." Lübeck was, at the time of Curtius's birth, only the shadow of her former self. As the Head of the Hansa, she had long held a foremost place among the cities of the north, and her commercial

[1] These addresses, with a few occasional papers, are collected in the three volumes published by him under the appropriate title of *Alterthum und Gegenwart* (Berlin, 1892–5).

[2] See *Wort und Schrift* (1859) in *A. u. G.*, vol. I.

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and political importance had for a time survived the decay of the great League. She still bore in her coat of arms the Imperial double eagle—a symbol befitting "the most German of German towns," in which character she was at a later date saluted by the Emperor William; and, when the stranger passed into her streets through the quaint *Holstenthor*, her *Rathhaus* still recalled to him the magnificence that had surrounded even the beginning of her decline; while amidst her high-browed houses still stood conspicuous the noble *Marienkirche* with its two lofty spires; the Minster containing Memling's triptych and the great carved stalls of the Bergen and Scania traders; and the churches of St James and St Catharine, near which latter young Curtius went to school in the Catharineum[1]. But, of all the straits through which the venerable city had passed since the days of Henry the Lion and Frederick Barbarossa, the sorest were those of the times not long preceding the date of Ernst Curtius's birth. In these, his own father had been a prominent sufferer. Karl Georg Curtius[2] was the son of a medical man of Livonian descent, who had settled at Lübeck about the middle of the 18th century[3]. After entering early into the service of the Free City, he in 1801 became Junior Syndic (one of the Counsel, or in point of fact Ministers, of the Senate). But the long period

[1] Those interested in Lübeck and its antiquities may be referred to the admirably illustrated monograph on his native city by the late Adolf Holm, who followed in the footsteps of Curtius, and acquired a high reputation for himself as historian of Sicily and Greece.

[2] See *Karl Georg Curtius, Doctor der Rechte, Syndicus der freien und Hanse-Stadt Lübeck*, by Dr Wilhelm Plessing. Lübeck, 1860.

[3] Of Karl Werner Curtius, of Narva, a biographical account was published at Lübeck soon after his death in 1795. See the *Dörpt'sche Zeitung* (*Dorpat Journal*), January 28th–30th, 1870.

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up to his death in 1857—during which he filled that office was interrupted by the seven years of suffering that followed on the catastrophe of Jena. Syndic Curtius, who had done his best to serve his native city under the French rule, on the first rising of Prussia and Northern Germany against it became a member of the Provisional Government at Lübeck; but, the town being reoccupied by the Danes and French, he had to take flight, and was put under the ban of the empire. Not till the close of 1813 could he return to Lübeck, to the preservation of whose independence he largely contributed in the negotiations brought to a close at Vienna. The ensuing years, during which it fell to him to conduct the foreign affairs of the Free City as well as to superintend its educational institutions, were a period of stagnation here, as elsewhere in Germany. But Ernst Curtius's father was one of those who neither forget the past nor despair of the future; and, later in his official life, he had the happiness of being associated with his second son (Theodor), to whose exertions Lübeck was to be largely indebted for the return of prosperity to her walls.

Ernst Curtius, though the course of his own life led him into different spheres of activity, was, as will be seen, indirectly to render important service to the welfare of his native city, the thought of which was at all times and seasons present to his mind. During his first visit to Athens, he is found speculating on the possibility of a commercial connexion between the Trave and the Piræeus by means of the importation of woodwork. Often he deplored the decay of "the old, mournful city" of his birth; and, on a visit to Bruges, in 1844, he describes it as "the Belgian Lübeck, solemn

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and beautiful in her widowed pride, a city of medieval palaces, where everything has changed, except the ceaseless ringing of bells, and the works of architectural and pictorial art." Rather later (1853), he speaks with a kindly irony of the antiquated ways of the old place; nor was it till some twenty years afterwards that he could rejoice in its revival, resembling that of "an aged oak, which of a sudden sprouts forth fresh branches." And he was always equally ready to acknowledge the personal debt which he and his brothers owed to their good father, who had anxiously fostered in them the love of culture, and of classical scholarship in especial, and to whom shortly before his death the historian of Greece read aloud the just completed first volume of his book. The Syndic, moreover, took a lively interest in art, and among its professors the eminent Lübeck painter, Overbeck, who occupies a position of his own in the history of modern German art, owed him much encouragement. Nor should it remain unnoticed that the elder Curtius, whose early manhood had fallen in times when a very thin partition divided the bounds of enlightenment and infidelity, in his later years became a devout believer, and had to weather a little storm of obloquy in consequence. "My father," writes Ernst Curtius, "brought up his four sons in the evangelical fear of God, and in the old German ways of life; so that to us the one seemed inseparable from the other." The religious convictions to which Ernst remained true through life—at Paris, at Rome, and at Athens we find him bearing himself with perfect simplicity as a devout Protestant Christian—were deepened in his boyish days by the influence of his eldest brother, Paul Werner,

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who taught him much besides Hebrew[1]. When, in 1838, the news of the death of this brother reached Ernst at Athens, he was inconsolable, and recalled Paul's frequent saying, that the time had come for all teachers to use their opportunity of testifying to their faith. Ernst hoped that for himself, too, this opportunity would some day arise: nor can he be said to have missed it, at least in the spirit of much of his teaching. "Hebraism" and "Hellenism" were not from his point of view conflicting forces or tendencies. Christianity, he said, was "called upon to overcome the world, even the heathen world....But this overcoming is not to be an expulsion, as it were, of dæmonic forces that must be driven out in order to make room for the Divine Spirit[2]."

But, though such influences made the youth hesitate for a time whether to choose theology as his life's study, they could not prevail against other early impressions. He relates how, when he was a schoolboy in one of the lower forms of the Catharineum, the coloured covers of his exercise-books, which depicted Marco Bozzaris and the fireships of the Hydriotes, turned his imagination to the sufferings of the Greek people, and how the headmaster boxed his ears on his confessing that he had started in his class a subscription for the Greeks. At Bonn, whither he went as a university student in 1833, he was, however, still undecided as to his choice of a faculty, and intent only on securing that breadth of philosophic culture which is the basis of all true

[1] An interesting brief notice of this brother, a pupil of K. I. Nitzsch, Neander, and Schleiermacher, appeared in the *Neue Lübische Blätter* (IV, Jahrg. No. 40, 1838). He died as pastor of Altengamme in the Vierlande.

[2] *Die Kunst der Hellenen*, in *A. u. G.*, vol. I.

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learning. Curtius was afterwards to have reason for regretting how few young scholars or men of science are, even in Germany, allowed to address themselves to the studies of their choice with similar deliberation[1]; as for young Englishmen, the incomparable examination system of our Universities has contrived to put any hesitancy of the kind quite out of the question. Apparently, none of the Bonn philological professors exercised a commanding influence upon the young student, though "old Welcker" (as he was so long called) was then in his prime, and could not but communicate to an intelligent hearer some of his own rather diffuse enthusiasm. Music was one of Curtius's favourite diversions; but in the musical festival which he attended at Düsseldorf he naïvely desiderated that *Festweihe* which a year or two later he again missed in the first Court function witnessed by him at Berlin, and which he afterwards in a very original address showed to be characteristic of Greek σχολή[2]. He cherished no illusions as to the then prevalent dissipations of German student life; his own friends at Bonn were few, though he formed an intimacy, which lasted through many years, with Nicolaus Delius, of Bremen, afterwards eminent as a Shakespeare scholar.

At Göttingen, whither Curtius passed on in the autumn of 1834, his vocation was finally determined by the great scholar whose name was to be associated enduringly with his own. Karl Ottfried Müller, as Curtius tells us, led him

[1] See the attractive "Erinnerungen an Ernst Curtius" contributed by Professor L. Gurlitt to Bursian's *Biogr. Jahrb. für Alterthumskunde* (XXIV, Jahrg. 1901).

[2] See *Arbeit und Musse* (1875) in *A. u. G.*, vol. I.

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to an enthusiastic study of ancient Greek life. On the "Göttinger Wall" I recited the Odes of Pindar, which Müller had made to live for me; and I became a familiar of the temple-halls of the Acropolis.

In other words, the archæological side of classical studies, more particularly in its relation to religious art, for the first time enchained his attention; and he carried the love of these studies with him to Berlin, where he spent the third and last year of his student's life, and where, as he says, he turned with special preference to that branch of archæology which concerns the religious life of the Greeks, and its expression in oral and in plastic art. In the former connexion, it may be noticed that Greek oratory was a subject which for a time interested him hardly less than Greek architecture and sculpture. As a student at Berlin, he eagerly devoted himself to the study of the Attic orators[1]. On the other hand, the vases in the Berlin Museum were a new inspiration to him. But, already, he wished for something more than the study of such isolated collections; and this something more was to come to him with unexpected suddenness.

In a forcible passage of an address on "Greece Ancient and Modern," delivered in 1872[2], Curtius dwells on the advantages attaching to the study *in loco* of classical landscape and its phenomena, and above all of the monuments which remain as the living witnesses of the past in a placing and grouping either actually visible or determinable by the trained eye. "And for

[1] Although there is no branch of Greek literature that has of recent years been more fully treated by both German and English scholars than Attic oratory, the survey of the subject in the last volume of Curtius's *History of Greece* seems to us of rare excellence.

[2] See *A. u. G.*, vol. I.

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the study of the monuments of classical antiquity no other spot in the world equals the citadel of Athens." The opportunity of thus developing and perfecting his classical studies was offered to him, when on the point of taking his degree, by an invitation from Professor Christian August Brandis to accompany him to Greece as tutor of his boys. Brandis had formerly acted as Secretary of Legation at Rome under Niebuhr (in which post he was succeeded by Bunsen), and had since been Professor at Bonn, where his work in ancient Greek philosophy had added to the lustre of the university. But he was now, for private reasons, glad to accept an offer, made through the mediation of Schelling, that he should settle for a time in Greece, there to deliver lectures to the young King Otto, and fill a chair in the *Panepistimion* at Athens ("the first modern philosopher who ever took up his abode in the city where Plato and Aristotle had taught")[1]. The family party, accompanied by Curtius, set off in January 1837, in a "post-omnibus," on their wintry journey from Frankfort to Ancona—then the only port in Europe which had a steamboat communication with the Greek shores. The vehicle was arranged in three rows of seats, and family prayers, the

[1] See the memorial tribute to Chr. A. Brandis and A. Boeckh in *A. u. G.*, vol. II. Brandis's third son, Johannes, the youngest of Curtius's pupils at Athens, was afterwards well known in England, where he was for some time private secretary to Bunsen, and greatly assisted him in some of his later historical and chronological labours. After making his mark as an Assyriologist and, by his numismatical and epigraphical work relative to the study of the antiquities of Asia Minor and Cyprus, Johannes Brandis was in 1857 recommended by Curtius as private secretary to the Princess of Prussia (afterwards Empress Augusta), who had desired a scholar for the post. He died in 1873, and was commemorated by Curtius in a notice in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, reprinted in *A. u. G.*, vol. II.

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studies of the day, and musical diversions were regularly carried on with the same assiduity. Before joining the party, Curtius had received a friendly send-off at Kiel, from Professor Forchhammer, then beginning to be known as a travelled classical scholar of "advanced" views[1].

Greece, when Curtius first visited it, was still a new-born kingdom, though the Greeks already seemed to have forgotten their quite recent past. For, had it been otherwise, so the young stranger thought, he could not have found among them "so much shallowness and vanity, so much deceit and falsehood, so little serious purpose, and so little love." But we are not here concerned with the prospects in those intriguing days of the "fine-mannered and modest" King Otto and his "gentle Queen," or with the effects, into which Curtius saw more clearly, of the obscurantist tendencies of the Orthodox clergy. Nor can we dwell on his judicious discernment, on the other hand, of the redeeming qualities of the modern Greeks, or on the distinction which he came to draw between the "mixed population" of Hellas proper and the purer breed to be found in the northern provinces still subject to Turkish rule. His mind was, of course, chiefly occupied with the ancient remains, and with the measures taken for their preserva-

[1] Curtius afterwards saw Forchhammer at Athens, when on his way from Egypt, and with him paid a visit to the Attic *mesogaia*, where the intelligent demesmen took the good professor for a monk, "because of his whiskers." Curtius formed a very just estimate of the meteorological mythology developed by Forchhammer in his *Hellenika*, and elsewhere. Forchhammer remained Professor at Kiel from 1836 to 1894, being long identified with a loyal and unselfish devotion to the claims of the House of Augustenburg, which brought him no favour from either the Danish or the Prussian Government.

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tion and for the discovery of further treasures. In the work of excavation, the Greek Government, chiefly no doubt from want of funds, was still proceeding slowly. On the Acropolis, periods of activity were succeeded by others in which next to nothing was done; and, down below, the Street of Tombs, with its pathetic domestic revelations, had been only in part laid bare[1]. Brandis's house, near the Temple of Æolus (whence the family afterwards migrated to Cephisia among the olive-groves, and—probably for the summer sea-bathing—to the Piræeus), soon became a favourite meeting-place for the learned world of Athens. Here were to be met a few natives, such as the erudite "gymnasiarch" Gennadios, together with domesticated strangers such as Ross[2] and Finlay, and Leaf of the Bible Society, and visitors such as the illustrious geographer Karl Ritter. In the company of the last-named, Curtius undertook his first Greek ride, in October 1837, coming up with him at Eleusis[3], and thence proceeding to Megara, Corinth, and Sicyon, just beyond whose ancient walls

there suddenly lies spread out before your eyes the richest of valleys, into which a steep road leads down, with a pavement dating in part from the days of antiquity. A rivulet ripples audibly through the densest foliage of myrtle, oleander, arbutus, and planes; coming from the bare hills of Attica, one seems to have entered a magic land.

[1] One of the most interesting of the *trouvailles* made about this time was the wellknown *Stele* of Ariston.

[2] Curtius subsequently visited this "wealthy Scottish nobleman," as he amusingly calls him, at his house near Aphidnæ, where he met the celebrated Armenian, Mrs Finlay, who for some years survived her distinguished husband, one of the truest friends of Greece.

[3] Eleusis was, of course, repeatedly visited by Curtius during this and later visits to Athens. He writes (in 1883) that he had spent

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They passed on to the valley of Nemea, where still stood a few (they are now, we think, still fewer) columns of the temple of Zeus, and Mycenæ, Argos, and Tiryns to Nauplia and Epidaurus. Curtius's second journey, made with Count Wolf Baudissin, afterwards known by his interest in Shakespearean studies, first introduced him to Peloponnesus and to Olympia, with which his name was at a later date to be so memorably associated. But as yet—though the French had already dug up the foundations of the temple at Olympia—there was little more to be done there than,

with the aid of Pausanias and of one's own imagination, to adorn the valley as it was adorned of old. It is wide and pleasant, but not very distinguished...yet it was a pleasure to me to recite Pindaric Odes on the Kronion, and to picture to myself the long lines of horses and mules arriving from all points of the compass. But Baudissin and I found the atmosphere so oppressive that we grew faint and tired. It remains all but incredible that in this low-lying district in the hottest season of the year the Greeks could walk, and run, and wrestle as they did[1].

whole weeks at Eleusis, of old "the supplement of Athens, a small, quite antique family polity, in whose sanctuaries, as newly discovered inscriptions show, an inner sense of religion found nourishment, in notable contrast to the distracted polytheism around." See also "Athens and Eleusis" in vol. III of *A. u. G.* (1884), where, from the psephism of 445–4 B.C., then recently discovered, he draws far-reaching deductions with regard to the conservative element in Pericles's later policy, as illustrated by this attempt to strengthen the relations between Athens and Eleusis and the worship of Demeter.

[1] Writing from Athens in 1874 Curtius insists on the view that the climate of Attica has in the course of time undergone essential changes. "On this dry soil, in this dry glow of the sun, the Athenians could not have worked so hard. At Tattoi [the King's country-seat above Athens] one has an inkling of the sort of climate the Athenians used to enjoy."

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He made several other trips during his Greek sojourn: one to the Northern Cyclades—where, as in many of the Greek islands, were to be found a prosperity and activity unknown to most of the mainland, coupled with a charming simplicity and kindliness of manners—anchoring on the way out as the full moon shone on Cape Sunium and its white columns of marble, and continuing the voyage in the morning to Ceos, and thence to Tenos and Delos—

> Sacred, venerated Delos!—that has befallen her which she feared would befall should the god Apollo desert her: she has become the most solitary and despised of all the isles. Nay, worse—the quarantine has been set up there for all ships infected with the plague.

Another trip took him by land to Parnassus and Delphi; and yet another, in the company of his school-friend Emmanuel Geibel[1], by way of Syra to the marble island

[1] Not long after Curtius had taken up his duties as a private tutor at Athens, Emmanuel Geibel came out there to be employed in the same capacity in a wealthy Fanariote family. The young poet rather resented his bonds, but found solace in the company of his old school-fellow, and they signalised their Hellenic communings by publishing a volume of Translations from the classics in the ancient metres with their joint names (Bonn, 1840). Geibel left Greece before Curtius; but his stay there contributed to mature that sense of moderation and self-restraint which is characteristic of his lightfooted muse. (See Curtius's reminiscences of his friend, *A. u. G.*, vol. III.) The two often met in Berlin, where a play by Geibel (afterwards published under the title of "*Meister*" *Andrea*) was performed before the King, Prince Frederick William (afterwards Emperor Frederick) being among the actors. Geibel finally settled down at Lübeck, where, in the house of Theodor Curtius, he, in 1868, presented to King William of Prussia a copy of verses expressive of a wish that the Prussian eagle might extend his flight over the whole of Germany. For this, the poet lost his Bavarian pension, but gained a Prussian one.

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of Paros, and to Naxos. The records of this latter voyage are curious, because Curtius's stay at Naxos inspired him with an interest in a much-neglected period of Greek history. We wish that we had space to extract his account of the decline and fall of the dukedom of Naxos, which he has elsewhere supplemented by the melancholy tale of the fate of the young descendant of the ducal Coronello family, a beautiful and intelligent boy whom he found on the island, with his relations, in a condition of hopeless poverty[1]. The thought of collecting in the Archipelago materials for a history of medieval Greece, more especially in the Frank period, recurred to Curtius on his way home at Venice, where he was, however, more effectively interested in the unexpected abundance of ancient Greek sculptures, including a colossal head, manifestly from the pediment of the Parthenon.

Not long after Curtius's return from Naxos, hopes were raised in him, which early in April 1840, were fulfilled by the arrival at Athens of the man whom he venerated as the foremost living master of Greek historical and archæological learning. The interest with which Curtius looked forward to Karl Ottfried Müller's visit to Greece was enhanced by the encouragement extended by the great Göttingen Professor to a project which had for some time occupied his former pupil's mind. The wider scheme had developed out of a notion

[1] See the address on "Naxos" in *A. u. G.*, vol. III. An Englishman, compassionating the boy, proposed to take him to London and educate him there; but the Naxian clergy saved him out of the hands of the heretic, and by way of compensation settled that he should every morning pull the bell at the gate of the Lazarist monastery, and receive the dole of a loaf of bread.

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of "revising and rewriting Leake[1]" into the plan of an independent work on the historical and archæological topography of Greece, and in the first instance of Peloponnesus; and this portion was to be published in the following year. Ottfried Müller arrived in high spirits, bringing with him, as he said, "a sackful of big raisins," i.e. original ideas, and accompanied by a skilled archæologist (Dr Schöll) and a draughtsman. He at once claimed Curtius as an additional associate for his projected researches, and, in the true spirit of scholarship, made him free as to the use of all or any of the expected results. Three weeks the great scholar spent with his younger friend at Athens, where fortunately the Acropolis excavations happened to be actively progressing; and then, in May, they set forth on a short trip to Megara, and thence to Argos, Sparta, Olympia, and Arcadia. Though they returned to Athens in the heat of June, everything had gone well; and Müller was so full of energy that after a rest of ten days he and his two *aides*, with Curtius once more by their side, were on horseback again on their way to Delphi, an examination of whose site and remains had from the first been one of the chief objects of Müller's Greek expedition. The spring had been wet and cold, and this led him to contemn the power of the summer sun, which had suddenly blazed

[1] Leake's *Travels to the Morea* corresponds in range to Ernst Curtius's *Peloponnesos*, which actually appeared in 1851–2; his *Topography of Athens* bears a similar relation to the work which formed the crown of Curtius's labours. Of William Martin Leake's deserts a full appreciation will be found in vol. II of *A. u. G.*, all the more notable since the *Letters* contain a remark or two about English archæological research and "English guineas" not quite worthy of the writer, and certainly inapposite at the present day, when in this country the "guineas" do not flow very abundantly for such purposes.

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forth at its fiercest. On June 30, 1840, the party quitted Athens, and on July 5 they reached Thebes, where they halted for a rest. They then continued their journey round the shore of Lake Copaïs, choosing their night-quarters with great care on rising ground, and on one occasion only, when near Orchomenos (one of the places Müller had been most anxious to visit), sleeping in the vicinity of the morass. They then ascended again, and, after crossing the declivities of the Kallidromos, and passing Thermopylæ and Heraclea, rode down Mount Œte into the land of the Dorians, whose history Müller had rewritten in his masterpiece. Up to this point in the tour he had shown a certain amount of lassitude; but, when after a short stay at Salona the party reached Delphi, he was prepared to spend eight days there in active excavation work. The first days of Müller's Delphic sojourn were, in the words of his companion, "the last unclouded days of his life."

In the midst of his work in the fosse, where he cowered in a trying position, in order to copy the inscription on the corner-stone of the wall, and refused to allow Curtius to take his place, the physical powers of the great scholar gave way. On the following day, he made a futile attempt to resume work; and on the 24th the party left Delphi for Lebadea. Here, he refused medical aid; but, on the 27th, it became necessary to move on towards Athens by the shortest route. At Thespiæ, he was still able to make some entries in his journal concerning the marble reliefs in the ruins; but, when the party reached Platææ, he fell to the ground in the inn, the hand of death already visibly upon him. Next morning, they propped him on his horse, but had

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to carry him for most of the two and a half hours' journey which they still had to accomplish through the wild solitudes of the Cithæron, before at Kasa (Eleutheræ) they made the highroad from Thebes to Athens. At Kasa, the sick man had a night's rest, and in the morning King Otto's physician arrived, with the most comfortable of the royal carriages, sent by the King. On the 30th, Athens was reached, and three other physicians were immediately in attendance. But the malign fever prevailed; and on the following afternoon Ottfried Müller breathed his last. He was in his forty-third year. They buried him in Colonos, where the hill

rises gently out of the fair plain; the view including on the one side the olive-gardens of the ancient Academy, and on the other covering, without any intervening obstacle, the city of Athens and her harbours;

and, as Curtius related at a later date,

while following him to the grave I vowed to myself that, so far as it lay with me, I would make good what the cause of learning had so prematurely lost in him[1].

Curtius's farewell to Greece was not delayed for long after the death of his illustrious master. Before his departure, he found time for one more excursion—a sail on a royal cutter to the island of Paros, where the Poseidonion recalls the death of Demosthenes, whose personality stands forth with so singular a moral grandeur in the last volume of the *History*. The parting

[1] The narrative in Curtius's *Letters*, which we have only been able to summarise quite briefly, of Müller's last journey and death was afterwards reproduced by him in a paper published in *A. u. G.*, vol. II, together with a speech delivered by him in 1880 at the unveiling of Müller's statue in the entrance-hall of the Berlin Museum.

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from Greece went very near to his heart; and, when he left Athens, on a dark November night in 1840, he felt as if he were being dragged away by dæmonic forces—or, the metaphor varying, like a parcel despatched into space. The homeward journey—Rome above all, and Venice, and even the sudden immersion in the "repose of old Bavaria"—brought him many new experiences of interest; but nothing could henceforth efface from his mind the impression left there by Hellas.

"Now," he wrote on his return to quiet Lübeck, "I intend to work on tranquilly. As to myself, I feel that an entirely new life has come into my study of antiquity. My conceptions of Hellas are like clear rivulets, with which I keep the field of my philology fresh and green. I now take a *human* interest in all questions that concern the life of antiquity in nature and in art."

In October, 1841, Curtius again took up his abode at Berlin, in order to complete his doctor's dissertation and take his degree at Halle, where he seems to have had some intention of "habilitating" himself. Among his professorial friends at Berlin, there was a general consensus as to the melancholy future awaiting any one who set up as a *Privatdocent*; and even Ranke sapiently pointed out that "the academic career, though the safest of all careers, requires a vast deal of patience." During this trying period of his life, Ernst Curtius was solaced by the company of his younger brother Georg, who was preparing his doctor's dissertation on the Greek noun, while Ernst was at work on his about the Athenian harbours. After they had been both approved for their degrees, Ernst held assistant-mastership in the Joachimsthal and in the French Gymnasium at Berlin, while Georg was appointed to a similar post in the wellknown

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Vitzthum-Blochmann Institute at Dresden. But Georg was more exclusively than his elder brother attracted to the work of an academical teacher, and began as *Privatdocent* at Berlin the career which, as Professor at Prague (from 1848) and afterwards at Kiel and Leipzig, he continued with so conspicuous a success. In the last-named University, where he taught for the last twenty-two years of his life, he became the centre and the inspiration of the strongest philological school in Europe. He died in 1885[1].

[1] See Ernst Curtius's preface to Georg Curtius's *Ausgewählte Reden und Vorträge* (Leipzig, 1886), on philological and cognate topics, dedicated to the Empress Augusta; and cf. E. Windisch, *Georg Curtius* (Berlin, 1887). Georg Curtius was not one of the founders of comparative philology, but belonged to the generation that succeeded them. He drew his material largely from Bopp and Pott; he was inspired by the acute investigations of Wilhelm von Humboldt, and he followed on the lines of Jacob Grimm. It was not so much the study of language in the abstract which attracted him; still less was it his object to accumulate the knowledge of one language after another, like a Mezzofanti. His aim was rather to study his beloved Greek language, in all its stages and dialects, with the minutest accuracy and in the light which he could bring to bear on it from the most various sources. His brother Ernst described him as "the first who methodically utilised the results of comparative philology for the classical languages; he will be one of the last who have united the nearly developed science of language to classical scholarship in so full a measure on both sides that they could in German Universities represent both Greek literature and comparative grammar." Though Georg Curtius was by no means devoid of the power of ingenious combination and bold speculation, few men have kept more distinct from one another formal fact and ingenious conjecture. His effort was always to extend the reign of law, although, to the very last, he was obliged to leave whole outlying provinces to anarchy. It was an irony of fate that, in the comparatively short interval between the publication of the first and second editions of the *Principles*, discoveries were made which changed cosmos into chaos, and made the most consistent of philologists appear for the time the champion of absolute license. None the less, his had been the fortune which

Fortune shaped Ernst's career differently from that of his brother Georg, though both had the same ultimate goal. In June 1843, while still engaged in schoolwork—of which he would never allow the importance to be underrated—he habilitated himself as *Privatdocent* at Berlin, after sending in a dissertation on Delphi. He began his course in Attic topography with the respectable number of twenty to thirty entries. But the first conspicuous success achieved by him was "non-gremial." In those days—the best days of Frederick William IV, of whose refining and ennobling influence the memory has unhappily been obscured by the political troubles in which he was to be involved—Berlin was more than ever intent upon the pleasures of intellect; and, *inter alia*, the indefatigable Friedrich von Raumer had recently organised a cycle of high-class popular lectures, which were delivered in the *Singakademie*, and which survived the inevitable academical ridicule[1]. Ernst Curtius delivered one of these lectures, taking for his subject the Acropolis, to an audience of some one thousand five hundred persons, including the King and Queen, the Princess of Prussia (afterwards Empress Augusta), and the usual "*élite* of Berlin society." A witty account of the affair was sent home to Lübeck by Kurd von Schloezer, whose sister had just married Ernst's brother Theodor, and who afterwards became

any true teacher would desire—to see his teaching superseded by pupils whom he had trained and who worked on lines which he had laid down.

[1] "Savigny," writes Curtius, "called the lectures a spoken penny magazine. The first lecture treated certain of the less known mammals of Southern Africa. The ladies took copious notes, and when going home were in the peculiar situation of knowing something about the unknown, and nothing about the known, mammals."

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Prussian Minister at the Vatican. The King's attention had been directed to the proposed lecture by Alexander von Humboldt, whose acquaintance Curtius had recently made, and whose ready kindness should be remembered, together with the energy and versatility of his genius, long after certain weaknesses which these *Letters* too do not leave unnoticed have been forgotten. There must have been something sympathetic to Frederick William IV in the eloquence of the young archæologist, who, in sending a copy of his printed lecture to his favourite cousin, Victorine Boissonnet, at Lübeck, could beg her to tell him quite candidly how she liked the taste of his archæology. "You have an open mind for art, as I like to conceive of her in antiquity also—the handmaid of divine service, the expression of religious worship."

But, while Curtius was speculating on the possibilities of the University of Berlin and his career there, his lecture on the Acropolis had a wholly unexpected personal result. Some time in the following year, 1844, the Princess of Prussia, who, as we saw, had been one of his hearers, thought of securing his services for the instruction of her only son, Prince Frederick William (as the future Emperor Frederick was then called), a boy in the fourteenth year of his age. The Prince's French tutor (Frédéric Godet, of Neuchâtel) was on the point of leaving. After some negotiations, Curtius, in July 1844, accepted the offer of the post of tutor to the Prince, the excellent General von Unruh retaining that of military governor. Curtius recognised the importance for himself of the step which he had thus, after much reflexion, taken, and the sacrifices which it involved for

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his work as a scholar; he also, be it said to his honour, recognised from the first its importance for his royal pupil. He had been apprised that

> the Prince is of a soft temperament, capable of great devotion and affectionately sympathetic, but also inclined to violent outbursts of temper. It is of incalculable moment who is his companion from the present time to his eighteenth year.

And the sense of the importance of the task undertaken by him was enhanced after his first longer interview with the Prince's mother. This volume contains many references to the future Empress Augusta, who (for obvious reasons) has experienced a treatment the reverse of generous in some of the records of the great events in which she played no unworthy part[1].

> "She cares," her son's new tutor wrote, "little for herself; and I think that the thought of at some time wearing the crown, and of how soon it will be that she will wear it, occupies her very little. But the question of her life is the education of her son. That he should grow up strong in mind and body, in order to be able to meet the enormous problems of the age, this is the constant subject of her thoughts. She lives entirely in the future of her son. She herself searches and chooses for him, and it is purely her personal confidence which places in my hands the conduct and completion of his education."

Curtius's correspondence with the Prince shows that the influence exercised by the elder man, which endured long after Telemachus ceased to have occasion for Mentor, was all for good. Of the last years of the Prince's boyhood we have occasional pleasant glimpses. We read how, in 1845, he paid a visit with his tutor to

[1] A just appreciation of her, more especially in connexion with the education of her son, will be found in an article by O. Kaemmel in the *Grenzboten* for October 1903.

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Lübeck, where he was much impressed by the churches and the famous Memling, but still more by the *déjeuners* at Theodor Curtius's house, and his own participation in them with the grown-ups. And again, how at Babelsberg the young Prince and twelve companions of his own age, "whom he outtopped one and all, as Diana did her nymphs," sang to Curtius's piano accompaniment of the song *Schleswig-Holstein meerumschlungen* —girt by the sea, not yet (much against the Prince's will, as we remember) swallowed up by Prussia. And we note the impression made upon the youth—then in his seventeenth year—by the humiliating events of March 1848, and of the subsequent month, when his father was driven as a fugitive to England, and returned undaunted, giving proof in these troublous times of his fitness for the great future in store for him. Curtius, whose personal property was temporarily sequestrated as belonging to a member of the Prince of Prussia's household, bore himself with great spirit during these trials; and, though he refused to join in the jeremiads which went up from nobility and officers at Potsdam, his experiences turned the born republican into a firmly convinced Constitutional monarchist. *More suo*, he found satisfaction in the thought that the Hellenes, with whom the monarchical principle was indigenous, never lost sight of it, until at last its saving force for national life was evolved by their historical and philosophical thinkers and teachers[1]. Of the young Prince's behaviour

[1] Compare with *Die Idee des Königthum's in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwickelung* (1874), in vol. I of *A. u. G.*, the interesting essay *Das Königthum bei den Alten* (1886), in vol. III of the same. What is there said concerning the monarchical principles of Isocrates and his School is developed in vol. III of the *History of Greece*.

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at a most trying stage of his career, Curtius wrote, about Christmas-time, 1848:—

"I cannot but think that the purity and nobility of his thoughts, his sincere piety, his openness to all human influences that are beautiful and elevated, his remarkable power of self-control and self-restraint, his immovable sense of justice, the *bourgeois* simplicity of his manners, and, finally, the delightful gift of gaining the hearts of all good men by look or speech—I cannot but think that all these gifts must become blessings for the nation at whose head he is destined to take his place. But, whatever may happen," he prophetically adds, "I may lay the certainty to my heart that he will bear any sad ill-fortune that may await him without guile and with noble self-command. The fate of Germany rests on his youthful head."

The Prince at no time pretended any special aptitude or ambition for great intellectual efforts; and it was to the young man's mind and character as a whole that the guidance of Curtius contributed to impart elevation and strength. The letters which, after he had left the Prince as a student at Bonn, he addressed to his former pupil on important occasions in his subsequent career, bear the uniform impress of a consistent endeavour to this end. The Prince's, the Crown-prince's, the Emperor's replies—all give evidence of the same grateful openness and simple modesty. The Prince makes no secret of his preferences and dislikes; he speaks with warm affection of his sister Princess Louisa (whom, on her marriage to the Grand-duke of Baden, Curtius congratulated with one of the effusions of his ready muse), and with some anxiety about his cousin Prince Lewis of Hesse, whom he met at Moscow in 1856. Curtius saw Prince Frederick William in the early days of his wedded happiness, and was told by the Prince of Prussia of his

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discovery "that he had himself a good deal to learn from the Princess Royal[1]." When, in 1862, the Crown-prince began to feel doubts as to the policy of his father, he wisely declined to speak out on the subject by letter; but, in the following year (1863), he writes from Inveraray Castle that he tries to keep out of the way as much as he can;

> because I will have nothing to do with Bismarck; and yet, so long as I can manage it, must avoid anything that might officially demonstrate an open rupture with the Government.

Then came the crisis of 1866; but, even after it had ended gloriously for Prussia, the Crown-prince expressed his dislike of the way in which that end had been reached:

> That this war had for a long time been a deliberate design of Bismarck's; indeed, that the whole process of making the domestic conflict more and more acute could only find its issue in such a solution: this had already become clear to me in the course of the winter....We drifted and drifted towards a violent catastrophe, which my father sought to prevent by all the personal resources at his command, without perceiving that others thought otherwise, and achieved what they intended.

The Crown-prince took a kindly interest in all the events of Curtius's private life; became godfather to his son; and after his final return to Berlin, as will be mentioned below, materially furthered his archæological work and researches. Higher hopes than ever were rested by Curtius upon the future of his princely friend, and it was in 1882 that, with his mind full of these, he

[1] It does not appear that the Prince of Prussia was present at the course of lectures on the English Constitution privately delivered to the young couple by that eminent authority, Professor Gneist.

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composed the speech on the "Mission of a Sovereign[1]." Alas! five years later—in May 1887—he had in writing to the Crown-prince to refer to his loss of voice, and cheerfully recalled to him his father's praise of his singing-powers in the old tutorship days. The Crown-prince answered not less cheerfully; but, when in November he wrote again from San Remo, he was too evidently hoping against hope. During his brief reign, the Emperor Frederick found time to thank Curtius by letter for his oratorical tribute to the memory of the late Emperor, and Curtius paid his former pupil one visit to Charlottenburg.

> He embraced me cordially. His bearing is admirable. His countenance shows a wonderfully affecting combination of dignity (*Hoheit*) with gentleness (*Milde*). Of course, conversation can only be carried on with much difficulty; it is not easy to read quickly the short pencil-notes.

The dread interval (*das unheimliche Provisorium*) was soon over; and on June 30, 1888, Curtius delivered a speech in memory of the Emperor Frederick in the *aula* of the University of Berlin, where on March 22 of the same year he had spoken in remembrance of the Emperor William[2].

Before returning to Curtius's own career, after he had ceased to be, at least primarily, what he calls "an edition of Curtius *in usum Delphini*," we cannot but advert to a special result of this connexion. Just after, in 1844, he had become tutor to the Prince, and at the same time an official of the Prussian State by qualifying

[1] *Der Beruf des Fürsten* in *A. u. G.*, vol. III.

[2] Both speeches are printed in vol. III of *A. u. G.* (*Unter drei Kaisern*).

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as a teacher in the Berlin University, he wrote as follows to his brother Theodor at Lübeck:

> A time will come when the welfare of our common country will depend on the sentiments entertained by non-Prussian Germany towards the Prussian State. Might our own activity also, and might our native city, not remain too long excluded from the vital interests of our country at large!

The words, though vague, had a real significance. Theodor Curtius (born in 1811, as the second son of his father) carried out the principle of action advocated by his brother Ernst, partly with the aid of the connexion formed by the latter with the Prussian royal family. To the patriotic insight and foresight of Theodor Curtius, more than of any other man, is attributable the new birth of the prosperity of his native city[1]. In June 1866, the Lübeck Senate on his motion refused its assent to the proposal for mobilisation brought forward in the Germanic Diet by Austria, and this action, being followed by Bremen, was also followed by Hamburg. Theodor Curtius may be said to have thus saved the political future of Lübeck; and neither Bismarck nor the King ever forgot the service rendered by her at a critical moment. In 1867, at the opening of the Reichstag, Queen Augusta rather naïvely told the Senator that she would gladly have seen his brother Ernst present as a

[1] See *Bürgermeister Curtius: Lebensbild eines hanseatischen Staatsmanns im 19 Jahrhundert.* Herausgegeben von Dr Paul Curtius (Berlin, 1902). Theodor Curtius was elected a Senator of Lübeck in 1846, and the first step towards the commercial recovery of the city was his success in securing, in the teeth of much opposition, especially on the part of Denmark, a concession for the Lübeck-Büchen railway. Of still greater importance was the opening, again largely due to his exertions, of the direct Lübeck-Hamburg railway in 1865.

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deputy; and in 1868, when the King was an honoured guest in Theodor's house, Ernst wrote to him:—

> It has been ordered by fate that both the King and his son have entered into so many personal relations with our house and our city; and, the less that we have sought them, the more we may rejoice in them, and hope to God that for the commonweal also they have not been without their use[1].

Early in 1850, Ernst Curtius, whose engagement in the royal service had lasted some five years and a half, once more established himself at Berlin, where he married. He had the title of Professor Extraordinarius; but his University prospects were not particularly encouraging. He was not, however, in the habit of fidgeting, and (in 1851) brought out the long-delayed first volume of his *Peloponnesos*. The death of his (first) wife in the summer of this year—very touching letters were written to him on the occasion by the Prince and Alexander von Humboldt—was a sudden blow; but, by the beginning of 1852, he had recovered sufficient energy to repeat, in a public lecture delivered in the presence of King Frederick William IV, the success which several years before had attended his lecture on the Acropolis. This time, the subject of his discourse was Olympia; and, though not much came immediately of the King's humorous announcement at the close of the lecture that nothing now remained but for him to

[1] It may be added that, by dint of great exertions, Theodor Curtius secured the adhesion of Lübeck to the Zollverein in 1867, and had the satisfaction of obtaining most favourable terms for the city. Bismarck had told him that the Prussian Government would always treat Lübeck as well as if it had been a Prussian town, and he kept his word in this and subsequent transactions. Theodor Curtius died in 1889, having filled the office of Burgomaster of Lübeck during three biennial periods from 1869 to 1874.

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go about with a bag and collect money for the cause, the seed had been sown which was to spring up into life nearly a quarter of a century later (1875). In the same year, 1852, the Berlin firm of Weidmann proposed to Curtius for their standard series—for which Mommsen was writing a *History of Rome*—a *History of Greece*; and with certain reservations (he had first to complete the editing of the final volume of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*[1]) he accepted the offer. In the same year he was elected a member of the Berlin Academy, and his wedding with his second wife was graced by the presence of the Prince. But there still seemed no prospect of an ordinary professorship for him at Berlin; and, when in 1856 he was offered the chair vacated at Göttingen by the death of Karl Friedrich Hermann, and formerly filled by Karl Ottfried Müller, he accepted it. An attempt to preserve him for Berlin on this occasion came too late; and it was thus at Göttingen that he, in 1857, actually saw through the press the first volume of the *History of Greece*, by which his name is most widely known. Notices of his five years' labours on this volume pervade his correspondence during those years. Perhaps none of them is more interesting than one, dated early in 1852, which unfolds in a few sentences the central idea of the remarkable second chapter of this volume (on "The Prehistoric Ages of the Hellenes"). After expressing his belief that the whole "idololatry" of Greece came to it from the valley of the Nile, he continues:—

> Of course, to explain the system of gods remains the most difficult task of all; and herein I can only proceed from the

[1] It appeared in 1856.

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principle that no people will deduce from the outside what is most proper and peculiar to itself—namely, its gods—unless led to such a conclusion by a decisive consciousness. After the Aryan inheritance has thus been modified by Egyptian culture, there come into play the distinctly more recent influences of Asia—partly by direct contact between Greek tribes and the Assyrians, who had at the same time admitted among themselves the Chaldæo-Babylonian civilisation, partly by the agency of the Phœnicians, who, more than any other people, surround, occupy, exploit, the Greek lands. Against this most potent of the influences from abroad there now ensues the strongest reaction. It is in this reaction that the Greek national consciousness arises; and with this, Greek history and the most ancient historical tradition begin.

In 1855, he is found at work on the Ionians before the Ionian migration, a portion of his first volume which he was afterwards to reconsider and rewrite. As he passed on to the history of Attica, though no part of his task had superior attractions for him, there was none of whose difficulties he was more keenly aware. This was particularly the case when he approached the history of the Attic Constitution, and had to examine such problems as the reforms of Kleisthenes. He cannot but have felt that, in this field more especially, his work would be compared, and perhaps contrasted, with that of his English predecessors; but of these he had taken his measure, rightly or wrongly, making no secret of his preference of Thirlwall to Grote. As to his own qualities as a Greek historian, we may content ourselves with citing from the volume before us the opinion of Jacob Bernays, who considered Curtius's gifts to lie in the direction of describing *res* rather than *res gestæ*, and Bunsen's word of praise, who happily called the *History*

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a "civilising book[1]." No doubt, this description was more especially warranted by the work in its later stages—above all by that picture of Periclean Athens in the second volume, where, as was fitting, the historian seems at the height of his endeavour. That his account of the Peloponnesian War is in part less satisfactory than that of the period of peace which preceded it may not be altogether the fault of the modern historian.

"Quite between ourselves," he writes to his brother Georg, "I have frequently felt very much annoyed with Thucydides. It is a mistake to set him up as a model of historiography. How many matters of primary importance he passes over in silence, while he narrates things altogether superficial (*äusserlich*) at the most circumstantial length! Why does he tell us nothing about the inner connexion of party intrigues, about the political views, e.g. of an Antiphon? How instructive it would be to come to know the theories of the Attic reactionaries and knights of the *Kreuzzeitung*!"

[1] Curtius, who visited Bunsen at Charlottenburg, near Heidelberg, in 1858, writes of him: "There can be no mistake whatever as to the grandeur of his nature. He stands at the very centre of the world, and endeavours with indefatigable zeal to solve the enigmas of the present and those of the most ancient past. Any and every question of theology and philosophy, of history and politics, excites his interest; and the youthful enthusiasm of the septuagenarian (for he is nearly such) is worthy of all admiration. To be sure, one cannot help feeling at the same time what he lacks of a great man, a "hero." He is the child of an age which, more than any previous one, ferments with a desire for knowledge, with ideas and intellectual interests, but which finds it difficult to mature a character complete in itself, a man formed all of the self-same metal." This is an admirable characterisation of a man of genius, to whom, as to his royal master and friend, imperfect justice has been done by a later generation. Bunsen's eldest son, the late Georg von Bunsen, a man of character if there ever was one, was associated with Curtius in later days at Berlin, where both were members of the select "Græca," or Greek Club.

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The third and, as it was to prove, the last volume of his *History of Greece*, was, like its two predecessors, brought out by Curtius during his Göttingen professoriate; the figures of both Epaminondas and Demosthenes had inspired him to perhaps his best work as a political historian; but he had found it troublesome to deal with the "scattered crumbs" of the small and historically insignificant incidents which intervene between the epochs of the Theban and of the Macedonian supremacy. In 1881 the *History* had reached its fifth German edition; it is now in its sixth. A comparison of the successive editions best shows the untiring labour bestowed by the author upon the book.

These *Letters* contain no indication that Curtius had made up his mind either to continue the chief historical work of his life, at all events to the death of Alexander and the disruption of his empire, or to break off the narrative with Chæronea. When, in 1871, he undertook the "excursion" to Asia Minor, of which he has left an interesting record[1], this seemed a sign of the direction in which his thoughts were tending, as if, like Agesilaus, he was mustering his forces at Ephesus[2]. But, as a matter of fact, the work of the chair which after twelve laborious years at Göttingen he in 1868 accepted in the Prussian—soon to become the German—capital was so clearly defined that the leisure necessary for historical composition, as distinct from archæological research, was no longer at his command. His life at the "Georgia Augusta" had on the whole been enjoyable as well as full of work. The distinguished band

[1] *Ein Ausflug nach Kleinasien*, in *A. u. G.* vol. II.

[2] He delivered a public lecture on Ephesus in 1873, printed *ibid.*

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of professors there included the veteran Ewald (in whom he found "the noblest and the most perverse qualities combined in a most extraordinary way"), the monumental Waitz (who, about the time of Curtius's arrival, had just completed, as a kind of *parergon*, a monograph on Wullenwever's four years' dictatorship at Lübeck, in four goodly volumes), and Sauppe, the embodiment, in Curtius's eyes, of encyclopædic philological learning. Among the professors in general there was much intimacy and desire for concord; and, as throughout his life, he was happy in house and home. If he had yearnings that drew him away, they were only to the violet-crowned city which was never long absent from his thoughts. In March 1862, with the aid, it would seem, of a grant obtained through the Crown-prince and the large-minded *Cultusminister* Bethmann-Hollweg, he, in the company of the late Professor Bötticher, paid a visit to Athens. Assisted by skilled architects, they during several weeks carried on a series of archæological researches on the Acropolis and the Pnyx, and at Munychia. Curtius's personal investigations were chiefly directed to the problem of the walls, which is of so paramount an importance for Attic topography. His attention had thus been powerfully drawn back to archæological enquiry; and a visit to Paris in 1864, where he was actually overwhelmed with contributions to ancient topography pressed upon him by *savants* old and young, may have added a further stimulus. Before long, in the *annus mirabilis* 1866, a further reason suggested itself for a change from Göttingen to Berlin. In the course of that year the former town beheld the strange sight of the blind King of Hanover, in the midst

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of his troops, undertaking his adventurous "anabasis into Prussian territory." The die had been cast, and in the Göttingen *aula* Curtius delivered a speech on the law of Solon obliging all citizens in times of stress to choose their party[1]. The address was wise and temperate, and protested against that kind of partisanship which ill becomes a university. But the orator had chosen his own side. In 1867 he wrote to his brother that in a few days, after finishing the third volume of his *History* he proposed to pay a brief visit to Berlin,

> in order to rush out of ancient into modern history, and to do homage to the man who has preserved the history of Germany from the issue taken by the history of Greece.

Hanover had become Prussian; and when, early in the following year, Curtius was invited to accept a chair of archæology at Berlin, there could be little doubt as to his response. He made, however, the important condition that a connexion must be maintained between the proposed professorship and the Royal Museums of Sculptures, Casts, and Antiquities. After some negotiation, in which the great Egyptologist Lepsius played a friendly part, the matter was finally settled, and Curtius, about Ascensiontide 1868, was appointed both professor and "archæologist at the Royal Museum, and member of the Museum Commission." By way of foretaste he had spent Easter at Rome, where Schloezer put him *au courant* with the results of recent operations on the Palatine, in the Catacombs, and in the grove of the *Fratres Arvales*.

Many years of activity still remained to Curtius; and, though he might now and then regret the more

[1] *Die patriotische Pflicht der Parteinahme*, in *A. u. G.*, vol. I.

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thoroughly academical atmosphere of Göttingen, he used these years with notable energy for advancing both the purposes for which he had been placed in his present post and for the chosen ideals of his life. His public position was rendered pleasanter to him, and his work was in every way facilitated, after in 1871 the Crown-prince had been named Protector of the Royal Museums, and he had himself in the following year been appointed Director of the Collection of Greek and Roman Antiquities[1]. A new spirit, as he wrote, seemed to pervade all circles of science and art, although there were serious dangers to avoid; for "in certain quarters the highest end in view seems to be to copy Prince Albert, and an enthusiasm for world-exhibitions prevails." In 1871 Curtius was, on Trendelenburg's resignation, appointed Secretary of his Section of the Academy; and from 1881–2 he held the Rectorate of the University, when he sought to repress the kind of party spirit which he had formerly deprecated—especially "the stupid conflict between the Antisemites and their adversaries."

Already before the results of the War had not only made Berlin more "spacious," but had widened the horizon of ideas and aspirations throughout German public life, Curtius had resumed the great project in which, many years before, he had succeeded in interesting Humboldt and King William IV. In October 1869, on his return from a visit to England (paid, according to the wont of German professors, in the dead season), he wrote to the Crown-prince that, thanks to his goodwill, the plan of systematically excavating Olympia had

[1] His address *Die Kunstsammlungen, etc.*, in *A. u. G.*, vol. I, is dated 1870.

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advanced to a new and more promising stage, a Commission having been appointed by the King. Five years more were, however, to elapse before the scheme reached this consummation. During these years, Curtius, as already mentioned, visited Asia Minor; passing through the Troad, where he doubted Schliemann's conclusions as to the foundations of the Palace of Priam, and halting not only at Ephesus, but at Pergamon. It was from the latter that, in 1879, so vast a mass of sculptured remains (including the famous *Gigantes*) were brought to Berlin that

all at once, we feel the equals of London. A whole chapter of the history of ancient art has been newly conquered. These works no longer reveal the ancient faith, or the poetry and lofty moderation [of the best period]; we have before us the rhetoric of the Alexandrian age. But they display a boldness and a perfection of technical skill to which we cannot refuse our admiration.

The contributions of Curtius to the archæological history and topography of Asia Minor which we owe to this journey form part of the *Publications of the Berlin Academy*, and are full of extraordinary interest although to future generations his references to the struggle between spiritual and temporal authority in the city of Artemis may not suggest that they date from the time of the *Culturkampf*. About the same time, he interested himself in the foundation of the German School at Athens, by the side of which, and of its French prototype, our own now works in friendly rivalry.

At last, in March 1874, Curtius was able to start for Greece, this time

the bearer of a commission which implies the first stirring of ideal aspirations on the part of the German Empire in the

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domain of scientific research. The Crown-prince is full of enthusiasm for the cause. God grant that our work may prove successful!

His charge was to bring about a treaty with the Greek Government sanctioning the work of excavation at Olympia. Extremely well received by King George, he found progress not quite so easy with M. Delyannis. But at last, on April 25th, the compact was signed by which the German Government acquired the right of excavating at Olympia, and publishing the results, without, of course, that of exporting any object discovered. Before the end of the year, the treaty was approved at Berlin, where the promoters of the undertaking had the advantage of the cooperation of the Greek Minister Rhangabé, himself a scholar and historian of high distinction. In the autumn of the following year (1875), the work at Olympia actually began; and, in December 1876, Curtius had the pleasure of inspecting *in loco* its progress under Professor Hirschfeld. He was again at Athens in 1877, on this occasion chiefly engaged in completing his preparations for the *Atlas* that was to accompany his *City History of Athens*, the book designed to comprehend the whole of his Attic topographical studies[1]. On his return, he had, in October, the twofold satisfaction of completing this *Atlas* ("none of my progeny has given me equal pleasure"), and of superintending the Olympian exhibition at Berlin, which revealed to the public the whole extent of two years' discoveries. Yet (unless we mistake) it was not till a few months later that "the flower and crown of them all" was reached in the unearthing of the

[1] The *Stadtgeschichte von Athen* was published in 1891.

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Hermes of Praxiteles; and Curtius sent the first photograph of the statue to the Crown-prince, to whom the great artist was made to declare in exultant verse that, like his Hermes, he owed his resurrection. In 1879, the entire groundplan of Olympia was in readiness, and "the whole Altis lay open before our eyes." The time had arrived for Curtius to collect and publish all his addresses on Olympia; and he took the opportunity of explaining the actual position of the enterprise[1]. In 1880 the annual grant made by the *Reichstag* for these excavations came to an end, and the Crown-prince vainly appealed to Bismarck for a supplementary credit of 90,000 marks. The great man made difficulties, and Curtius's soul was full of bitterness; indeed, he afterwards described the Chancellor as "far removed from all Hellenic sympathies." In the end, however, the good Emperor, always curious for something "new from Greece," intervened, and a supplementary credit of 80,000 marks was granted for 1880. In May, Curtius paid one further visit to Olympia, where he recognised the expediency of soon concluding operations. At the close of the year, however, a Berlin lady presented him with a further sum of 20,000 marks, and thus it proved possible to carry the work of excavation to a fit and final issue.

"The whole drama of Olympia," Curtius writes to Jacob Bernays in April 1881, "has now been played to its close. The charm of the novelty which belongs to surprises is now over, and the more serious and difficult task commences of turning to account everything that has been discovered, of working the treasure into shape, and, as it were, coining the gold. As

[1] Compare *Das vierte Jahr in Olympia*, in *A. u. G.*, vol. II.

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yet, only a few can guess what new opportunities have opened of an insight into the world of ancient culture. Athens rises higher and higher in consequence; but it is an important piece of Athens with which we become acquainted in the Altis."

We have no space left for illustrating the meaning of Curtius in this final summary of what had, side by side with the complete investigation of the topography of Attica, become the chief task of his later life. But we may quote a single example of his interpretatory power in connexion with the Olympian remains.

"At Olympia," he wrote in 1880, "there have now been found so many εἴδωλα of Hera that on this spot Hera cannot be at all distinguished from Aphrodite. Thus the monuments, too, now show that the female divinities were originally *one*, and were only gradually differentiated and individualised by locality. From Athens, also, we have new images of Athene which possess none of the later Athene attributes. It is the celestial—i.e. cosmic—goddess, who has come over from the Semitic peoples to be associated as a female being with the Aryan male god Zeus."

The Dodecarchy, as he says elsewhere, was a comparatively late invention—

Even Homer already plays with his divine dolls, and the more serious among the Hellenes regarded him as a corrupter of the religion of their fathers.

Such speculations, which cover the whole ground of Greek history, suggest themselves at Olympia more appropriately than in any other Hellenic locality; for Olympia, where before the Persian Wars the Hellenes were contending for the olive-wreath, survived not only the greatness of Athens—it outlasted even the advent of Christianity itself.

Schaper's marble bust of Ernst Curtius, set up at

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Olympia on his eightieth birthday (1894), formed the most fitting acknowledgment that could have been made of his devotion, and of its results. The *History of Olympia*, at which he laboured for a year and a few months after, was the last work to which he set his hand, and was intended by him to be such[1]. In his eightieth year, he had lost the use of both eyes, but he had recovered the sight of one of them; and other signs of failing strength had not been absent. But at this *History* he worked, even when his physical weakness had left him only two hours and a half in each day during which he was "a real *activum*." In December 1895, a serious *memento mori*, as he calls it, came to him in the form of a congestion of the brain. In April 1896, he was beginning "slowly to take leave of the visible world," and praying that he might succeed in tranquilly carrying through this farewell, his "eyes solemnly fixed on futurity." But he had no fears; and "when I look upon such men as Treitschke, I am humbled and cast down." Later in the same month the news of the death of Treitschke—one of the familiars of his last years—lay upon him like a cloud, and deep and perplexing thoughts haunted his mind. On June 28th, he wrote to his son that nothing remained for him but "calmly and earnestly to contemplate the end, and to endeavour to wind up his earthly tasks." On July 11th, he died.

[1] It forms vol. I of the *Ergebnisse der Ausgrabungen* (1897).

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19. THE LATE MR E. A. FREEMAN

(*The Manchester Guardian*, March 18, 1892; May 20, 1895.)

HISTORICAL science in England has sustained a grievous loss in the unexpected death of Mr Edward Augustus Freeman, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. For several years, Mr Freeman's health had been precarious. Constant attacks of gout, asthma, and bronchitis forced him to winter abroad in a milder climate, or even confined him to his house for months together. But, however he might be racked by pain, his indomitable energy and industry never gave way before his bodily weakness. He laboured with the pertinacity and assiduity that had become a second nature to him, struggling hard to put into shape the scattered fragments which he was weaving together to make his great history of Sicily, and still pouring forth an unending stream of minor articles and writings with his accustomed regularity. For the last two winters, his health had become stronger, and early in February he left Oxford, in good health and spirits, despite the trying winter, for one of those historical and architectural rambles from which all his writings derive so much of their charm. The interests of his Sicilian history took him to Spain, to the old haunts of the Carthaginian and the Phœnician. There, he was suddenly smitten with small-pox. He died on Wednesday at Alicante, before his friends in England had so much as heard of his illness. He died as he had lived, seeking knowledge.

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Mr Freeman was in the sixty-ninth year of his age, having been born on August 2, 1823, at Harborne, in Staffordshire, a village that has now become a populous suburb of Birmingham. He was the only son of Mr John Freeman, of Pedmore Hall, near Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. His parents having died young, he was brought up by his grandmother. He never went to a public school, but was educated privately at a school near London, we believe at Ewell. In 1841, he went up to Oxford as a scholar of Trinity College, and took his degree in Easter term, 1845, in the School of Literæ Humaniores. He just missed having his name put in the first class by the side of others so distinguished as those of Thomas Arnold of University, James Riddell of Balliol, and Goldwin Smith of Magdalen. But he obtained a good second, and before the year was out was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity.

The old-fashioned Oxford education and traditions had a powerful and lasting influence upon Freeman. He was ever warmly attached to his old college, and reckoned it a grievance that when he went back as professor he was unable also to go back to Trinity, as a Fellowship at Oriel bound the Regius Professor to membership of that society. In 1880 Trinity did what was in their power to attach to his old haunts its distinguished member by electing him to an Honorary Fellowship. Short as was his residence at Trinity as a Fellow, Freeman there formed many lasting friendships, and received a permanent impress on his mind, character, and habits. It was a time when the Tractarian movement was approaching its culminating point. The busy interest taken in theological and ecclesiastical

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speculation had a powerful influence on Freeman's mind. He became, and always remained, a strong and consistent Churchman, with a keen interest in all ecclesiastical questions, but with none of the narrowness or bitterness that some people are apt to associate with that interest. The study of ecclesiastical antiquities led him and many other of his contemporaries to the general study of the Middle Ages. At Trinity, in particular, there was an ardent band of historians. Among the Fellows was Arthur West Haddan, the learned and able ecclesiastical historian. William Basil Jones, now Bishop of St Davids, was a Trinity man, a year Freeman's senior, and already interested in Welsh antiquities. In 1848 William Stubbs, of Christ Church, was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity. With such congenial companions Freeman's interests, already well aroused in the history of Greece and Rome, were turned to the Middle Ages. His ecclesiastical interests, again, introduced him to architecture, and particularly to Gothic architecture, which many then believed to be the Christian architecture *par excellence*. Being well to do, he had no need to seek a profession. He had already become fond of scientific and archæological travel. His great power of observation, accompanied by capacity as a sketcher, and his unerring eye for detail, had already begun to develope. In 1849 he published his first work, a *History of Architecture*, in which some of the peculiar qualities of his mind are already manifest. In it Gothic is exalted as the perfection of the art.

Freeman left Oxford early. He married his cousin, Miss Eleanor Gutch, and settled down as a country gentleman in a house in Monmouthshire. The place of

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his residence turned his attention to the archæology and history of Wales and its marches. A whole host of valuable papers by him appeared in the chief local antiquarian publication, *Archæologia Cambrensis*, and he soon became a wellknown figure at the annual meetings of the Cambrian Archæological Society. Among these papers are some admirable notices of the archæological antiquities of Gower, in which the strange type of fortress churches of that small English-speaking peninsula were for the first time treated with a knowledge and ability that brought out their abiding interest. Hardly less valuable are his *Essay on Window Tracery* (1850), his small volume on the *Architecture of Llandaff Cathedral* (1851), and the notes on the Pembrokeshire churches. But the chief book of the Welsh period of Freeman's life is the remarkable *History and Antiquities of St Davids*, written by him in conjunction with his college friend Mr W. Basil Jones, which appeared in a handsome octavo in 1856. It is characteristic that the architectural part of this sumptuous volume was the work of Freeman, while the history of the See and its Bishops was due to the pen of the future Bishop Jones. About 1859, Freeman left Monmouthshire and bought a house in Somerset, where he thenceforth resided. This was Somerleaze, near Wells, where he gradually brought together a magnificent working library, and where nearly all of his greater works were written.

Freeman had versed himself in West Saxon, and particularly in Somerset, antiquities, and soon became well known by his papers in the Somerset Archæological Society. But he now began seriously to devote himself to history, and cast about for a great subject.

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While, however, he was revolving various projects in his mind he never ceased writing and expounding. In 1855, the *Saturday Review* was started. From the beginning to 1878, when political differences caused him to break with his old associates, he wrote largely and widely for that periodical. There was hardly a week in which there were not two or three articles or reviews from his pen. He wrote with almost equal constancy for the London *Guardian*, which was started about that time as the organ of the moderate wing of the new High Churchmen. Several journals of the various archæological societies seldom appeared without one of his articles, and he appeared constantly at the various gatherings of the British Archæological Association. Other articles of his appeared in the defunct *National*, *North British*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*. This habit of periodical writing he kept up to the last. Many articles of his of a lighter and more practical sort appeared in the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly Reviews*, in *Macmillan's* and *Longman's Magazines*, and in other periodicals too numerous to mention. This very month a striking paper of his on Finland has appeared in *Macmillan*. For many years he had contributed numerous reviews, articles, and letters to the *Manchester Guardian*, among which we must not fail to mention the striking series of letters on Home Rule, in which before the publication of Mr Gladstone's Bill he chalked out in advance the leading principles of a Home Rule scheme for Ireland. Amidst such a vast mass of writing there must necessarily be much that is ephemeral. But Freeman always wrote with firsthand knowledge, and always thought out clearly and vigorously whatever subject he had in hand.

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The educative value of his periodical writing has therefore been enormous. Perhaps in many ways it has been of greater influence than his more elaborate historical works. It was through his constant papers that he first drove home to people's minds his strong views about the unity and continuity of history, and the free Teutonic and democratic character of our institutions from the beginning; his hatred of the Turk, his love of the Teuton and the Slav; the permanence of Roman influence; the need of care and precision in the use of names—nearly all, in short, that is most specially characteristic of his doctrine as a historian. His four volumes of *Historical Essays*, the last of which has only just appeared, contain those portions of his fugitive writings which Freeman thought most worthy of preservation. His retired habits of life, his industry, punctuality, and regularity enabled him to set aside a part of each day to more permanent labours, even when at his busiest in writing for magazines and newspapers. In 1856 appeared a short and popular but fresh and striking work on the *History and Conquest of the Saracens*, which showed that he had already drawn from past history strong views as to the nature of Moslem rule and with regard to the "eternal Eastern Question," which assumes its more modern phase in the strife of Christian and Mohammadan for the Eastern and Southern Mediterranean lands. He at last discovered a large and novel subject, suggested perhaps, but only remotely, by the War of North and South in America. This was the *History of Federal Government*, the first and only volume of which appeared in 1863. It includes a very able and skilful exposition of the nature and principles of Federation, and a very striking

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history of the first great Federal system of history—that of the Achæan League. In subsequent volumes he proposed to deal with the Federations of Switzerland, the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, and the greatest of all Federal Governments, the United States of America. But the plan seemed too vast for one man to accomplish, and he turned away to other fields. It is very much to be regretted that the design has never been worked out. We believe that in recent years Mr Freeman contemplated its completion, and sought the aid of some younger specialists to deal with the aspects of the movement which he himself had no leisure to investigate. But with his death the last chance of the realisation of the scheme has passed away.

Freeman had resolved to concentrate his powers on the narrower field of Early English history. The result was the great work, in five huge volumes, on which his ultimate reputation as a historian must depend. In 1867 the first volume of the *History of the Norman Conquest, its Causes and Results* appeared. The fifth volume was published in 1876. It is written on a vast scale. The preliminary study of Early English history occupies the first volume. Then comes a singularly minute working up of the reigns of Edward the Confessor, Harold, and William. The fifth volume is entirely occupied with tracing the results of the Conquest in later history. *The History of the Reign of William Rufus and the Accession of Henry I* appeared in two more large volumes, as a supplement to the *Norman Conquest* in 1882. A *Short History of the Norman Conquest*, in one volume, and a biography of "William I" in Macmillan's *Twelve*

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English Statesmen series expounded to a wider public the leading results of his great work. While working at the *Norman Conquest*, Freeman found time to publish *Old English History* (1869), a single volume in which he sought to tell in plain, unvarnished biblical English the story of his country up to 1066, in a way which intelligent children could understand. In 1870 followed a *History of the Cathedral Church of Wells*; in 1872, three vigorous and spirited lectures on the *Growth of the English Constitution*; also in 1872, a close-packed *General Sketch of European History*; and in the same year the *Unity of History*, the Rede Lecture at Cambridge. *Comparative Politics*, a characteristic bit of writing, came in 1873, and *Disestablishment and Disendowment*, a fierce polemic on behalf of the Established Church, in 1874. *Historical and Architectural Sketches*, chiefly Italian, appeared in 1877. In 1877 the *Ottoman Power in Europe* was the result of his keen interest in the revived Eastern Question and bitter hatred of "the Turk." In 1881 he published in two volumes his *Historical Geography*, a work of great interest and value, though there may be something in a captious critic's saying that it is "Spruner's Historical Atlas done into Freemanese." But this does not make it the less valuable, and its worth has been recognised by a translation into French. In 1883 followed *Some Impressions of the United States* (the result of a not very successful lecturing tour in America), together with the delightful *English Towns and Districts*, in which his keen historical, archæological, and geographical insight combine to make the life of the old English town stand out with extraordinary vividness and clearness.

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During all these years, Freeman had been working quietly at Somerleaze, or wandering, note-book and sketch-book in hand, through the historic sites of Western Europe. In 1884, the elevation of his friend Dr Stubbs to the Bishopric of Chester led to Freeman's appointment to succeed him as Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. Two sets at least of his Oxford lectures—*Methods of Historical Study* and the *Chief Periods of European History*—have been published, but, though clear and vigorous, they will make no great additions to his fame. His health was so bad that he was often obliged to perform his work by deputy, Mr York Powell usually acting for him in that capacity. But it was not only his bad health that made his Oxford Professorship less effective than had been hoped. Save for his acting thrice as Examiner in the School of Modern History (1857–8, 1863–4, and 1873), he had had no official connexion with Oxford for nearly thirty years, and the Oxford that he came back to was a reformed and changed Oxford, with which he had very little sympathy, and whose ways he never cared to learn or understand. He hated the limitation of his subject to "Modern History," the trammels imposed on professors by the University Commission, his forcible transference to a College other than his own, and his anomalous position of apparent dignity and actual powerlessness in relation to historical teaching. He never quite saw the good side of the Modern History School, which had become powerful and popular largely through his own teaching and example. He disliked the system of "combined lectures," by which the college tutor became, in fact though not in name,

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a teacher to the University. He was disappointed that the undergraduates resorted only in scanty numbers to his lectures, and he did not fail to denounce as "crammers" those teachers whose absorption in the practical work of instruction left them little leisure or even inclination for historical research. It is a great pity that he never made the effort to understand the busy life around him. If he had done so, his influence would have been much greater. But, as it was, he could not reside in Oxford for nearly eight years without a strong and powerful influence for good. A little band of zealous historical students gathered round him, and were inspired, if not by his direct teaching, by the example of his single-minded devotion to learning and unwearied activity in historical research. The young Oxford historian has certainly become more of a "researcher" within the last decade. It is but reasonable to regard the teachings of Freeman, when Regius Professor, as one of the incentives to this admirable result. But misunderstandings on both sides made his position less happy and less useful than it might have been.

One wholly satisfactory consequence, however, attended Freeman's return to Oxford. It gave him fresh opportunities to carry out a long-cherished scheme, first conceived by him when, as an undergraduate, he listened to Isaac Williams discoursing on Pindar, and taken up with his wonted fire and zeal when the publication of *William Rufus* completed the great work of his middle life on Early English history. This was to demonstrate the unity of history by writing in detail the story of the "œcumenical island" of Sicily, the meeting ground of Greek and Roman, Carthaginian

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and Saracen, Norman and Spaniard, Italian and Frenchman. Two large volumes, carrying down the story to the beginning of Athenian intervention, were published in 1891. A third volume, including the history of the Athenian expedition, is already through the press. Large parts of the later history are finished, and we hope will not be lost to the world by Freeman's lamented death. This work of his old age is well worthy of his vigorous youth. It may be placed alongside the *Story of the Norman Conquest*, and in some ways even ranked above it. It worthily concludes his strenuous and active life of work.

Our long catalogue of Freeman's historical writings throws some light on the nature and scope of his historical work. He was both an investigator and a populariser, a student and a teacher. Though he tried his hand at oral teaching late in life, and with no great success, it is first of all in his position as a teacher of scientific views of history that, we conceive, his historical importance will mainly reside. In his great works and his innumerable papers and articles, in season and out of season, regardless of ridicule and repetition, he expounded with unfailing clearness, logical force and cogency his views of the nature and methods of historical research. Of late years, he has been accused of writing commonplace. He certainly has repeated himself over and over again; but he has succeeded in making his cardinal doctrines generally accepted, and, if he has written commonplace, it is because he has forced everyone to accept his former paradoxes as self-evident truths. No one would now draw an arbitrary line between "ancient" and "modern" history, or dispute the unity and continuity of history,

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or the fundamentally Teutonic character of the English race. No one would use certain words and terms in the slipshod, ineffective way so long held up to scorn by Freeman in the *Saturday Review*. No one has done more than Freeman—not even his friend and associate Dr Stubbs—to establish a national English school of history, or to bring in from Germany the view, now a commonplace, that history is a serious scientific pursuit, and not a mere department of *belles lettres* or an elegant amusement of an idle hour. Freeman had, it is true, the defects of his qualities. His style, with all its clearness and picturesqueness, is hard, metallic, and wanting in the higher literary qualities. His views, with all their strength and sound common sense, are often narrow, one-sided, and limited. Able as he was, he was often quite blind for what he did not care to see. No great artist would have repeated himself as Freeman did, or have piled up big books written in so diffuse a style that only a few specialists can hope to read them. His strong nature and indefatigable zeal made him a powerful influence even among those who liked his views or his methods the least.

We have spoken first of all of Freeman as the teacher to the British public of scientific history. But his success in this capacity was in no small measure due to his great gifts as an investigator. He was not a very great historian, like Thucydides or Gibbon. He was not a great man of letters, like Macaulay or Carlyle, or even Mr Froude. He was not even so great an investigator as Ranke. But he ranks well at the head of the second class of historical writers, even if we judge historians by a very high standard. He had an ardent love of truth,

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which shines even through his strong and deep-set prejudices. He had a great gift in sifting, ordering, comparing his authorities, and a broad and keen critical spirit in dealing with his texts. His work, so far as it goes, is well nigh exhaustive. Whatever was before him he worked up thoroughly and carefully. Limitations he certainly had. He attempted too much to achieve anything absolutely perfect. He made no secret of his ignorance of palæography, and boasted that he did his best work in his Somerset countryhouse amidst his own printed books. Manuscript materials he ignored altogether; but, since his chief work was on early periods, this was perhaps less important than if he had been dealing, say, with the 13th century, of which so much material is still unprinted. But he might well leave to other and younger hands the more minute methods of the most recent research. The present age is the age of the microscope, and we are more likely to find men who will grab up unpublished charters than men who will hold that broad and masterful grasp of all periods of history which was pre-eminently his gift. Nowadays, even schoolboys specialise on short periods, and a man may get his "first" in history in Oxford without having any clear knowledge of those broad outlines of universal history which Freeman never wearied of emphasising. It may well be that, a generation hence, an age wearied of minute specialists will turn back to Freeman's width of historical nature with admiration and envy. But, just at present, the work in minute investigation seems the more necessary, and for that reason the younger writers have frequently signalled out Freeman for attacks, which, though not unfounded,

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leave out of sight his great and unique merits in the wider and broader field. Yet, thirty years ago, Freeman was looked upon as the type of the specialist, the minute and pedantic lover of detail. We now prefer to dwell upon his great synthesis of all historic learning.

Freeman was mainly a writer and expounder of history; but he was also no mean architect and geographer. He had a broad, though perhaps not a minute, knowledge of languages, enough even, when occasion required a little Welsh or a little Hebrew to keep him straight in his historical work. Of course, specialists in all departments will find much to criticise in such universal knowledge; but it was always sound as far as it went, and sufficed, or nearly sufficed, for his immediate purpose. Nor does this enumeration exhaust all sides of his work. "Politics," he was never weary of telling us, "are present history," and he brought his vast stores of historical precedent and parallel to illustrate the politics of the present. He was always a keen politician. A robust and thoroughgoing Liberal of a strong but old-fashioned sort, he unsuccessfully contested in 1868 Mid-Somerset in the Liberal interest. He never failed to expound his views on current politics in magazines and newspapers. He hated despots, loathed the Second Empire in France, and, regarding the "Austrian House" with the eyes of an old Liberal of 1848, was never tired of denouncing the Habsburgs, whose composite dominion gave the lie to the national principle. He rejoiced in the unity of Germany and Italy. He welcomed the rise of nationalities in the East, and bade God-speed to Bulgarians, Greeks, Roumans, and Montenegrins. He loathed the barbarous and unchristian Turk

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with a true crusading fervour. He admired Russia as the Christian liberator of oppressed nations, and perhaps condoned more than he ought her shortcomings at home, though his recent article on Finland is a manly protest against the greedy policy and glaring contempt for treaties shown in the attempted absorption of the free duchy in the barbarous and despotic empire. He brought the same qualities to home politics. He despised the Tory for the modernness of his antiquity, and declared that the modern Liberal, like Simon de Montfort, or Pym, or Hampden, was but going back to an older democracy. Yet no Tory could defend more strongly the Established Church, or denounce more vigorously the modern Oxford of University Commissions and academic Liberalism. He was an ardent Home Ruler before 1886, though the reasons for his faith were perhaps different from those of any other Home Ruler in the three Kingdoms. His views were always well thought out and logical, if you granted his premisses. He wished to exclude the Irish Members from the English Parliament, believing that they could only be kept there if we adopted some system of federation, which, however, he thought undesirable because of the overwhelming preponderance of England over the lesser nations of the empire. For the same reason he disliked "Imperial Federation," which he was wont to denounce as a mere gaggle of words, thinking he had proved his point when he had analysed an unhappy, if practically useful, formula. The Greek relation of a colony to its mother-country caused him to look with equanimity on the separation of a colony from the mother-country, and to eulogise Washington as the greatest "expander of England."

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Similarly, the unhappy relation of the Athenian or Spartan subject city to the dominant power, the oppression of Vaud by the Bernese aristocracy, of Middlesex by the London citizens, made him dislike the subjection of the Irish to the English nationality. He hated a hereditary aristocracy, and thought the Bishops the best members of the House of Lords. He preached a crusade against physiologists and vivisectors, and denounced the literary triflers who "chattered about Shelley" and knew nothing well. His prejudices were strong, but he was always honest and straightforward, and always tried to be just.

Of Freeman as a man we would say but little. He was the strongest, most loyal and sympathetic of friends, and it was by way of private friendship that he made disciples of men like the late J. R. Green and his other best-known followers. He was often denounced by those who saw him but little for his roughness and disregard of social conventionalities; yet his rugged exterior hid a warm and loving heart, a just and steadfast purpose, and a lofty ideal of conduct. Those who knew him best liked him best, and were enthusiastic in their praise of his kindness and helpfulness. In controversy he seemed terrible, but his bark was worse than his bite, and it was only when he denounced men whom he deemed impostors that his righteous indignation knew no limits. He was said to be sensitive to criticism; yet when he knew that his opponent sought for truth and not for strife he was never unwilling to own himself in the wrong or confess that he had made a mistake. Freeman's work obtained abundant recognition. He became a D.C.L. of Oxford and LL.D. of Cambridge and

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of Edinburgh. Nothing vexed him more than being called "doctor," unless it was when he was called "Professor Freeman." He was a member of countless learned Societies, and held many foreign Orders, being a Knight Commander of the Order of the Redeemer of Greece, of the Order of Danilo in Montenegro, the Takora of Servia, and a Knight of the Second Class of the Order of St Saba. His private life was happy and uneventful. He leaves six children surviving him—two sons, Harold and Edgar, whose names recall two of his favourite heroes, and four daughters, Margaret, Katharine, Helen, and Florence. Of these, the former two are married, the first to Mr Arthur J. Evans, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and himself an eminent antiquary and a stout Slavophil; the second to the Rev. T. Holmes, vicar of Wookey, near Wells.

To our own columns Mr Freeman was a much-valued and not infrequent contributor. He reviewed for us from time to time important books bearing upon his special studies. But his signed articles on subjects of the day were, also, numerous, and in some cases will take a permanent place among his work. He wrote to us frequently on subjects of the day connected with South-eastern Europe and "the Turk" in general. In a long list of his contributions we find such titles as "Macedonia," "The Claims of Bohemia," "Crete and the Great Powers," "The Betrayal of Armenia," "Emancipated Hungary," "Russia and her Accusers," "The Protomartyr of Greek Independence," "The Turk and the Arab." Two series of letters on "The Nature and Origin of the House of Lords" and "Why Ireland asks for Home Rule" were of special moment. The four

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letters of the first series appeared in the September of 1886, were then published in pamphlet form by us, and have since been worked up along with other material, in the shape of his contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and elsewhere, into one of the most important and substantial papers in his recently published fourth volume of *Historical Essays*. His five articles with the title "Why Ireland asks for Home Rule" were published here in the January of 1888, and attracted much attention at the time. Much of their substance was afterwards elaborated in a large article contributed by Freeman to the *Fortnightly Review*. He was a constant and friendly reader of these columns, and woe betide the contributor who touched on points of medieval church discipline and so forth without being quite certain of his ground. A brief note from the great authority on such matters not unfrequently arrived to set him right.

I have preferred to reprint the above tribute to an eminent historian—to whose personal friendship I owe much—as it flowed from my memory when the news reached us of his unexpected death on a foreign shore, rather than a review contributed by me to *The Manchester Guardian* of May 20th, 1895, of Dean Stephens's *Life and Letters*[1]. But perhaps a passage or two of this notice of a most interesting, if not in all respects quite adequate, biography may be subjoined, as illustrating, together with quite early, the latest phases of his long life of productive labour.

Newest among many things in these pages that, as we take it, will be new to the most intimate of Freeman's friends—perhaps even to those whom he ἔστεργεν,

[1] *The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman.* By W. B. W. Stephens, Dean of Winchester. (Macmillan and Co., 1895.)

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ὥσπερ τέκνα—will, we dare say, be the records of his own childhood. If he was in good truth, what Dickens described himself as having been, "a very queer, small boy," the child was in many matters of more consequence than personal oddities indisputably the father of the man. He was left an orphan before he was eighteen months of age, and was brought up by his grandmother at Weston-super-Mare and Northampton. The former placid town is "overhung by a steep promontory which forms the end of a high limestone ridge called Worle Hill, and Freeman used to say that his interest in geography was first excited by the view from this hill, to the top of which he was often taken as a child." One of the reasons why Mrs Emmete Freeman had retired to Weston had been that she might live near her old friend Mrs Hannah More, whose interest in the little boy is said to have been first excited by the discovery that, when he was only two years and a half old, he knew the coats-of-arms of all the English episcopal sees, and who some three years later presented him with a book of "Bible Poetry," "with the assurance of her fond affection as long as he loves learning, fears God, and prays to be made a good Christian." With such lessons in his heart the little fellow, physically far from strong and afflicted by a peculiarity of gait which adhered to him through life, but independent in mind and stout of heart, passed through a series of private schools, the instruction imparted in which appears to have but slightly interfered with his own instincts of self-training. He stuck manfully to his Greek and Latin; but the chief intellectual revelation of his boyhood was a now "utterly superseded and forgotten book," W. C. Taylor's

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History of the Overthrow of the Roman Commonwealth and the Foundation of the Principal European States. Habent sua fata libelli, and for this particular guide to knowledge the fame will suffice that it waked up the historical consciousness of a Freeman. He contrived to beg off being consigned to a course of pure scholarship at Shrewsbury, and in 1840 became a private pupil of the Rector of Segrave. For the daughter of his tutor, Miss Eleanor Gutch, he in course of time conceived an enduring affection, which marriage consecrated as one of the chief and unbroken blessings of his life. In 1841, he went up for a Balliol scholarship, but was beaten by his old schoolfellow James Riddell and by Matthew Arnold. He was afterwards accustomed to say that he owed the latter a debt of gratitude for having kept him out of Balliol; but we do not care to enquire how far his latter-day refusal to rate the literary triumphs of his genial conqueror at their accepted estimate is to be interpreted as expressing a sense of *spretæ injuria formæ*. Freeman's notions of style were, like his notions of everything else, the result of original reflexion, and as such necessarily challenge criticism. When at the height of his power as a writer of historical narrative, he attributed part of the effectiveness of his prose to his constant attention to rhythm—"I always think how a piece of prose will sound, just as much as if it were verse." In his earlier and later efforts as a writer of verse proper, he unhesitatingly adopted the models whose manner was stereotyped by Macaulay; but with these efforts, published or unpublished, time may be allowed to reckon as may seem good to it.

The day of Freeman's election to a scholarship at

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Trinity, Oxford, in 1841, always remained to him one of the red-letter dates of his life. This success associated him, at the beginning of his Oxford career, with a select body of gifted and earnest-minded men among whom differences of opinion counted as nothing in comparison with sympathy of purpose. Curiously enough, in his own case, not even the potent influence of the so-called Oxford Movement, into the arms of which so many of his intellectual tastes and moral tendencies might have seemed likely to precipitate him, could warp the characteristic bent of his individuality. Theological argument and metaphysical speculation were, as a matter of fact, foreign to his nature; the thought of Orders, although obvious, was put aside in deference to instincts with which a historical preference for clerical celibacy may be conjectured to have had slight concern; the choice of architecture as a profession was, after longer deliberation though perhaps with not less soundness of judgment, abandoned. Freeman's engagement to Miss Gutch caused him to regard his fellowship at Trinity, to which he had been to his exceeding joy elected in 1845, with increasing indifference. Two years later, he became a married man, and settled down without misgiving, or rather with a self-trust to which it is difficult to refuse either admiration or sympathy, to the line of activity for which he had unmistakably been born and bred. This activity—viz., a literary life, neither of the Craigenputtock nor of any other similar impatient type, but sufficient to itself, and shedding the blessed influence of content upon all who had a claim or a call to share in it—he pursued during the remainder of his days, at Littlemore, at Oaklands, at Llanrumney, and finally

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(though here not without interruption) at his beloved Somerleaze. Taken as a whole, the conditions under which Freeman accomplished the main work of his span of existence were such as have rarely favoured such work —most rarely of all in times so restless as his, and in a land which had failed to learn from the experience of Gibbon the golden use of leaving true learning and scholarship to go their own ways.

Freeman's journeys, which with him so largely took the place of visits to archives and libraries, ended, as we know, on March 16, 1892, at Alicante, whence weakness had already caused him to abandon the intention of proceeding to Carthagena. When the news of Freeman's death—premature not only because he was still not quite seventy years of age—reached this country, the gap which it created was felt far and near. He had of late become a prominent figure in our public life; his enthusiastic advocacy of the liberation of the Christian populations under Turkish misrule had been attested by practical efforts of charity as well as by bold utterances of indignation, of which these columns were his favourite channel, and of which the echo has not yet quite died out among us. But those who knew Freeman best also knew that his chief claim to their regard and reverence lay in the thoroughness with which the main work of his life was consistently done, and in the stedfastness with which he abstained from dissipating the extraordinary energy which was in him. Dean Stephens's volumes bear testimony to the reciprocity of confidence which prevailed between Freeman and those whom he regarded at once as his friends and his helpers. They could have desired no more pleasing monument of a

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relation not very common in this latter literary age; and they would probably prefer that no selection should here be attempted from a number of names ever on his lips and in his thoughts. The most faithful and most beloved of all his friends and helpers, his eldest daughter, has, like himself, passed beyond the reach of human acknowledgments.

There were certain other names which at particular periods of his career gave no rest to his critical pen, but we rejoice to think that the lovers of acrimony—even were it between the dead—will be disappointed by the temperate tone of such adverse censures as are to be found in the letters included in these volumes. We part from them unwillingly, but we cannot do so without referring in conclusion to a feature in Freeman which Mr Bryce, when introducing his friend on the occasion of his receiving an honorary degree at Oxford in June, 1870, thought worthy of notice. *Idem facetiarum plenus.* The ripple of fun running through Freeman's letters is as unmistakable as was the humorous expressiveness of his talk among his familiars. Classmen and passmen (so to speak) alike come in for their share of shafts which, if they are never oblique in delivery, are likewise never envenomed at the point. This, too, in a man whose tongue and pen alike knew no fear, may seem worth remembering.

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20. THE LATE LORD ACTON

(*The Manchester Guardian*, June 12, 1902.)

IT is difficult—indeed, writing from Cambridge, I find it all but impossible—to discuss calmly at this moment the significance of the loss which this University and the world of letters have undergone by the death of Lord Acton.

"Here," as he told his "fellow-students," in the opening words of his inaugural lecture as Regius Professor of Modern History some seven years ago, referring to his frustrated intentions of entering the University as an undergraduate—"here, from the first, I vainly fixed my hopes, and here, in a happier hour, after five-and-forty-years, they are at last fulfilled." When Lord Rosebery appointed him to the chair to which in 1869 Gladstone had appointed Seeley, we all felt the advantage to the University of its association with the name of so distinguished a historical scholar, and we guessed what our academical society would gain by receiving into its midst the latter-day embodiment of the "Perfect Courtier." For in him we should find one who

> is practiz'd well in policie
> And thereto doth his Courting most applie;
> To learne the enterdeale of Princes strange,
> To marke th' intent of Counsells, and the change
> Of states, and eke of private men somewhile.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
> T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit,
> Which through wise speaches and grave inference
> He daylie seekes, and brings to excellence.

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But what we could hardly foresee was the extent and depth of the influence actually exerted by the Regius Professor over the activities and aspirations of all those among us engaged in the prosecution of the study of history, and, not the least, over the imaginations and over the intellectual interests of the undergraduates with whom he was brought into personal contact as a teacher. His course on the French Revolutionary period, in particular, is not likely to be forgotten, even apart from the curious contrast suggesting itself between this and the printed series on the same subject by his predecessors Smyth and Sir James Stephen, not to mention Kingsley's *Ancien Régime*. Lord Acton's hearers took away from his lectures, above all, the impression of the most conscientious care bestowed upon the elaboration of material, and of a method of composition, reflected in matter of delivery, which sacrificed everything to thoroughness. If Lord Acton vindicated to himself the highest praise which Cambridge is wont to award to her teachers, his desire to aid the individual learner by advice and counsel was not less true to the genius of the place. In truth, there was something almost pathetic in the wealth of illustration and reference which rewarded the applicant to him for personal help. To us, whose chief ambition it is to take some part in fostering at Cambridge the pursuit of those studies in which he was an acknowledged leader, Lord Acton's presence in our midst and the unfailing readiness of his counsel, as well as the point and charm with which it was invariably given, were a priceless experience. Their loss has already begun to weigh upon us like a malady from which there is no recovery. What shall I say of those who had the

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privilege of being associated with him in the execution of the historical design which was to have been the monument of his uniquely comprehensive knowledge of modern history and historians? Happily, this design was not only complete in itself, but the distribution of its several parts had been already, to a considerable extent, arranged by its author, to whom hardly an expert in historical research or a devotee to it was unknown, *a Gadibus usque Auroram et Gangem*. (I had on this very day of writing occasion to refer to his correspondence with one of the foremost historians of India.) As for the West, he was as much honoured in America as among ourselves. What would have been a monument to his unrivalled familiarity with the whole of modern European history will now be, in some sense, a tribute to a memory that will always remain dear to Cambridge historical students.

Although a bibliography of Lord Acton's publications has still to appear[1], the regret that a scholar of his learning and powers should have left so little in writing behind him is sure to be repeated again and again. Undoubtedly, few historians have enjoyed such opportunities of study and of that knowledge of affairs by which Gibbon, the kinsman of Lord Acton's ancestors, thought historical learning should always be supplemented. He had, as is well known, collected one of the finest historical libraries in the world, and worthily housed it at Aldenham, of whose social and literary hospitalities Reinhold Pauli has left a record, the effusiveness of which, I remember, not a little amused

[1] [This want has since been supplied by Dr W. A. Shaw, for the Royal Historical Society, 1903.]

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its owner. Several thousand volumes of this library he had contrived to place in his rooms at Trinity, ready for his use and that of his friends; and here, too, he had garnered up in cases the extraordinary collection of systematically arranged notes, on the value of which one cannot so much as dare to speculate[1]. Without some such systematisation of his stores of knowledge, it is impossible that even Lord Acton should have been able to display the extraordinary breadth and precision of historical learning such as speaks from his essay on "German Schools of History," by which, to the wonder of the world of scholars, he in 1886 opened the first number of the *English Historical Review*. Yet all this learning he, if any man, wore "lightly as a flower." I well remember my Father telling me, thirty or more years since, how at Walmer Castle Lord Granville had amused the company by winding up any conversation which left a political, historical, or other problem unsolved with the remark: "We will ask Johnny Acton." To us of a later generation, accustomed to the life of the class-room as the main variation on that of the study, there was an indescribable charm in the wider experience displayed in Lord Acton's conversation, even more than in what he has left behind him in writing. But that which had cast its spell—an enduring spell—over Lord Acton himself was not the life of Courts or the society—deeply as he had reason to value the regard shown to him in such spheres—of Queens and Empresses. He was, by descent, half German and half English; he was cradled in diplomacy; and his double

[1] [They can now, thanks to Lord Morley's munificence, be consulted in the Acton Library, Cambridge University Library.]

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surname of Dalberg-Acton associates itself with the memories of some of the most critical phases in the history of two great empires. But neither diplomacy nor politics proper, though, like Machiavelli (in whom he was specially interested), he too had played a part on the political stage, possessed him permanently. Political history, unlike some of the Germans whom he praised so highly, he regarded as part only of general history, and it interested him most deeply only as contributory to the sum of human progress. The higher and deeper the forces at work, the more intent he was upon observing their operation. Thus the influence exercised on his mind by that of Döllinger—I say by the mind of Döllinger, rather than by either the learning or the personality of that illustrious scholar—was paramount. The dialogues, spoken or unspoken, in which Döllinger and his pupil engaged during a period of the highest moment for the history of the Church of Rome and that of the latest development of the relations between science and religion would, if condensed within a literary framework, form the most interesting "Imaginary Conversations" of our age. They would, at the same time, serve as the most fitting introduction to the *Letters of Quirinus* and the other contributions of their author to the most signal ecclesiastical controversy of modern times. It may become the duty of the future biographical historian to estimate the effect of these struggles and of their sequel upon Lord Acton's own career, and upon the intellectual tendencies by which that career was shaped. For us, who mourn his loss, it is sufficient to know that no experience, no trial ever materially modified the intellectual convictions which

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were the lode-star of Lord Acton's literary life, and which, like all the genuine convictions of a master, have in their turn been communicated by him to his pupils. Of him, too, and of his life, which was something more than that of a conspicuous lover of learning, it may truly be written, as he wrote of the leaders of the movement that sprang up in the second quarter of the 19th century, the period to which his birth and the beginning of his *Lehrjahre* belong:

> By extreme patience and self-control, by seeking neither premature result nor personal reward, by sacrificing the present to the far-off future, by the obscure heroism of many devoted lives, they look to prepare the foundation of the kingdom of knowledge.

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21. SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

(*The Manchester Guardian*, February 23, 1904)

WE much regret to announce the death of Sir Leslie Stephen, which occurred yesterday at his London residence.

He was born on November 28, 1832, in what was then called Kensington Gore, in a house in Hyde Park Gardens not many doors from that where he died. He took much pleasure in having settled down here (for the family feeling was strong in him), and with reason, since during three generations the Stephens had held their heads high, and there was a well-grounded hope that a fourth would add further lustre to the name. His grandfather was a Master in Chancery; his father long held office as Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and, having gained a considerable literary reputation by his *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, was, in 1849, appointed Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, and afterwards published his *Lectures on the History of France* to the Revolution. His public services and the criticisms to which his methods of business as the representative of the Mother-country gave rise on the part of impatient Colonials are now forgotten. But the literary charm of some of his earlier Essays remains, due as it is in part to the sympathetic enthusiasm of their author, whose family connexions were of the Evangelical school, and who was nearly related to the Venns, the most literary among its leaders.

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Leslie was the youngest of five sons, and it is stated to have been in consequence of the delicate state of his health as a child that, in 1840, the family for a time took up their residence at Brighton. From 1842 to 1846, Sir James Stephen resided at Windsor, in order to send his sons, of whom only Fitzjames and Leslie were to survive their boyhood, to Eton. Their life there as "up-town" boys seems to have left no happy remembrances with either of the two brothers; but it must be left to conjecture whether Leslie agreed in Fitzjames's view that the Eton of their day had two good points: viz., first, its gentlemanly tone and, secondly, the absence from it of moral and religious enthusiasm. Nor have we on record the impression received by either of Sir James Stephen's surviving sons at King's College, London, where their earlier education was completed. After, in 1850, he had followed his brother to Cambridge, where he was entered at Trinity Hall, Leslie was not, like Fitzjames, alienated by the love of general reading, which must have been common to both, from the regular studies of the place. Curiously enough, the elder, true to his conviction that he was born a lawyer, though preserving a keen interest in other fields of culture, soon contrived to concentrate his intellectual energies on studies connected with his profession, in which he gradually rose to high eminence. Leslie, on the other hand, in so far submitted to the influence of the *genius loci* that in 1854 he took a respectable place among the Wranglers of the year. He was soon afterwards elected a Fellow of his College, where he for some time acted as Assistant Tutor. About this time, he took Orders, and a shadowy remembrance still recalls to many of his contemporaries his swift-

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footed return of an afternoon from coaching the boat to his duties in Chapel. He remained in residence for ten years after graduation, taking an active interest in the government and in the prosperity of his College, which in these years, largely owing to its prowess on the river, was fast coming to the front among the smaller Colleges of the University. His reputation soon became one of those potential Cambridge reputations with which one used to be so familiar; the breadth of his literary equipment and his power in argument were articles of faith in the plain-speaking, hard-hitting, but far from ungenial group of friends which he has described with characteristic veracity and force in his *Life of Fawcett*. Like most of his favourite associates, he was a clear thinker, and accustomed himself to be a close reasoner as well as a great talker; and he kept up, with the other members of his set, the rule of abhorring every kind of pretence and sham, and banishing from the consideration of men of sense all whom they felt justified in setting down as "impostors."

The chosen philosophical creed of this group or set was Utilitarianism, and their prophet was John Stuart Mill. But (herein more like Mill himself than some of his followers) Leslie Stephen had a genuine love of letters for their own sake, which was gradually developing into a rare power of distinguishing the precious metal from the alloy. Thus, though it was unmistakably on philosophic studies that he built up the broad superstructure of his literary work as a whole, the long period of preparation at Cambridge was of infinite advantage to him both in accumulating the material and in strengthening the power which were afterwards to stand him in so good

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stead as a writer. Few authors so voluminous have written so little that conveys the impression of immaturity; the long season of ripening was thus in no sense spent in vain. During his residence at Cambridge, Stephen, after printing a translation of Berlepsch's book on the Alps, made several original contributions to the literature of mountaineering. The first of these was a paper in *Vacation Tourists* (1860), and it was followed by various contributions to *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, and to *The Alpine Journal*. The mountaineering passion was then at its height, and nowhere numbered more ardent votaries than at Cambridge. That Stephen should be among them was in the nature of things; for through life he cherished the exercise of walking, to whose "praise" he devoted one of his papers—a genuine bit of "roundabout" reminiscence. The Alpine Club never had a more popular president, and in his London days he was an active member of a Sunday peripatetic society. It is more than probable that his pen had been discreetly exercised on other subjects besides Alpine travel before he contributed to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, of which, as of *The Saturday Review*, his brother Fitzjames was in those days a chief pillar, the sketches of Cambridge life and character afterwards reprinted anonymously under the title of *Letters of a Don* (1865). But, in those days, the Warringtons of periodical literature could preserve their anonymity if they chose—and even some *Saturday Reviewers* did choose—to preserve it. Thus, few outside an inner circle of friends and associates knew what an accession of strength had accrued to the English world of letters when, in 1864, Leslie Stephen finally resolved to join it, and to abandon University life. He, at the same time, ceased to exercise his

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profession as a clergyman, and in 1875 took advantage of the Act of 1870 by divesting himself of his Orders. He never returned to Cambridge as a resident, though he retained his Fellowship till his marriage with Thackeray's younger daughter. In 1883, however, he held for the year the Clark Lectureship in English Literature at Trinity College.

From 1871 to 1882, Leslie Stephen was Editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*, in which office he had, as is well known, been in the first instance preceded by Thackeray. He afterwards wrote that his "chief claim to such respect as readers of a periodical may concede to an editor" had been his introduction of R. L. Stevenson to the notice of the public; but it may be safely asserted that, from Thackeray's day to our own, no English magazine has been so liberally interfused with literary criticism of a high class, while at the same time remaining such pleasant reading, as *The Cornhill* under Stephen's management. Of course, much of this criticism—probably the best of it—was contributed by himself; and the republication of many of these essays in his *Hours in a Library*, of which the first series appeared in 1874, and was followed by two later series, has proved, more conclusively than is always the case with republications, the enduring quality of his workmanship as a critic. Those *Hours* were chiefly occupied with modern writers, including, among others, admirable criticisms on Charlotte Brontë and Charles Kingsley; but they also occasionally (as in a very suggestive essay on Massinger) show Stephen to have been well-seen in earlier English literature. Within the same years, he published, true to his Alpine loves, a volume entitled *The Playground of Europe* (1871) and a series of *Essays on*

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Freethinking and Plainspeaking (1873)[1], indicative of his resolution to place on record, as was his wont, without arrogance and without fear, the conclusions to which study and reflexion had brought him on the themes nearest to his mind. In 1876 followed his chief work on modern philosophy, the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* (2 vols. second edition, 1881). Conspicuously clear in style, it is tinged, but by no means strongly, with that irony which afterwards came to be a note of the writer's treatment of philosophic themes, and which no doubt was in part due to the sceptical attitude which he, as well as his brother, persistently maintained towards all metaphysical speculation. The unadorned clearness of the style is not more noticeable in this book than the general fairness of its spirit; and it may be doubted, for instance, whether a more candid as well as more lucid account of the English Deists is to be found elsewhere than that here presented. No pretence is made of obscuring their imperfection as thinkers and as writers, but neither is the impression concealed that they meant more than they dared to say, though it does not necessarily follow that the shame of their subterfuges is mainly their own. For the rest, the conviction at which Stephen had arrived, that the immediate causes of changes of opinion—in which he no doubt included religious opinion—are traceable above all to social development, accounts for a treatment of his theme which widens its scope without diverting its purpose. The final section, on "Characteristics"—a historically suggestive title—forms a supple-

[1] [Reprinted 1905, with an Introductory Essay on Leslie Stephen and his Works, by James (Lord) Bryce and Herbert Pont. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905.]

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ment, to which it would not be very easy to find a parallel elsewhere, to the general history of our 18th century literature, and which will not easily be superseded till "an equal" to its writer is found, combining qualities rarely enough united in historians either of thought or of letters.

The literary activity of Stephen in these years was remarkable. He took a prominent part in one of the most delightful and successful of modern publishers' ventures, the *English Men of Letters* series, edited by Mr John [now Lord] Morley. To the earlier series he contributed three of the most important lives—those of Pope and Swift and Johnson, of whom the first and the last, while differing from their new biographer in so many respects, resembled him in this: that it was their deliberate intention to be men of letters pure and simple. These admirable monographs appeared in 1878–82; happily, Sir Leslie Stephen survived to contribute to the series now in course of publication an admirable biography of George Eliot (1902). It lacks nothing of the vigour and incisiveness of his earlier volumes; but, while rendering full justice to the extraordinary powers in certain directions possessed by the great novelist, the biographer disposes of some other pretensions set up on her behalf with a grim humour that seems to descend somewhat abruptly upon a literary reputation which only yesterday it was dangerous to touch. In 1882, he contributed a biography of Fielding to a new edition of the works of the great novelist. In the same year appeared his *Science of Ethics*.

In 1885, Stephen published a biography which bears the palm among his manifold labours of this class—and doubtless chiefly for the two-fold reason: that it was a

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labour of love, and that on this occasion he commanded his subject with a completeness to which biographers can very rarely lay claim. He says himself, that it would have been strange if long years of intimacy had not enabled him to understand one of the simplest and sincerest of men. And his portrait of his keen-witted and large-hearted friend Henry Fawcett, whose courage turned ill-fortune into good, and whose chivalry of spirit shaped the operation of scientific principles into beneficent actual results, is not the less true because of its chief background. The University whose achievements, like Fawcett's own, had their limits, cannot have been wholly unsound in its methods, seeing that it reared a son so attached to and so typical of itself. Curiously enough, Leslie Stephen's *Life of* his brother *Sir Fitzjames Stephen* (1895), on the other hand—though revealing a strong personal attachment and elaborated with singular care, both in the introductory narrative of family history and in the chapter on India, in which the author had the invaluable assistance of his brother-in-law, Sir Henry Cunningham's, experience and insight—can hardly be regarded as a successful biography. The life of a great lawyer, as Mr Barry O'Brien has recently shown[1], is not a theme which it is impossible to treat; moreover, Sir Fitzjames's best professional work was constructive, while his literary gifts were beyond question. But high intellectual qualities, even when coupled with perfect integrity of character, do not suffice to make the subject of a biography attractive; and, perhaps, the work in question was planned, as several other recent biographies have been, on too large a scale.

[1] [*The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen* (1901).]

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Some years before he paid this tribute of affection to the memory of his distinguished brother, Leslie Stephen had been prevailed upon by Mr George M. Smith, with whom, as proprietor of *The Cornhill Magazine*, and as publisher of his most important works, he had been long connected, to identify himself with one of the most notable and one of the most laborious literary undertakings of our generation. The history of *The Dictionary of National Biography*, of which the first volume appeared under the editorship of Leslie Stephen in 1888, has been so recently written by Mr [now Sir] Sidney Lee, who, after assisting Stephen from the beginning, was from the twenty-second volume onwards associated with him as Editor and with the twenty-seventh assumed the sole editorship, that it need not be recapitulated here. Stephen took a leading part in the planning of the great work, and to him, mainly, was due not only the wise contraction of the plan from that of a universal biographical dictionary, but also the exclusion, as to which he was at first doubtful, of American names. He was very circumspect in the choice of his contributors, while careful to impress upon them with perfect clearness but without any superfluity of expression, from which he was always free, his conception of the work. It was not given to all who cooperated with him to impart fresh force, as he did, to the venerable proverb that brevity is the soul of wit; for there have been, at least in dictionaries, few styles more pregnant than his own, and few that, while at no time harsh or severe, could so well afford to dispense with the adornment of "flowers." He was, of course, not less anxious as to the choice of his assistants in the general conduct of the undertaking, and it was in a happy hour for its future that he captured the most

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capable of fellow-workers in Mr Sidney Lee. They afterwards, each in his own fashion, commented on the nature of the task which—as can hardly be gainsaid in a world where everything is relative—they carried to a most successful issue. Stephen thought, and we think with some justice, that the *Dictionary* might be described as a most "amusing" book; perhaps it might have been even more so, had it not been too literary in its conception. He confessed himself that the criterion of inclusion among the lives admitted was not altogether unexceptionable. Though Stephen had relinquished the helm before the voyage was quite half-accomplished, it is a happy reflexion that he should have lived to see the work finished without his name being, as he used to predict, included either among the S's or in one of the *Supplementary* volumes. And, as a contributor, he stood by the great enterprise from first to last. His multitudinous biographical notices ranged over a wide field, though for the most part devoted to thinkers and writers in those later periods of our literary history—from Addison to Wordsworth—with which he was more especially familiar. Of the merits of these contributions it is unnecessary to say more than that it is no injustice to the *Dictionary* at large to assert that in them lies much of its strength and much of its savour, and that it is impossible so much as to imagine the *Dictionary* without them. The contributions of his colleagues Stephen treated with consideration and conscientiousness, and his gift of rapid condensation could not fail to impress itself upon the most sensitive of authors.

Some years after the death, in 1875, of his first wife Stephen had married Miss Julia Prinsep Duckworth, a member of a family wellknown in Manchester. Under

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the care of this accomplished and beautiful lady, he gradually recovered from the strain which the editorship of the *Dictionary* had, together with other responsibilities, exercised upon his health, and before long his literary activity seemed as great as ever. In 1893 appeared *An Agnostic's Apology*, and, in 1896, the year in which he brought out the *Life* of his brother already noticed, he returned to the field of sociological enquiry with a volume on *Social Rights and Duties*. The second and last of his standard works on the history of modern, and specifically of English, thought, *The English Utilitarians*, was published in three volumes in 1900. When compared with the effect of the earlier *History* that of the later work is, perhaps, in one sense impaired, while in another it is improved, by the ample introduction of the biographical element which had by this time become indispensable to Stephen as a writer. More candid and at the same time more graphic personal appreciations of that original of originals, Jeremy Bentham, and of the elder and the younger Mill are nowhere to be found than in the successive volumes of which they are the heroes: and the services to the enlightenment of their age of minor luminaries, such as, more especially, Malthus and Ricardo, seem to be estimated with equal fairness. Of the introductory matter, corresponding in some measure to the "Characteristics" of the earlier work, a good deal must be described as more or less perfunctory, in whatever measure a survey of the currents of the times may be justified by the author's view as to the growth and duration of philosophies as well as religions. Throughout the book, we are conscious of a vein of irony as to the contrast between the conceptions of philosophers and the actual conditions

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of their systems. "(James) Mill saw, I take it, about as far as most philosophers—that is, about as far as people who are not philosophers"; and in the matter of ethics the same thinker is elsewhere felicitously described as an excellent example of the moral qualities for which he unsatisfactorily tried to account. But to him, and to his son, the fine flower of Utilitarianism, justice is rendered, as it is to the wonderful old prophet himself; and the whole narrative of the copious stream of intellectual activity which fertilised as it flowed, leaves a bracing effect on the mind, though the survey ends with a not very satisfactory presentment of what, from the point of view of the book, must be regarded as quite subsidiary phenomena. In 1901, Stephen, at the request of his intimate friend Mrs J. R. Green, edited, with an introductory memoir, the *Letters* of her late husband, the distinguished historian.

The first series of the *Studies of a Biographer* appeared in 1898, and the second in 1902. These delightful papers, which, with an occasional excursion into remoter fields of literary study, chiefly concern themselves with the lives and writings of our own earlier contemporaries—Tennyson and Browning, Ruskin and Arnold, Jowett and Bagehot, Stevenson and Anthony Trollope—possess for us a double biographical value. Leslie Stephen confesses—in an earlier essay on Sterne—that, without holding himself free to argue from the man to the books, he habitually cherishes the impulse to argue from the books to the man. In these last essays we accordingly trace very sufficiently his own literary, his own mental and moral, predilections and preferences; we seem to become acquainted with the intellectual society in which he feels

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more, not in that where he feels less, at home, and we learn something of the secrets of the critical code which counted for so much to readers and lovers of the best contemporary English literature, while the judge to whom we looked up survived to apply and interpret it. His last book appeared a few days ago, and contained his Ford Lectures on *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century*. These he was too ill to deliver in person, and they were read, in his absence, by a deputy.

Although it was in philosophical studies that Leslie Stephen's mind was principally trained, and although it was to the criticism of systems of thought and opinion that he again and again returned, and to comparative surveys of these that he devoted his most sustained literary efforts, it would be an error to regard him as a philosopher who condescended to be a biographer and a man of letters. His reading, his insight into character, his own moral temperament, and perhaps the very *skepsis* which he habitually sought to apply to all systematic theory, had brought home to him the truth that no part of a man's nature and its manifestations can be altogether dissociated from the rest, and that, whatever be the place of the emotions in a metaphysical system, their effect is not to be ignored in judging of the progress of a life and its labours. The very essay on Pascal in which he turns Ste. Beuve's commonplace that "you may not cease to be a sceptic after reading Pascal, but you must cease to treat believers with contempt," by the addition "possibly because you will find how near they are to being sceptics," ends with a vindication—to put it in the simplest words—of the value of the heart. It is this frank admission to himself and to others which enabled Stephen to find in

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biographical study the fascination that steadily grew upon him, and would, even without the unique opportunities of the *Dictionary*, have ended in making him, within his own range, one of the foremost of critical literary biographers. Outside this range—English literary biography of the 18th (including the later 17th) and 19th centuries—he rarely passed; but, when he did, he took good care that it should be with a firm foot. He had a good knowledge of French literature and of its relations to our own; when he speaks of German literature it is with knowledge and intelligence. In general, however, a great part of his strength lay in his constant vigilance as to the relation of the individual life to the currents around it; nor is there any reason, in view more especially of this constant recognition of the supreme importance of sociological enquiry, for doubting that, under somewhat different circumstances, he might have contributed even more largely and comprehensively than he did to the progress of general historical research and study.

Among other compliments paid to Stephen in his later years, may be mentioned the Hon. Litt.D. degrees of his own University (a rare honour in the case of one of her own graduates) and of Oxford, and the Hon. LL.D. degree of Edinburgh, together with a Honorary Fellowship at his old college, Trinity Hall. On Carlyle's death he was elected President of the London Library, an institution in which he took much interest and at whose committee meetings he was to the last a constant attendant. Nothing could have been better in its way than the speech which he made on the occasion of the extension of the Library, when he dwelt on the value of his Alpine experience in climbing to the heights of its laden shelves.

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The crowning honour of his career was his K.C.B.-ship, one of the Coronation honours graciously bestowed by the King, which probably, so far as ascertainable, gave at the time the greatest happiness to the greatest number of His Majesty's subjects.

Of late years, there had been much to break the spring of Stephen's vitality and to sadden his spirit. And, though his health from time to time seemed to improve, it was known at last that he could not look forward to any complete recovery. The gentleness and the patience with which he bore these afflictions impressed themselves upon all with whom he came into contact; but his increasing deafness excluded him from general society, and it was only rarely that his friends had an opportunity of meeting him and listening to the free flow of reminiscence, comment, and criticism. When this opportunity had occurred, they were wont to mark the evening with a red stone. Leslie Stephen, who never wrote either a meaningless or an intentionally unfair word, never spoke a vapid or an unkind one. The personal charm which clung to him to the last, and which those who knew him will recall by means of many a sage or subtle passage in his books, was compounded of elements which it might be difficult to exhaust in enumeration, but which were certainly derived in part from the spirit of intellectual freedom, and in part from the spirit of human kindness. He belonged, as he once told us some years since at Manchester, to the prosaic faction; but his pedestrianism was of the kind that marches onward, and his eyes were not levelled to the ground. He was, he wrote not long ago, "inclined to be suspicious of critical doctrines—including, he hoped, his own, but certainly including other people's." Yet,

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without a trace of dogmatism, he was a great teacher; and his long and laborious life, single-mindedly devoted to the endeavour from which he was never tempted aside by glittering prize or exciting struggle, is itself a lesson from which no English man of letters need be unwilling to learn.

[1921. I have ventured to reprint the above tribute of a literary and personal association of many years; but I need hardly say that the late Frederic William Maitland's *Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen* (Duckworth & Co., 1906) has superseded all previous endeavours to do justice to the achievements and the personality of his friend.]

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22. ALFRED AINGER

(*Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. lxxxix, April 1904)

ABOUT the middle of last Michælmas term the Master of the Temple paid to us at Cambridge what we then little thought would prove a farewell visit. Its immediate occasion was the delivery at Newnham of one of those detached lectures in which he excelled,—his subject being the *Lyrical Ballads* (one of the landmarks so to speak of his literary faith) whose origin and growth he had some thirteen years ago traced in a paper, masterly in its way, contributed by him to the volumes of this *Magazine*. I could not attend the lecture; but we had some talk, before and after his discourse, on topics connected with its theme, and there was no cankering rust to be noticed on his usual brightness of mind. The serious illness from which he had not many months before recovered had, to be sure, left certain physical traces; and he incidentally spoke of the necessity of sooner or later relinquishing part of his clerical work. But he seemed in the main quite himself during the brief period of his stay; and once more I enjoyed the delight of living with him for a day or two, as we had

> lived full many a year.
> So well, I cannot tell how.

Almost immediately, however, after his return to town, we heard of the peremptory advice which imposed upon him complete rest as the only possible preventive of a danger previously at the most half-suspected. We continued to hope for the best, though "our fears our

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hopes belied." We heard that at Christmas-time he entered not once, but twice, the historic sanctuary from which his name will never be dissociated, and that once he even ministered at its altar. Not long afterwards, we were gladdened by the news that the loving care of those to whom he owed the chief happiness of his later years was tending him in that second home in the Midlands which had become so dear to him. Alas, it was here that, in accordance with his own desire, he was laid to rest during the February storms. One or two of us remain who knew and loved him already in that brief May-term of life into which it is not very easy even for those surrounded by the movement and aspirations of youth to dream themselves back again,—one or two who remember him, fragile and eager as he continued to the last, but before his locks were in "silver slips," and before an always innocent exuberance had to accept restraints which an inborn tact prevented from seeming unnatural. And I suppose it is because I happen to be one of those few that I find myself trying to put on paper something of what I know, or remember, of Alfred Ainger. My hand is, in some ways at least, too stiff or too tired to perform such a task with adequacy; but I cannot quite bring myself to forego the opportunity of seeking to express the sense of his rare gifts, and of what, notwithstanding many hindrances, he accomplished with them, which has had its part in the affection I have borne him since we were young together.

Of Ainger's early days we never heard very much. That his family was of French descent was in his case, as in Garrick's, almost proved by his personality, without any need of appealing to the evidence of name; and when

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two Spitalfields weavers who shared it with him came all the way to Hampstead to appeal to their joint Huguenot ancestry, he readily owned the obvious impeachment. His mother he lost when he was quite young; from his father, an architect who attained to professional reputation, he had a few good stories showing that there was an element of heredity in his humour. I think that he shared this gift, and his love of literature, with the sister by whose side he had been brought up, and of whom he must have thought when picturing Charles and Mary Lamb over their *Tales from Shakespeare*. The earlier part of his school education Ainger received at a private school in Maida Vale, kept by Dr King and his daughter Louisa (afterwards Mrs Menzies). I cannot say whether it was under their sympathetic guidance, or even earlier, that he became familiar with that standard anthology of *Elegant Extracts* which he was so fond of praising, though later generations lift eyebrows at the name; but it was certainly under the influence of these excellent teachers, as he often told me, that he acquired that habit of constant resort to the best literature by which the lives of men and women are ennobled more surely than by the accidents of birth and state. More than one wellknown man of letters sent their sons to this preparatory school; and as it happened, one of Ainger's fellow-pupils was the eldest son of Charles Dickens. It was thus that the boy was brought into the most delightful personal contact with the great author,—in some ways almost equally "inimitable" as an actor and a stage-manager—and became a votary of his genius for life. And it was thus, also, that there was awakened in him that love of the stage which is not to be shaken off when it has once taken hold of

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a responsive nature like his. The period of our Historia Histrionica with which the days of our youth coincided was one in which the English stage was rich with many varieties of humour, some of them original in the highest degree, others most subtly compounded. How marvellously Ainger could reproduce the essential qualities of all—the innocent drollery of Keeley, the unctuous fun of Buckstone, the dry twinkle of Compton, Alfred Wigan's delicate refinement, Charles Mathews's sublime imperturbability, and Robson's hurricane of grotesque passion! Tragedians, too, of whom Charles Kean was then the chief, were among the puppets in his bag. Nothing could have been more extraordinary than Ainger's mimetic power, which took a far wider range than the imitation of particular parts or persons, and which in later days made listeners to his readings *know* that they were in the company of The O'Mulligan, or of Sludge the Medium, or of Sir John Falstaff himself. Ainger remained a friend of the stage to the very last,—but not of all that he found, or rather that he left unsought, there. His eclecticism was by no means illiberal, but it was unmistakable in its decisiveness, and he shrank from what was meretricious as instinctively as he shunned what was coarse.

From school Ainger went on to King's College, where, consciously or unconsciously, he was to become subject to new influences. His studentship at King's fell in a time to which he must have looked back with a painful interest after he had come to enter, more deeply than we can suppose him to have at College, into the theological teaching of Frederick Denison Maurice, who about this time was subjected to an inquisitional process with a highly arbitrary ending. Though Ainger was no theo-

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logian by disposition and not very much of one in after days by habit, his mind was singularly well adapted for assimilating to itself what was both broadest and deepest in the principles of this potent religious teacher; nor can there be any doubt whatever as to the degree in which both his indignation and his sympathy were stirred by the proceedings that "turned good Professor Maurice out."

When in 1856 Ainger entered at Trinity Hall, he seems to have had some thoughts of the Bar, and he certainly read law with a tutor, now one of the veterans of the University. But his physical strength was wholly unequal to any such career, and though he obtained a scholarship at his College, he could not have kept up the effort requisite for distinction in a Tripos, any more than he could have striven for success in the sports of the field or the river. Thus the chief interests of his life still centred in his love of pure literature. Nor was fate unkind to him in his choice of a college, even from this point of view, apart from the congenial preferments of which his connexion with it was in one sense the final cause. Trinity Hall was then already under the guidance of a tutor justly famed for his knowledge of men, but deep down in whose nature there also abode a genuine love of the best books. Ainger, who in later days was frequently Dr Henry Latham's guest at his Lodge or in his country-house off the Trumpington Road, loved and revered him to the last, and when I fetched him away from Southacre shortly before the Master's death, he was full of praises of the octogenarian's wit and wisdom. At Trinity Hall, too, another Fellow was then in residence, who afterwards became one of the most distinguished

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citizens of the world of letters which is at this time mourning his loss. Sir Leslie Stephen's *Life of Fawcett* gives an incomparable picture of the Trinity Hall of those days; and Fawcett, though not himself of a literary turn, delighted in Ainger, and, when the great calamity of his own brave life befell him, found something better than a diversion in the reading of his silver-voiced younger friend. Fawcett had probably first made his acquaintance through another Fellow of the College, George Atkinson, who during the whole of Ainger's life remained one of the staunchest and most intimate of his friends. Among his fellow-undergraduates at Trinity Hall were our common friend Mowbray Donne, who has inherited from his gifted father, not to speak of remoter ancestors, a vein of true literary feeling, and another life-long friend of Ainger's, Horace Smith, "the man who wrote the *Sirens*," a charming poet as well as a genuine wit. And the periphrasis reminds me that it must have been the launching of one of those university magazines, which, to quote Ainger's own words, in each successive generation of undergraduates "come like shadows and in a year or two depart," which first brought us together. This particular enterprise was conducted to a premature end by the fearless Haweis,—fearless even before the satire of the author of *The Bear*, in comparison with which all academic wit of later generations has for his contemporaries an unaccountable insipidity. But Ainger was at no time of his life, not even in adolescence, particularly fond of rushing into print; and it was the love of reading rather than of writing that brought us together in our rooms or in our walks, or in the hospitable drawing-room of Mr Alexander Macmillan, of whom, and of whose

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whole family, Ainger became and remained the cherished friend.

In the Lent Term of 1860, Ainger took his degree. He had by this time entirely given up any notion of the Bar, and he certainly never thought (fewer young men ran that always serious risk then than now) of making a profession of literature. He may have lacked certain powers which would have been necessary for the purpose; but had it been otherwise he was not one who mistook facility of expression for gift of style, or who looked upon style itself as independent of the matter which nourishes it. This was a characteristic very notable in a writer whom it is usual, and certainly just, to extol for the charm of his style, but who very rarely wrote unless he had something to say, and rarely failed to think of what this something was before he thought how he would say it. Many a time have I heard him descant in private as well as in public on the simple but much neglected principle implied in this practice: *materia alit*. In his delightful paper on "Nether Stowey[1]," there is an admirable passage developing the truth "that all true eloquence is inherent in the thought expressed"; and in one of his latest public deliverances at Bristol,—the lecture on *Poetæ mediocres*[2], which conceals some very pointed teaching beneath its playfulness—he does not shrink from applying a test which so many of the tribe and its followers are wont to spurn as unspeakably commonplace, but which in point of fact is the cardinal test of the highest criticism: "Is the thing said by the new poet in itself worth saying?"

[1] Printed in this *Magazine* for February, 1889.
[2] Printed in this *Magazine* for December, 1894.

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Before the end of 1860 Ainger was ordained, and immediately entered upon a curacy, which he held for four years, at Alrewas near Lichfield, under the Rev. R. K. Haslehurst, the brother-in-law of the Fellow of Trinity Hall to whose friendship for him I have already made reference[1]. He could not but come to recognise here, before long, that the work of a country clergyman was not a sphere of activity for which he was naturally fitted. Already his sermons as a curate were too finely touched for the ears to which they were addressed; and, though he could not fail, with something of Crabbe's insight, to be aware of both the pathetic and the humorous sides of the rustic life around him, he saw more quickly than Crabbe that he was not likely to influence it effectively. I much doubt whether parochial work of any kind would have really suited him, though, at a later date, he took a step in this direction, which he quickly retraced. Perhaps, a London parish might have fitted him better than any other, being, as he was, a Londoner by birth and breeding, and never altogether content out of town. For the same reason, he was never a great traveller, though I have spent pleasant days with him both in Florence, in the company of the younger Macmillans, and at Paris, under the fascinations of the Comédie Française. Scotland, where many houses were always open to him, was in his later years his favourite holiday haunt.

But in the discursiveness of these remembrances I have left him still at Alrewas. Singularly susceptible

[1] As to Ainger's life at Alrewas I have been favoured by some most interesting reminiscences, of which I have been allowed to make free use, by the late Mr Haslehurst's brother-in-law, the Ven. H. F. Bather, Archdeacon of Ludlow, for whom Ainger always entertained a deep regard.

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throughout his life as he was to the influence of domestic surroundings, and rarely revealing the depths of his nature except under the sunshine of female friendship, it was here that the beautiful responsiveness which was his supreme charm was first fully evoked. At the Vicarage he was treated as a friend of the house, and many of his friends were in their turn made welcome—

> Their only title that they came with him.

The line is adapted from an idyll, *The Scholar's Day-Dream*, published in 1868 by one of these friends, Alsager Hay Hill, and conceived and executed under the influence of Tennyson—an influence which possessed Ainger himself through most of his life. The poem therefore remains a fit memorial of early friendships,—easily identified by those who remember "their fellow-students by the Cam" —and more especially of the good Vicar of Alrewas, and of her who, until her too early death in 1865, was the guiding star of his home. As those who knew her best agree, she must have been a lady of rare charm and high spirituality; to Ainger she was most assuredly a very true friend, and throughout the long silence of his later years a consecrated remembrance.

From Alrewas, in 1864, Ainger followed the good friend who had introduced him thither, to Sheffield, as an assistant-master in the Collegiate School. I make no doubt that some at least of the boys in that seminary (where I found him spending very happy days among cherished friends) owed to him the impulse derivable from the kind of literary teaching which in after days at Bristol, where the example of his friend Professor Rowley allowed him to speak with freedom, he distinguished from

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that more generally in vogue, and which may be differentiated from the latter as arousing rather than killing interest. In the preface to his anthology of *Tennyson for the Young*, he has summarised his notions on the subject, which, *mutatis mutandis*, he was not afraid to carry out wherever he was called upon to teach or lecture—at the Crystal Palace where his ally (Sir) George Grove had captured him as an assistant, and afterwards even in the august surroundings of the Royal Institution itself. "It is hoped that this little volume may be found acceptable in the school-room, as well as in the hours of leisure and recreation"; *but*, "it is distinctly not intended as a school-book, nor as an indirect instrument of studying grammar, the English language, or the Lives of the Poets."

The course of Ainger's life, which I am accompanying by a somewhat devious commentary, was finally determined on lines singularly harmonising with his special gifts and tastes, and destined to bring into the light of common day some of his choicest qualities, when in 1866 he was appointed to the Readership of the Temple. A kindly influence, connected both with his Cambridge College and with the nominating Society of the Inner Temple, was at work in his favour; nor were the Benchers likely to be shocked, as was a member of a West End congregation to which he preached shortly before his appointment, with the appearance in the pulpit of "so old a man." For my part, I subscribe to the opinion that there was little outward difference, except in a shade or so of the hair and a lower bend of the back, between the Master of 1900 and the undergraduate of 1860. I can remember how we celebrated the appointment of the new Reader on a summer evening at Richmond, and how

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Fawcett toasted the prosperity of our friend, who had secured a better prize than falls to the lot of many—a position in every way congenial to himself.

The duties on which he proceeded to enter were made doubly pleasant to him by the associations which henceforth continuously grew up between him and the Temple, and which linked themselves with some of the names most cherished by him in the history of English letters; and by the warm personal feeling which in the course of time came to attach him to the Master's house. Till 1869, the Mastership was filled by Archdeacon Robinson, whose meditations, according to Sir George Rose, as reported by Ainger, were always in the *Via Sacra*, and who, had he fulfilled the prophecy of the same great wit of the Temple, would have left it by Mitre Court. But his successor, Dr Vaughan,—strenuous even in retirement, and endowed with an unequalled flow of exquisite topical eloquence—was immediately and enduringly attracted to the Reader, who always spoke of him with the warmest appreciation and affection. There was, however, a further bond of union with the Temple and its cherished church which the future was steadily to strengthen; and this was the musical element in the services that had now become the central interest of his life. Once more he was fortunate, both in finding so distinguished a musician as Dr Hopkins in office as organist of the Temple, and afterwards in the appointment of his successor. Ainger's friend, Dr H. Walford Davies, who was thus, officially also, associated with him during the last period of his Mastership, has most kindly communicated to me some reminiscences of his musical interests and predilections, of which unfortunately I can reprint here only a part.

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Though his musical sympathies [Dr Davies writes] were wide, he was always and essentially a lover of melody, and that of a very definite type. The tunes that seemed to please him most were such as were restful and yet ardent. It was his unfailing habit to sing his instrumental favourites,—and they seemed countless —to curious but appropriate syllables of his own invention, marking the typical *crescendo* by some appreciative gesture and generally ending with the exclamation "Ah, beautiful!" or with a smile. His strong love for his own kind of melody, his constancy to all his favourites from early Beethoven and Schubert days at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and a retentive memory had earned for him a reputation—in which he seemed to take a certain pleasure—of being able to quote all the "sound subjects" that were ever written. His love of Schubert can scarcely have been less devoted than that which he cherished towards any musician or poet besides Shakespeare....His sympathetic interest in the music at the Temple Church was, as may readily be guessed, great and constant. Before he left the Master's House, never to return, he scanned, eagerly as ever, the service-list for January and counted up what he should miss, expressing regret that he should not hear Bach's music. He had the deepest regard for S. S. Wesley and invariably asked for certain of his most beautiful anthems, especially for the simple "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace," which was sung at the Temple Memorial Service on February 12th last....One rare quality in his appreciation of Church music must be specially noted. He seemed to honour it as an integral part of the worship, and not as a dispensable or ornamental adjunct. More than once, his sermons have been deliberately chosen to amplify or enforce the teaching or feeling of the anthem; and he loved to hear a strain of music after his sermon that should agree with its spirit....On the other hand, he deprecated the taint of performance,—and never more powerfully than in one of his last sermons preached at St Paul's Cathedral to a great assembly of Church choirs, in which he declared that where Church music became an end in itself, there idolatry began.

Dr Davies has also sent the following verses which he has been kindly allowed to transmit to me for publi-

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cation, and which were written by Ainger when he visited the Schumann festival at Bonn, a celebration of which Madame Joachim's singing of Schumann's *Sonntag am Rhein* was one of the most touching incidents:

AT THE GRAVE OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

August 17th, 1873.

WHEN the soul, with sorrow laden,
Hears no answer to its moan
In the jocund voice of Haydn,
Or Mozart's pellucid tone;—

When our Schubert's magic lyre
Fails to lead us at its will,
And the deeps of our desire
E'en Beethoven cannot still!—

When the mists that bound things human
We have sought to pierce in vain,—
Then we turn to thee, oh Schumann!
Bid thee sing to us our pain.

For there's rapture in thy sadness,
And such joy in thy despond;
And thy drifting clouds of madness
Cannot hide the blue beyond.

Thy revolt can teach endurance;
And the spirit sore oppressed
In thy fears can find assurance,
In thy restlessness its rest.

From thy bitter draw we sweetness
And a peace from out thy strife,
And a vision of completeness
Broods above thy maimed life.

Then no funeral thoughts be ours,
Take these funeral wreaths away,
Leave the grass to God's own flowers
And the glory of the day.

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For, oh pilgrim-friends who wander
To this lonely artist-shrine,
It is Sunday—and see, yonder,
Flows the blue unchanging Rhine!

Bonn, August, 1873.

After Ainger had become officially connected with the Temple, he established himself for a time in Tanfield Court; but the ladies who occasionally presided over his afternoon tea-cups were right in judging him unsuited to that bachelor life in chambers which some of us found so much to our taste. Fortunately, not very long after his appointment, he was able to set up house at Hampstead (hardly a stone's throw from the famed Judges' Walk), where loving care gradually made for him a delightful home. On these kindly northern heights some of the very happiest years of his life were spent; here he enjoyed a society which has contrived to preserve something of the literary flavour of the past, and to evince its self-respect by means of antiquarian gatherings, and a literary Annual of its own. To this last Ainger was a faithful contributor; and, unless I mistake, the very last thing printed by him was a paper on "George Crabbe in Hampstead" that appeared in its columns. An earlier contribution to the same serial records his intimacy with another Hampstead celebrity,—a man of genius who never allowed success to run away with self-knowledge—the late George Du Maurier. At Hampstead he remained for some years, even after, in 1887, his now established reputation as a preacher, together with his literary eminence and personal popularity, led to his nomination as a Canon of Bristol. His acceptance of the Lord Chancellor's offer led to his periodical domestication in what he soon learnt

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to know as one of the kindliest and most hospitable of English cities.

In these latitudes, then, the best part of Ainger's working-life was spent. For it was a working-life, though I have heard wonderment expressed that he should not have preferred the bliss of something busier. Those who best knew him, and the value of him, often repeated to one another that a life such as his would not have been wasted even had its only monument been the affection of his friends—even of his friends of a day; that to have sweetened and lightened life for so many of us, to have made us less impatient of the apparent dullness of existence, and to have quickened our insight into the half-ignored bounty of the Giver of all, was in itself a result worth reaching. But neither would Ainger's own sense of humour have regarded such a tribute as altogether satisfactory, nor could those who judge him by his actual accomplishment call it just. The limits of his strength, and a fastidiousness of taste which was as much a second nature to him as was his occasional elation of spirit, taught him self-restraint, but idleness was not at all in his way; he strove after excellence, and he achieved it.

As a preacher, and as an occasional lecturer or speaker, he had in his favour a voice and delivery which will long linger as a tradition even among those who were only occasionally brought under the charm. Those who have often heard him preach, and constantly listened to his reading of every kind of good literature—sacred and solemn, subtle and simple, from the Bible to Shakespeare, from Shakespeare to Browning, from Browning to Dickens, from Dickens to Outram's Lyrics (was not the *Annuity* long our special family treat?)—know that

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the matter had as much to do with the effect as the manner; that no one ever misunderstood a word or a cadence, because the reader was always master of what he read. And in a sense this applied to his preaching, the power of which grew with his own intellectual and moral advance. The simplicity and directness of his *Temple Sermons*, published when he was about thirty-four years of age, together with their manifest design of addressing themselves to the ethical side of religious questions and to their bearing upon the duties of practical life, show in what directions he was to excel in the pulpit. But there can be no doubt that his power as a preacher grew in a very remarkable degree and would in all probability have grown still further, as the wisdom born of piety which his sermons more and more frequently revealed became their predominating note. His Temple audiences were well suited by his matter no less than by his manner; for it is not always vigour of demonstration or subtleness of argument which trained intellects seek as their spiritual nourishment; and Ainger was not so much a stirring or convincing preacher, as one whose eloquence sprang from and refreshed the soul. Pure in its source, often lighted up with liveliest humour, at times fired by a fine scorn of what is common and mean, it was loveliest when it lost itself in the pathos of perfect humility. Thus it came to pass that, though his diction was always refined, and though much of the light and shade of his style, and much of the poetic illustration which was without a trace of effort woven into its texture, could only instinctively be appreciated by large popular audiences, yet he never, at Bristol or elsewhere, seemed to be preaching above the heads of his hearers—a very sure test of true eloquence.

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As a lecturer on literary subjects—at least in his occasional lectures, for I really know nothing about such systematic courses as he may have delivered—he was invariably delightful, being an expert in the art of letting himself go, without going a step too far. Latterly, when his established reputation, together with the irresistible attraction of his manner, might be relied on to prepossess an audience in his favour, he thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of freedom thus granted to him, but his sure tact prevented him from ever abusing it. He was never tempted into more than the semblance of a paradox, and never swerved from the side of good feeling and the charity which thinketh no evil. He wrote an address on *Wit and Humour*, which might perhaps in severer times have hardly served as a standard lecture for a Scottish rhetoric class, and was not historically exhaustive in tracing the genesis of Euphuism, but in which the most systematic of professors could have found more suggestive illustrations than were dreamt of in his philosophy, and which to those who enjoyed it for its own sake was *merum sal*. Ainger was never more irresistible than when he stood behind his reading-desk, his white head just lifted above it, and his eyes slyly watching his audience, for a second or so, after some palpable hit.

Of literary work proper, he produced comparatively little, but hardly anything—it may be said without hesitation—that was not of incontestable excellence. For forty years or thereabouts the columns of this *Magazine* were always open to him; but there are often gaps of years between his contributions, and (whether he wrote in his own name, under the felicitous alias of *Doubleday*, or anonymously) he never wrote without personal know-

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ledge of his subject, or special familiarity with it. The best of the literary papers deal with Charles Lamb, with Coleridge and Wordsworth, and with Tennyson. It is curious, but characteristic, that he should have printed so little about Shakespeare, whom he handled daily and nightly; there were, I think, some papers by him on Shakespeare's learning in *The Pilot*, a short-lived journal very congenial to Ainger; but he did not care for commentary laid on with the trowel, and, had an edition of Shakespeare by him ever become an accomplished fact, he would not have stood between the poet and the sunlight. The enquiry into the origin of Coleridge's *Ode to Wordsworth* and the charming essay entitled "Nether Stowey," already mentioned, deserve reprinting, should occasion ever offer, as valuable contributions to literary history; a third paper of special interest is that on *The Death of Tennyson*, which skilfully elaborates the present significance of the poem *Merlin and the Gleam*, printed three years before the poet's decease. Ainger, as is wellknown, was chosen to write the notice of Tennyson in *The Dictionary of National Biography*; but though the article is adequate and judicious, it is not perhaps as clear-cut as might have been expected.

While Tennyson's influence upon Ainger was, in a measure, enhanced by the impression made on him by the poet's personality, his devotion to Wordsworth and Coleridge remained unsurpassed, and included all who were near and dear to them. Thus he must, as of course, have come to occupy himself specially with Charles Lamb, even had not their common association with the Temple formed a unique kind of link between them. In any case, it must, in view of Ainger's most characteristic

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gifts and qualities, be allowed that fortunate, as he says, Charles Lamb had already been in his "verbal describers," the most congenial of them paid his tribute to the choicest of our English humourists. The extraordinary success of Ainger's *Charles Lamb*, when first published in the *English Men of Letters*' series, edited by Mr John [now Lord] Morley, may, no doubt, be ascribed to a combination of causes—and, among these, primarily to the right relation in which the tragic interest of his private history was here for the first time placed to the humorous sides of his life and character. But it must further be allowed that rarely has a biographer better suited form to matter, and more successfully avoided the twin rocks of compression and redundancy. Very naturally, and I think on the whole very justly, so admirable a result was as a rule attributed to the close contact of sympathy between the author and his theme; for, though the contrasts between Lamb and his biographer were as a matter of fact far more numerous than the resemblances, these latter lay above all in the sovereign spontaneity of their humour, in their instinctive love of what was best in our national literature, and in the harmony between their critical judgments and their moral sympathies. In the successive volumes of Ainger's edition of Lamb's Works and Letters, this intimacy of mind between editor and writer seems continuously to deepen; and in this respect at least these delightful books are never likely to be superseded.

The second English writer with whose name Ainger has permanently linked his own is Hood, who had himself many affinities with Lamb and was personally deeply attached to him. Among the many melancholy incidents

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of Hood's own career, not the least melancholy was the chilling indifference shown by the public to his first and last volume of serious verse, on which it was not till many years later—shortly before his premature death—that those last lyrics followed by which, as Ainger says, Hood "lives and will live in the hearts of his countrymen." Unluckily for himself, he and those he loved had to live by a different kind of production; but he was, in his turn, fortunate in meeting with at least one critical biographer thoroughly in his element when analysing the wit and humour which in Hood are indifferently blended. Especially good is the commentary which will long continue to be quoted on Hood's mastery (a more developed one than even Lamb's) of the pun, which became "an element in his fancy, his humour, his ethical teaching, even his pathos." Ainger himself was always fascinated by excellence in this as in other forms of wit; and it has consequently depressed his friends very much to see him described by well-meaning chroniclers as an inveterate punster,—a misconception of his ways which is almost tragically hopeless.

The last English classic of whom Ainger published a special study was Crabbe, of whom only last year he contributed an admirable critical life to the new series of the *English Men of Letters*. I read the sheets of this little volume as they passed through the press, and familiar as I was with Ainger's writings was greatly struck by the maturity of judgment which the book exhibits. Crabbe's name has been much before the public of late, owing to many causes, among them perhaps the judicious and sympathetic praise of Edward FitzGerald, the master-critic who, but for Mr Aldis Wright, would never have been

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brought to full honour. According to custom in our world of letters, an almost sectarian spirit has in consequence possessed itself of some among Crabbe's admirers; and these have refused to be satisfied with Ainger's judgment of their favourite, because, while rendering justice to his high qualities, it does not refuse to recognise his limits as a poet. The single-minded truthfulness and the deep-rooted humanity of Crabbe's poetic genius stand forth with perfect clearness in this admirable biography; while the weaknesses of the man are touched with tenderness, as if by the hand of a friend.

I have in these notes anticipated the sequence of events in Ainger's public career. In 1894, a few months after he had resigned his Readership, Lord Rosebery, in a letter which added to the compliment implied in the offer contained in it, informed Canon Ainger that he had recommended him to the Crown for appointment to the Mastership of the Temple, vacant by the Dean of Llandaff's death. As, not long afterwards, the Master was named Chaplain to the Queen, and was retained in this office by His present Majesty, Ainger was in his later years full of honours. On the social side of his life in these years I need not touch; he was, with the aid of his nieces, able gracefully to dispense the hospitalities of the Master's house; but, as was said above, it was in the sanctuary close by that his life really centred; nor will any name in the long list of Masters be more fitly remembered there than his, so long as the sacred strains he loved and the divine truths of which he was so eloquent and so loyal a messenger find listeners in the Temple Church.

And now he has gone from us. His mere personality, though of all the personalities familiar to us of this gene-

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ration it was the most original and unique, must gradually be forgotten, or pass from reminiscence into tradition. "Who," as a contemporary wrote of Charles Lamb, "shall describe his countenance, catch its quivering sweetness?" Who, again, shall describe the whole manner of the man, charged as it was with mental electricity, which caught every spark of fresh fancy or fun, and flashed back a scintillation of its own? To describe these would be not only to reproduce the outward manner, instinct with perpetual motion and a rich changefulness like that of the sea, but to go some way towards indicating the texture of the mind—delicate, sensitive, with an inborn repugnance to whatsoever was gross, stale, impure, to whatsoever was unreal and insincere and untouched by the piety which, in Chaucer's words, looks on high and thanks God for all. In Ainger, as he said of Charles Lamb, his humour was part and parcel of his character; but with Lamb's biographer, even more distinctively than with Lamb himself, his taste, in the fullest sense of the term, was absolutely inseparable from the humour with which it was associated. Ainger cites a saying of FitzGerald's that "taste is the feminine of genius"; and adds that, like its male companion, it must always be the heritage of the few. One may, perhaps, venture on the further addition, that those to whom true taste appeals, even when united to true humour, are in their turn really a small minority, and that the multitude is attracted by an individuality like Ainger's more on account of what is accidental than of what is essential in it. In any case, if a successful attempt is to be made to write of him as he was, it must be made, in his own fashion, not only with commanding insight but with loving care. We, who were his pupils,

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may cheerfully leave this task to some member of the younger generation, who prized him as we did ourselves, though the loss of him cannot make such a gap in their lives as it leaves in ours[1].

[1] [1921. The task here indicated has, since this notice was written, been performed with much grace and tact by Miss Edith Sichel, whose *Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger* (1906) has disappointed none of his contemporaries and friends.]

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23. THE LATE DR DONALDSON

(*The Museum*, No. II, July 1861)

In Dr John William Donaldson, who died in London on the 10th of February last, at the age of forty-nine, Cambridge has lost one of her foremost scholars, and one of her brightest literary and social ornaments. Throughout his whole career, this distinguished man identified himself with his University; upon her was reflected the lustre of his name; to her he devoted several years of his manhood both at its commencement and at its close; and to the advancement and extension of her studies he applied all the powers of his marvellously vigorous and active mind. He may be truly said to have represented the very best class of Cambridge scholars; men who unite with a firm determination to adhere in the main to a system which has borne so many and so glorious fruits, a readiness to appreciate what is good outside the University precincts, and cautiously to incorporate it with the good within; who abhor narrowness of spirit as the worst enemy of the pursuit of knowledge, and who are none the worse scholars because they are also, in the best sense of the phrase, men of the world. It is not strange therefore, that his death should have left a vacant place in his University which it will be difficult to fill. Our purpose on the present occasion, is to endeavour to prove that regret for his decease and gratitude for his services, should be felt, beyond the limits of his own University, by every Englishman to whom the cause of liberal education is dear, and upon whose admiration any zealous and

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successful promoter of that cause must possess a well-founded claim.

A few words will suffice to tell the uneventful story of his life. An article in this journal has traced the career of an eminent German scholar, the late Baron Bunsen, whose death preceded that of his friend Dr Donaldson by only a few months. The present writer can never forget that the last time he saw Bunsen, he heard him speak words of sympathy with Donaldson, and that at the last interview he ever had with the latter, the death of Bunsen was mentioned by him in terms of affectionate regret, not unaccompanied by a reference to a possibility of which the warnings had already come to him. The life of Donaldson presents a curious contrast to that of the great German. Bunsen began, as a humble philological and theological student, a life to be afterwards in the main devoted to a wider and more public sphere of action. Donaldson, on the other hand, was originally destined for the stirring arena of the Bar, in which it is impossible but to conceive that great success must have attended him; but he left it of his own free will for a career which offered little to stimulate in the way of notoriety and fame, and, as in his case at least it proved, but few and meagre rewards. The minds of both men were eminently catholic in their sympathies, but the course of circumstances led the German into wider fields, while it restrained the energies of the Englishman to labours in a narrower path; labours, however, prosecuted with no less indomitable an energy and unflagging an activity than that of Bunsen himself. Both died victims to work which overtaxed their powers; but the one in a green old age and full of honours; the other in early manhood, without having attained to

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such a position as his labours had richly earned for him; while to neither was it permitted to accomplish the crowning literary work of his life, for which they had alike designed many of their actual productions as a mere preparation.

Donaldson early quitted the study of the law for University life, and, after prosecuting his studies at Trinity College with the greatest success, and obtaining the second place in the Classical Tripos of 1834, he was subsequently elected a Fellow of his College, and employed in it as lecturer and assistant tutor. In 1840 he married, and after a short residence at a country curacy, accepted the appointment of Headmaster at King Edward VI's School, Bury St Edmunds, where he continued till 1855. He then returned to Cambridge, where he resided till his death, only leaving the University for the performance of his duties as Classical Examiner at the University of London, and in the Indian Civil Service Examinations. He died in London, as we have said, before he had completed his fiftieth year.

From this outline of his life it will be evident that Donaldson's services to education were practical as well as literary. He was at different periods lecturer, schoolmaster, private tutor, and examiner; while at the same time he has left behind him works embracing most of the departments of classical learning—comparative philology, grammar, commentaries, and literary history. We shall endeavour briefly to point out his services in each of these fields, adhering as closely as possible to the chronological order of the publication of his books, and adding a few remarks on his direct efforts to promote the cause of liberal education. The whole, however imperfectly pre-

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sented, will offer a picture of a literary life almost unexampled in fertility: the life of a man never content with the labours of the past, but looking upon every accomplished work as an instalment only towards the completion of the great task which he had set himself—the construction of a *Novum Organon* of English classical learning. The achievement was, indeed, one which no man could ever hope to carry out in full; but any systematic contributions to it were sure to be a seed not sown in vain. For the universality of Donaldson's mind prevented him from following the example of many illustrious Germans, and devoting himself wholly to some speciality of classical study; with all his reverence for the classics, he could only look upon them as the means to an end; and thus, though in many particular branches of his labours he has been far surpassed, the breadth of the basis on which he attempted to raise his structure cannot but atone for many imperfections in its details.

English scholarship, at the time Donaldson took his degree at Cambridge, was, it is true, in a hopeful state. At no time had the lecture-rooms at Trinity, then an acknowledged mainstay of classical education at Cambridge, been presided over by abler men. At Oxford other questions were still engrossing attention; but there, too, a race of scholars was growing up who have since done much and valuable work. But the tree, though blossoming, had not as yet put forth much fruit. Gaisford at Oxford and Blomfield of Cambridge belonged to a school which was passing away; even as Hermann, the rival of Porson, was yet to live many honoured years as the Nestor of German scholars, though scarcely any

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longer as their leader. The younger generation of England naturally looked to their German contemporaries for guidance. Arnold, the friend of Niebuhr and Bunsen, Hare and Thirlwall, the translators of Niebuhr's *History of Rome*, and others of the same class, were the men whose labours were to inaugurate almost a new era. Compare Blomfield's Thucydides with Arnold's, and, notwithstanding the many shortcomings of the latter, it will be at once apparent in what the difference between the two schools was to consist. Verbal commentaries were giving way to a broader style of criticism; and the spirit which animated the great K. O. Müller was awaking in this country also. At the same time, comparative philology at last began to be cultivated by English scholars, who had too long fallen behind in the race; but now, stimulated by the revival of the sister science of ethnography, and by the rise of a spirit of enquiry into the language both of our ancestors and of the remote east, felt that the subject had, so to speak, come home to them. Among its first cultivators in this country was the late Mr Garnett (Oxon.), a scholar for whom Donaldson always had the highest admiration, but who was not permitted to live to fulfil the promises of his early efforts. He and others contributed to the earliest periodicals on this and cognate subjects which had sought the attention of the English public. It was at such a time that Donaldson, young, but full of hopes and already well armed for the contest, entered the arena.

His earliest publication was an introductory treatise to the fourth edition of the *Theatre of the Greeks* (1836), a work the popularity of which is sufficiently attested by the number of editions through which it has gone

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(it is now in the seventh). But it was only in the last that the author obtained free scope for his own labours on the subject, and was enabled to omit a great part of the long extracts from Schlegel, and the whole of those from Bentley, which had at first overloaded the book. The Greek drama is certainly the department of ancient literature which has received the greatest amount of attention from English scholars; but Donaldson's object was rather, by a clear account of the origin and a correct representation of the accessories of the Greek stage, accompanied by a suggestive criticism of its principal poets, to facilitate the labours of younger students in this field, and to show them a Greek play as acted at the Dionysia, not as deprived of life by a succession of commentators.

Meanwhile, however, he was engaged upon a far more arduous undertaking. When, in 1839, at an age at which most young scholars are well content to run in the grooves of their special training, he published his *New Cratylus*, or "Contributions towards a more Accurate Knowledge of the Greek Language," he might well look with apprehension upon the ambitious design of his work. It was no less than to exemplify, by means of a critical examination of the Greek language, the mechanism and organisation of inflected language generally; at the same time by this process throwing light upon the special phenomena of Greek[1]. For such a book many qualifications were required; above all, a comprehensive and constructive mind, not content with finding analogies and arraying probabilities, but capable of surveying the whole kosmos of language, of steadily keeping in view

[1] See preface to the first edition.

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the idea of the original unity of speech, and of warding off the thousand fancies likely to interfere with the one great imagination.

That Donaldson in his *New Cratylus* was deeply indebted to German research, and especially to Bopp's *Comparative Grammar*, for a pre-arrangement of most of his materials, cannot be doubted; but it is equally certain that the originality of his conception, and the use he made of these materials, gives him a position of his own. Assuming that language, originally one, has become disintegrated, and that to reintegrate its various offspring is the object of philological enquiry, the author proposes to himself a systematical development of the grammar of the Greek language: in other words, a representation of the action of its working elements upon its roots. As all action must proceed from personality, it is the personal pronouns, whose addition to the root forms this working element and produces inflection, which are the expression of their action and relation. Hence result nouns and verbs, with their various subdivisions; prepositions and other conjunctions are pronouns in which the idea of personality, though practically obscured, underlies the meaning and use of the word. The three first numerals are pronouns in which the idea of position has assumed the particular phase of succession, while subsequent numerals, etymologically as well as arithmetically, are composed of various combinations of the first three. Pure and original interjections stand apart; and, in their case nature will afford every experimentalist the best theory of origin. The variety of illustration by which the author has evolved this idea is amazing; and we refer to the chapter on the numerals, to which we have just

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alluded, for a specimen of his power of throwing light on a difficult and abstruse subject. The proofs of exact Greek reading are everywhere apparent, and Donaldson's extraordinary acuteness in emendation, of which his edition of the *Antigone* and of the text of Thucydides give clear proof, manifests itself incidentally in a great number of instances in *The New Cratylus*.

The whole work is one the vastness of the conception of which rendered perfection hopeless. But, of all Dr Donaldson's books, it has met with the least opposition and the most acknowledgment. It obtained a tribute of praise from Karl Ottfried Müller, and did more than any other English philological work to prove to foreign scholars that rivals were arising for them in this too, the vastest and grandest field of their classical studies. To Donaldson (with another subsequently distinguished scholar, the present Home Secretary, Sir G. Cornewall Lewis) Müller confided the translation of his *History of Greek Literature*, undertaken in 1840 for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

From his country curacy, whither Donaldson had retired after his marriage, he published his edition of Pindar, founded chiefly on the German works of Böckh and Dissen. This work has failed to conciliate much favour. Pindar was a favourite author of Donaldson's, who wrote an excellent article on this poet in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and lately announced a course of lectures on him at Cambridge, which, however, circumstances prevented his delivering.

In 1841, Donaldson had been appointed Headmaster of Bury St Edmunds Grammar School. Here, it soon became obvious to him that, before the bulk of students

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of the Greek language in this country could be brought to regard it as something else than a fortuitous concourse of forms, it would be necessary to overthrow the strongholds of the thoughtless school, and to declare war against the old Grammars. Matthiæ's *Greek Grammar*, of which an English translation had appeared as early as 1819, had commanded universal attention and applause, but was not of the requisite simplicity for the use of younger students. The first edition of Donaldson's *Greek Grammar* has not attained to anything like the wide popularity its author hoped for it; while the second, only lately published, is evidently destined for a more advanced class of readers, to whom, on deserting the routine of schoolwork for the freer studies of the University, no work could afford more efficient aid.

In *Varronianus*, first published in 1844 (the book has since reached its third edition), Donaldson set himself a less comprehensive task than that which he had attempted in *The New Cratylus*, but one beset with many and peculiar difficulties. Latin scholarship was then, as it is now, cultivated in a far less degree in England than Greek. The example of Porson may have had something to do with the preference shown for the latter, though its own greater attractions afford the most natural explanation. What noteworthy edition has, during the last fifty years, appeared in England of a Latin author? We should except Mr Monro's labours on the text of Lucretius; nor should Mr Mayor's excellent school edition of Juvenal be forgotten. But what of importance has been done for Cicero? what for the text of Tacitus, with all its obelisks and lacunæ? what for the texts of the Comedians, which the Germans have, in the last years, improved so much? The

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art of writing Latin prose has been almost forgotten, except among the select few who may possibly still correspond with one another, like the most learned Wyttenbachius and the most learned Schützius, but who show a remarkable loathness to publish their lucubrations. Even the writing of Latin verse has been reduced to an imitation of the most limited number of models, selected it is not known by whose authoritative decision. Meanwhile, the grammar of the language, though used as the representative, and, so to speak, typical grammar of all languages, is taught in a cut-and-dry form, full of unnatural precepts and abnormal rules, and enlivened only by oracular doggerel, which ignores the reason to enliven the memory. The number of declensions and conjugations, for instance, invented by some experimentalist devoid of the sense by which analogies are perceived, is still preserved as a fixed and immutable law. We say "still"; for, notwithstanding the efforts of Donaldson and others, the drops of water have not yet hollowed the stone, which still lies as a stumbling-block in the way of most learners of the Latin tongue. *Varronianus*, supported by the same author's *Latin Grammar*, is an attempt, by means of a historical account of the origin and growth of the Latin language, to introduce a more rational grammatical and syntactical system of teaching it. A history of the Latin language naturally brings with it an increased acquaintance with the various elements which gradually merged in the one Roman people, and thus becomes a guide to the establishment of a system of Italian ethnography. *Varronianus*, accordingly, becomes a companion work to the *History* of Niebuhr, and, if its conclusions are to be trusted, must confer the

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greatest benefits upon the historical as well as the specially philological student. Some of these conclusions have been subjected to severe criticism: we may particularly mention the theory thrown out by Donaldson, of the Scandinavian origin of the Etruscans, on which he had to maintain a sharp controversy with Bunsen, conducted with mutual respect, but with singular tenacity on both sides. At all events, *Varronianus* presents a quite distinct and previously unattempted criticism of the various theories on the subject of Italian ethnography, which has since been still further advanced by German scholars, and clearly makes out its main proposition, that, as Rome was not a city of Italy, but its capital and representative, so the Latin language is not one of the Italian dialects, but a composition and union of all. It is interesting to trace in this work the fruits of its author's early studies; the striking chapter on Scythian word-formations, for instance, has recalled to the mind of his academical contemporaries the extraordinarily ingenious theories incidentally introduced into his Trinity lectures on Herodotus.

His *Latin Grammar*, which was republished in a much larger form a few months before the author's death, is eminent for its simplicity and completeness; and in its suitability for the use of younger students perhaps surpasses the Greek Grammar. Donaldson lately devoted much time to the grammatical and etymological study of the Latin language; when he returned to Cambridge, the first scholars of the University crowded to hear him deliver a course of lectures on Latin Synonyms; and there is little doubt that, if ever the day should have come for the erection of that very needful chair for which

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his claims would have been all but unrivalled, he might have inaugurated a new era of Latin scholarship in England.

Donaldson's desire to promote the study of Hebrew at those schools where the class from which the clergy is mainly drawn is educated, led to the publication of his *Hebrew Grammar*; and he subsequently pursued cognate studies. In 1855, he published his Essay on the Book of *Jashar*, written in vigorous and elegant Latin, and containing one more attempt at a solution of the problem involved, a *crux* of German theologians. Donaldson found no supporters for his theories on this subject either among English or among continental Biblical scholars; and in truth he approached the text less as such an one than as a comparative philologist. The ignorant misrepresentations with which he was assailed, often uttered by those to whom the language in which the book was written must have presented an insuperable obstacle to their criticising it, have now passed away, and we may let them rest. His theological position he subsequently defended in a book entitled *Christian Orthodoxy reconciled with the Conclusions of Modern Biblical Learning* (1857), a work interesting as a proof of his yearning to harmonise in his mind the different elements of this as of his other knowledge. If here, as on other occasions, he showed a want of moderation in replying to his opponents, we may recollect that he stood alone, and, so to speak, at bay, and that the *odium theologicum* has never yet been known as an emollient of temper.

In 1855, he returned once more to Cambridge, in the atmosphere of which he felt more at home, and where he continued his marvellous activity with an ever-increasing

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sacrifice of strength. In 1858, appeared his continuation of K. O. Müller's *History of Greek Literature*, his share in the translation of which we have mentioned above. Müller had carried his work down as far as the time of Socrates, with an admirable characterisation of whom Donaldson's continuation begins. The spirit in which the book is written is that of a modest subordination to the plan of a great departed scholar, accompanied by a freedom of thought and vigour of execution which gave to the continuation the character of an original work. Donaldson, whose conscientiousness in these points was unusual, went through an immense amount of reading of the minor and later Greek authors, of which the size of the work gives a very faint idea. There are, as was unavoidable in so very extensive a subject, some errors which his friends pointed out to him, and which were readily acknowledged; but, as a whole, the book was a great success, and offers were made to the author by German publishers for its translation into that language. But as several alterations were deemed necessary by these publishers' learned friends, the negotiation ended in nothing, as Donaldson would not consent "to be re-edited with additions and improvements in his lifetime." No man had more right to use such words, for there never was an author who devoted more care and labour to the improvement of his own works in their successive editions, and who was more alive to the fact that, as knowledge increases every year and every day, so a yearly and daily modification of individual views is essential to the progress of truth. Besides this important book, he published during the last years of his life new and enlarged editions of nearly all his greater works, to which

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we have already alluded. In 1859, appeared the third edition of *The New Cratylus*, and the second of the *Greek Grammar*; in 1860, the third of *Varronianus*, the second of the *Latin Grammar*, and the seventh of the *Theatre of the Greeks*. He was also commencing preparations for his *Greek and English Lexicon*, now irrecoverably lost to the world, but which would have contained the matured results of the labours of a life engaged in nearly all the studies necessary to render such a work perfect. Meanwhile, he was from time to time occupied with the active duties of Classical Examiner at London University, and for some time filled a similar post in connexion with the Indian Civil Service Competitive Examinations. In the year of his death he was to have been one of the examiners for the Classical Tripos of his own University.

The classical part of the Indian Civil Service examination has been the most successful. It has rendered cram nugatory, without presenting too high a standard for any able young man who has had the ordinary education of an English public school. A great part of this success may, with justice, be attributed to Donaldson, who strongly advocated, and successfully used *vivâ-voce* examination, the surest way, if fairly treated, of finding out not only what a candidate knows, but also what use he can make of his knowledge. Not content with spreading the influence of true classical scholarship by these examinations, and those of London University, he was not inattentive to the possibility of improvements at home, and was zealous for a judicious widening of the range of the Cambridge Classical Tripos. The principles which guided him in these efforts, and his view of their

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applicability both to University and to competitive examinations, will be found clearly stated in his admirable little book entitled, *Classical Scholarship and Classical Learning considered, with especial reference to Competitive Tests and University Teaching* (1856).

Such were the various labours of this extraordinary man. Not only did he surpass all his academical contemporaries in literary activity, although for the greater part of his life engaged in avocations which left him but little time for writing, but he came forward as the champion of liberal education in days when shallow utilitarianism is attempting to pull down its very foundations, and showed the adversaries of our Universities that they are still able to produce men who, while recognising the claims of the age, and willing to advance and extend, where it is desirable, the limits of their teaching, yet hold fast to its firmly-established principles. In him were combined the best elements of old scholarship and modern learning, a carefully-formed taste and a logically-enquiring spirit. Some may think his efforts rash, others may think them timid; but a candid judge will recognise in all of them, notwithstanding errors in either direction, a sincere intention both to be moderate without sacrificing truth, and to go steadily forward without fear. Errors, as we have said, there were; nor would it be right to conceal a regret that he should not have avoided the worst of these, precipitancy, on a field where common prudence should have bid him tread warily. He had to pay the severe penalty of suffering, not so much from the meaningless outcry of ignorance and prejudice, as from the coldness with which those who really understood the subject stood aloof. But, though he may be taxed with

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rashness, those who accused him of irreverence little knew that his mind was that of a man more deeply imbued with a love of truth than with any other feeling; and love of truth and reverence are qualities, which are, and must ever be, inseparable. Thus, then, he stood before England, a man of ardent spirit and of ceaseless toil; content to devote an activity, which must have insured him a foremost place in lines of life surrounded by the blaze of fame and full of solid rewards, to a path trodden in these days by few but quiet and modest men; and he has now sunk into an untimely grave, worn out by labours, the fruits of which have already become apparent, and must assuredly increase in the course of time; labours for which his name deserves the grateful remembrance of all who love knowledge and honour its champions.

[This notice is, with a very few trifling changes of word or phrase, reprinted here, not only as a tribute of youthful gratitude and piety, but as an attempt—*quantum valeat*—to keep open the remembrance of an incomparable teacher and a scholar of rare acumen and still rarer courage.]

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24. HELEN FAUCIT

(*The Manchester Guardian*, November 1, 1898)

We have to announce with deep regret the death of Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), which took place yesterday at her home in Llangollen. Her illness had been protracted and severe.

The life of Helen Faucit, whose very name makes music in the ears of all lovers of the noble art to which the chief energies of her gifted nature were devoted, spans a long and varied period in the history of the English stage. In her survived, in a very real sense, the traditions of the Kembles; she had shared some of the most legitimate successes of Macready, and she was incomparably the most distinguished actress of a long period of theatrical history beyond which the memories of few playgoers of the present day reach. This period it has become customary to set down as one of decline, partly because it has been succeeded by days in which "society" has grown fonder of taking its pleasure at the theatre, and in which the theatre has, according to its immemorial wont, gone more than half-way to meet the wishes and tastes of its patrons. We need not now enquire in what measure this comfortable change has contributed to the progress of the art itself, whose finest inspirations Helen Faucit brought home to the playgoing public of half the Victorian age. Actresses of high distinction have flourished both before and after her; but few, if any, have more single-mindedly and with a more complete unity of purpose and achievement embodied the creations

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of our national poetic drama in its highest forms. It had been her lot long to survive those hours of triumph in which, from the necessity of the case, the popular actor or actress finds the most liberal reward of toil and effort; but the quiet consummation of a life of rare dignity and refinement has brought with it the establishment of a more than fleeting renown.

Helen Faucit was born in 1819. Her family was connected with the stage, and her mother and sister were both actresses. In her later years—about 1860—she was much interested in the *début* on the stage of her niece, Miss Kate Saville, who bore a striking personal resemblance to Mrs Martin (as she then was), and gave promise of artistic powers in certain respects resembling her aunt's. Helen Faucit went to school at Greenwich, but her holidays she spent at Richmond, and it was here that once, on Richmond Green, she met Edmund Kean, with whom her sister had a slight acquaintance. Kean afterwards declared that he had been much attracted by "the little sweet-voiced maiden who could be dumb, and yet full of life when the right note was struck"; and she never forgot the expression of the tragedian's deep dark eyes, nor how, when he heard her name, he quoted an old bit of doggerel:

> "Oh, my Helen,
> There is no tellin'
> Why love I fell in."

It was on the stage of the little Richmond theatre that Helen Faucit made her first appearance. On the off days the stage door was always left open, and she and her sister in the summer afternoons occasionally took shelter here from the hot sunshine. On one such afternoon,

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having seen on the stage a balcony and a flight of steps, they determined forthwith to amuse themselves by acting the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. Their performance was overheard by the manager, as an unseen listener, and he was so much struck by the beautiful voice and graceful bearing of the Juliet that, though she was only fourteen, he persuaded Helen Faucit's friends to allow her to appear in public, though without an announcement of her name. She herself was not dissatisfied with her own performance, which was repeated more than once in the same little theatre; but, fortunately for her future career, she was prevailed upon by an adviser in whom she placed unfailing confidence to postpone any further appearance for three years. Better advice was never given; study and quiet rapidly brought the flower of her genius into bloom; and she could afterwards point with tranquil self-knowledge to the fact that she "certainly was never a precocious child."

Helen Faucit's real *début* as an actress on the public stage was made in January, 1836, when she was seventeen years of age. It had been intended that her first appearance at Covent Garden should be in the part of Juliet. Charles Kemble, who was then on the eve of nominally quitting the stage, attended all her rehearsals and confidently predicted success. He was to have himself played Mercutio; but unfortunately the company was without a Romeo of suitable years, and, to the great disappointment of Miss Faucit, she had to make her first appearance, not as the tender Juliet, but as the arch Julia in *The Hunchback*. The house was crowded, and, notwithstanding inevitable nervousness in the first act, she

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achieved a complete success—in a part which, since the production of the play in 1832, had been identified with Fanny Kemble, an actress of a wholly different type of genius. She was at once offered a three years' engagement to play leading characters; and thus, partly because of the void which needed filling, partly because of the singular completeness of the equipment with which she had entered upon her career, the young girl at once took a place in the front rank of her profession. Miss Helen Faucit was described by the theatrical critics of those remote days as possessed of a dignified stage presence, a wonderfully expressive face, a voice of remarkable sweetness, so skilfully modulated that she could convey the spontaneous rise of emotion in the softest whisper without the slightest appearance of effort, while the tones were never harsh or overstrained, even when the speaker seemed under the sway of passion or frenzy. The perfection of her elocution, and her, as it were, intuitive perception of the multitudinous niceties of rhythmical effect in verse, were the theme of admiration in the days of her professional novitiate, as they were (or ought to have been) the ideal of those who were intent on succeeding her as the leading actresses of the English stage. On the other hand, the witnesses of her earliest triumphs could not know, what became manifest to the observers of every subsequent period of her professional career, that she never ceased to be a learner. Unlike those actors who consider their own conception of a character or reading of a passage—whether gained by mature reflexion or by any other process—too sacred a thing to be retouched even by themselves, she was not averse, when the occasion seemed to demand it, from distributing

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afresh light and shade, passion and recovery, flash of wit and lambent play of humour. In the latter part of her career, she doubtless took advantage of better criticism than is usually to be had for the asking; and we know that she came herself to be a critic. Within two months of her first appearance on the London stage, Miss Faucit played with Charles Kemble in Joanna Baillie's domestic tragedy *Separation*. But a more conspicuous event in her career was her "creation," as the French would call it, of the character of Pauline in Bulwer-Lytton's *Lady of Lyons*, acted for the first time in 1838 with Macready as Claude Melnotte. Its immediate success was such that a performance of the play was, during its first run, "commanded" by the Queen. Perhaps the time has come when the popularity of *The Lady of Lyons* may safely be said to have waned beyond all hope of revival, and we hardly think that the tears of the Muses consecrated to this downfall will be copious. But for many a day—certainly so long as Helen Faucit's star shone on the English stage—this play remained an acknowledged favourite, against which the shafts of ridicule spent themselves in vain[1]. The theatrical effectiveness of this once celebrated piece is, in truth, indisputable, and Lady Martin herself has placed on record the curious fact that "it must have been written with rare knowledge of what the stage requires, for not one word was cut out nor one scene rearranged or altered after the first representation." Moreover, whatever may be thought of Claude Melnotte and the witchery of his tongue, Pauline is a true woman,

[1] Thackeray, who, as is wellknown, had no mercy on the author of *The Lady of Lyons*, could never see the play performed without paying it the tribute of tears.

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and when played with delicacy sure of the sympathy of her sex. Nor should it be forgotten that, as there is something winning in the romantic simplicity of a play whose efforts are purely dependent upon its appeal to sentiment, so Helen Faucit in Pauline Deschapelles was nature itself, with the charm of fair girlhood in its smiles and tears infused into every feature of the impersonation. Pauline became one of the parts to which she at all times most readily returned, and she rarely undertook an engagement without including *The Lady of Lyons* in her announcements. (She acted in it at Manchester, and very charmingly, as late as 1867, to Mr Cathcart's Claude Melnotte.) An unconfirmed rumour, indeed, ran that Macready's refusal to include it in the programme of their joint performances at Paris in 1845 led to a temporary estrangement between himself and Miss Faucit, and to the dissolution of their artistic partnership[1]. It had begun in 1836, with their joint appearance in *The Stranger*, that tearful favourite of Pendennis's and our own youth, at Covent Garden, and continued after his assumption of the management of Drury Lane in 1841. During its progress, the relations between the great actor and the great actress seem, by her account, to have been as cordial as it was, perhaps, possible for Macready's relations with any fellow-artist to be; and, while she has rendered full justice to the singlemindedness of his aims and the sincerity of his judgment, he estimated the art and the poetry that were hers at their true value. Miss

[1] Grievances of this kind, however well founded, are best left unexplored. As well might posterity enquire into the recorded incident of Othello standing before Desdemona during her appeal to the Senate, so that with his simple way he completely hid her and provoked Jules Janin to describe him as "*ce grand paravent de* Macready."

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Faucit was, also, the original heroine of Bulwer-Lytton's *Duchesse de La Vallière*, first performed in 1837, of his *Richelieu*, produced in 1839, and of his comedy of *Money*, produced in 1840. She, also, seems, at an early date, to have played Lady Teazle, a character of which the best effects are frequently missed by the absence of one of two ingredients never wanting in Helen Faucit's high comedy—sense of fun without which it is not comedy, and the restraint which raises it above farce.

The visit to Paris, to which reference has been made, gave her an opportunity of attempting a typical selection from her *répertoire*; but the choice actually made may be surprising to those who remember the class of characters in which she excelled at a rather later date in her career. Of Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, Juliet, Virginia (in Sheridan Knowles's more or less defunct play) and Ophelia, not more than one or two are parts by which she is now most generally remembered; and Ophelia, to the best of our knowledge, she never played in England. The Paris critics seem to have accorded her a very friendly welcome, and she always recalled with special pleasure the warm expressions of admiration bestowed upon her Shakespearean impersonations by Regnier, one of the most instructed, as he was one of the most gifted, representatives of the Parisian stage, and by Édouard Thierry (the brother of the historian), who devoted to her a long and appreciative critical essay in the *Messager*. At home, it should be noted that she was far from contenting herself with the round of characters which, in those days at all events, every leading actress was expected to essay. She was the original heroine in three of Robert Browning's plays—Lucy Carlisle in *Strafford* (written for

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Macready in 1837), Colombe in *Colombe's Birthday*, and Mildred Tresham in *The Blot on the Scutcheon*. Some weeks after the production of the last-named (in 1843), Browning—not, we may think, under the circumstances, without special reason—wrote in her album an expression of his "admiration and gratitude." "Helen Faucit," the concluding portion of these very characteristic lines run,

> You have twice
> Proved my Bird of Paradise.
>
> Genius is a common story,
> Few guess that the spirit's glory
> They hail nightly is the sweetest,
> Fairest, gentlest, and completest
> Shakespeare's-Lady's ever poet
> Longed for! Few guess this: I know it.

An equally interesting episode in her artistic career was her assumption (at Covent Garden in 1845) of the characters of Antigone and Iphigenia in Aulis in English versions of the two great Attic tragedies. Although her style of beauty was softer and her delivery more flexible than might have seemed to be in perfect harmony with our conception of the stern sister and the lonely priestess, she possessed a dignity and a grace adequate even to demands so uncommon. Long afterwards, she spoke with particular pleasure of the effect of her performance of these parts in Dublin, where she was always a great favourite. "These Greek plays," she said, "moved the Irish hearts much more deeply than either the English or the Scotch"; and she remembered with sincere pleasure the presentation of an address and a handsome gift by some of her Dublin admirers after her performance of Antigone—the part in which De Quincey extols her for

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"restoring to imagination the noblest of Grecian girls." An impersonation, in a sense, cognate to these must have been her Lady in Macready's revival of Milton's *Comus*, which it has not been the good fortune of many of us to see represented on the stage in the spirit recognisable in her description of this performance to Mr Ruskin.

In 1851, Miss Faucit was married to Mr Theodore Martin. It was said that their engagement was first made generally known in Manchester at the house of Mr (afterwards Sir John) Pender in Higher Broughton, where, on the same occasion, Miss Faucit had drawn tears from young and old by her pathetic recitation of Tennyson's *Dora*. The marriage could hardly but excite a widespread interest, for the beautiful young actress was then at the height of her fame, and nothing could have surpassed the personal charm of her manner either on or off the boards. Mr [afterwards Sir] Theodore Martin was already known, on both sides of the Border, as a most accomplished man of letters, a master of many languages and various styles, and an original wit. His interest in the drama and his critical insight into the art which is its exponent must have been an open secret in the world of letters, although his various published essays on dramatic subjects have only been put into a collective form for private circulation (1874). So propitious a union of tastes and enthusiasms could not remain without the most directly stimulative influence upon the artistic genius of his wife. Of what it became to the husband he has spoken in the beautiful sonnet dedicating to her his translation of the *Vita Nuova* (1862). Helen Faucit, as Mrs Martin continued to call herself on the stage, remained faithful to the claims of her profession for some years after

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her marriage; then, from about 1854 to 1864, she withdrew from its active exercise. She had by this time, to the best of our knowledge, pretty well completed her *répertoire* of characters, which included, in addition to the Shakespearean characters that remained hers to the last, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and the blind Iolanthe in *King René's Daughter*, a much-admired, but in truth, ultra-sentimental play by a belated Danish romantic, Henrik Herz, reproduced in a skilful English version by Mr Theodore Martin[1]. When, in 1864, Helen Faucit reappeared at Drury Lane in a series of her most celebrated characters, her uninterrupted successes of former years were still vividly remembered, while in the interval no claim had so much as been put forward to the wreath which was still green on her brow. So rapid, however, is the half-unconscious change of ways and fashions in all such things, that, on her return, certain characteristics of gesture, and still more of declamation,

[1] Among the principles to which Helen Faucit adhered from the first—indeed in this instance she modestly attributes her observance of it to the kindly advice of Charles Kemble—was that of "never on any account giving prominence to the merely physical aspect of any painful emotion. Let the expression be genuine, earnest, but not ugly." At the cost of foregoing those responsive thrills or spasms of nervous distress which some favourite modern actresses have deliberately set themselves to provoke, she preserved without flaw—so far as she was concerned—the beauty and harmony of any dramatic creation to whose interpretation she was called upon to contribute. It is curious that in one instance—that of the character of Iolanthe—she should have gone so near to the analytical treatment of a physical defect. At least, however, her representation of it was evolved from her imagination only; though the celebrated oculist Mr Critchett seems to have been greatly surprised to learn that a performance so true to the life was not the result of actual observation of the symptoms of blindness.

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seemed to have assumed a more stereotyped form in her; nor was her voice any longer always capable of fully expressing the more vehement moods of passion. Perhaps, she would have done better to lay aside the part of Lady Macbeth, which she had first played in Dublin, rather *à contre-cœur*, and had been unexpectedly called upon to resume at Drury Lane. The character was, in truth, in more than one respect far from well-suited to her, although the tragic collapse of the guilty woman has never been depicted on the stage with more overwhelming naturalness. There remained an ample range of Shakespearean characters in which she was still—and in which she had never been more distinctly—supreme. These may perhaps be remembered as falling, more or less, into two groups. Helen Faucit was peerless as one of those highspirited, largeminded, and quickwitted heroines of Shakespearean comedy, each one of whom might, like Beatrice, have averred of herself that a star danced when she was born. Her art had the mellow beauty which envelopes the heiress of Belmont, the sunny gaiety which sparkles in Beatrice, the music of the soul which wells over in Rosalind; and it had, at the same time, to put the matter in a word, the intellectual strength with which Shakespeare endowed one and all of these favourites of his own genius. What is more, to Helen Faucit's eyes all these lovely creations were bathed in a light of their own which is no other than the light of poetry, and of which, so far as it was in her power, she never would consent to let them be deprived. The late Mr Grant White, one of the acutest of Shakespeare critics, was probably quite right in supposing that an Elizabethan Rosalind was a very different kind of stage-deception from

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that with which modern actresses are usually contented; but we are not in these latter days likely to relinquish our privilege of regarding her as a figure of pure poetry. As such she never found a more exquisite embodiment than Helen Faucit. Yet this had not been one of her earliest parts, and it was only at Macready's special request that she had originally assumed it. As for her Beatrice, it continued to be one of her latest, as, after some slight initial hesitation, she had made it one of her earliest, Shakespearean characters. Charles Kemble had paid her the great compliment of singling her out to play this part to his Benedick on the night of his last appearance on the stage in 1840, and she performed it on another notable occasion, the opening of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, on April 23rd, 1879. The artistic merits of this assumption it would be difficult to exaggerate, for what under different treatment seem the rough sallies of a boisterous wit were here subdued to a general conception of irresistible gaiety, and harmonised with the touches of tenderness without which the character would be incomplete. Helen Faucit, as an old friend had told her with regard to this very part, had only to give way to natural joyousness: "Let yourself go free; you cannot be vulgar if you try ever so hard." Portia, the part in which in 1871 she bade farewell to her friends at Manchester—

I wish you well, and so I take my leave[1]—

[1] No witness of the "electrical effect," as it was truthfully described at the time, of these simple words on an overcrowded house will ever forget it. When, as noted in the text, Helen Faucit, eight years later, once more revisited Manchester, appearing as Rosalind in connexion with the Charles Calvert memorial performances, the emotion which she showed found a still more pathetic expression in her "Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of."

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remains, in the recollections of all admirers of her brightness and grace, as one that, to the last, fitted her with incomparable ease and charm. Her Portia revived the great lady of an age when wit and wisdom seemed fit accompaniments of beauty and magnificence; and what a lesson of elocution, in such an instance at least, defying any charge of over-elaboration, was conveyed by the great speech in which the wise young doctor's eloquence betrays his woman's heart! Helen Faucit's other principal Shakespearean characters were those of devoted affection, finding rest in a wealth of expression such as requires on the stage the ornate rendering of which she was mistress. Her most enduringly successful efforts in this direction were her Juliet and her Imogen. Strange as it may seem, none of Shakespeare's heroines demands a closer study, in every sense of the word, than the most girlish of them all; for in few the resistless sun of the south has suddenly opened, as it has in her, the full flower of womanhood. But the great actress's loveliest artistic creation, and that in which her very nature seemed, as it were, to lose itself in order to find itself again, was her Imogen. She had loved the character from her childhood, and the innocent sweetness of her conception of this embodiment of woman's faithfulness remained unimpaired to the last. To those who remember this incomparable impersonation, the purest and the truest of all Shakespeare's women detaches herself even from her dramatic surroundings, and remains as a thing of beauty by itself—an image of perfect and unchangeable nobility of soul.

It was at Manchester, for whose audiences she always expressed a very special predilection, that, on October 1st, 1879, Helen Faucit, in the character of Rosalind,

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made her last appearance upon the stage. She was not, at the time, aware that this was her final performance; for she adhered to a resolution which she had formed many years before, at the time of Charles Kemble's last appearance, that she would never undergo so painful an experience as that of a formal theatrical farewell.

In the years of her retirement, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin's house in Onslow Square was a chosen resort of those who shared the love of dramatic poetry and of its interpretation, which had here found a natural home. Here, and at the house of their friend, Miss Anna Swanwick, the accomplished translator of Sophocles, a company of distinguished friends was for many years wont periodically to assemble in order to take part in Lady Martin's Shakespearean readings—among them a distinguished Irish prelate, a wellknown English divine and man of letters, whose superior as a participant in such readings it would, we suspect, not prove easy to find in these latter days, and, among the eminent actors of a younger generation than Lady Martin's own, Mr (afterwards Sir) Henry Irving. Of late years, Lady Martin usually lived at her country house of Bryntysillio, near Llangollen, in Wales. It was after her final retirement that she was prevailed upon to compose a series of letters on "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters," where she recorded her own impression of some of those characters which she had formerly impersonated herself. Three of these letters, on Ophelia, Portia, and Desdemona, were addressed to Miss Geraldine Jewsbury; two, on Juliet, to Mrs S. C. Hall; one, on Imogen, to Miss Anna Swanwick; another, on Rosalind, to Mr Robert Browning; and the last, on Beatrice, to Mr Ruskin. They

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were at first printed for private circulation only, but, after appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, they were published in 1885, and a new edition followed in 1887. Apart from the considerable biographical value attaching to these studies, from which several reminiscences contained in the present notice have been derived, they possess a real interest as the product of a sincere and refined enthusiasm. Lady Martin had accustomed herself to "think out" these Shakespearean "pure women," and their experiences, as others follow the lives of queens and princesses from the cradle to the grave. As a matter of fact, she could not bring herself to part either with Portia or with Imogen at the close of the play, and, if she ever found fault with Shakespeare, it was on account of the stage epilogue which he imposed upon Rosalind. The book thus signally illustrates an intellectual sympathy of very rare intensity, and will remain a worthy memorial of one

> Whose daily life
> With that full pulse of noblest feeling glow'd
> That lent its spell to her so potent art.

[I have ventured to reprint, very much as it was written, the above tribute to the only great actress with whose art my experience of the English stage in my younger days had rendered me familiar, while at the same time I had enjoyed the privilege of her personal acquaintance. Some two years after it was put into print, Sir Theodore Martin's *Life* of his wife appeared, and was in due course noticed by me in *The Manchester Guardian* (December 28th, 1900). In the present reprint I have contented myself with adding a note or two derived from this biographical monument of loving insight and loyal devotion.]

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25. FOUNDERS' DAY AT MANCHESTER IN WAR TIME

(*Address delivered at Manchester University on March 23rd, 1917, at a Memorial Service for Members of the University who had fallen in the War*[1].)

In the most ancient College of the seat of learning between which and the University of Manchester my feelings of academic—and not only academic—piety and affection are consciously divided, it had become my annual duty to take part in a service commemorating our Founders and Benefactors, and giving hearty thanks to God for the nourishment imparted to us through them for the purposes of our collegiate life. In the last two years of high endeavour and grievous suffering, we, and doubtless other bodies in the same position as our own, have preferred that these annual gatherings for remembrance and praise should merge in the religious services held by our University as a whole in memory of those of her sons who, in what we believe to be the righteous War Great Britain is waging, have proved the greatness of their love by laying down their lives for the land that bore them. It was, therefore, in no ordinary sense of the word, gratifying to me to learn that a similar thought had suggested itself to those in authority within these walls, and that they would be glad if, as long and at one time intimately connected with this place of education and learning, I could take part in a memorial solemnity of twofold significance. Twofold—but not bipartite; for in

[1] Manchester, at the University Press, 1917.

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a chartered College, and how much more in a national University, the functions of learning to work and learning to live are not separate; rather, the one comprehends the other: we serve our generation, our country, and the better future of a better world, by what our lives and this training have made us—of which our knowledge, our skill, our very aspirations are only part. And when, as in the present period of direct and personal appeal, the supreme test is both applied and satisfied within our own academic body, those members of it whose duty is but to witness and record, may bow their heads in thankfulness. It is on such occasions that the lessons of life and the thoughts of the responsibility laid upon us all—of the account which both young and old must give, if only to their own consciences, of the use they have made of life—clothe themselves most readily in the form of one or more of the parables by which the Divine Teacher thought fit to convey some of His profoundest lessons. The associations which these parables present with different sides or aspects of human nature or human life are many and various; but their inmost significance, from the very nature of this form of speech, reaches far beyond, and soars high above, its immediate purport. Thus, what parable could come home more naturally to the business and bosoms of a population strenuously engaged in the accumulation of wealth and management of its uses, than that of the talents; and what other could, at the same time, be more fittingly applied to that educational life to whose results our attention is necessarily directed today? For education can assuredly not be better defined than as the drawing out, and bringing to a beneficent growth and increase, what has been implanted by nature, with

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the aid of circumstance. It is not merely the accumulation of knowledge, or the perfecting of technical ability; but the improvement and development of all the powers of a human being—moral as well as mental and physical—by the application of those powers to life, its claims and its duties: till (to use the figure of the other parable which in St Matthew's Gospel precedes and, in a manner supplements, that of the talents) the lamp burns in bright readiness for the day of fulfilment. The burning lamp, says the old commentator, is the talent given for use; the extinct lamp is the talent that lies idle and hidden in the earth. The lesson brought home to us with so special a force on an occasion like the present is, that the talent, or the two talents, or the five talents, entrusted to the student on his entrance into academic life, consists not only of the foundations, more or less deep, which he or she may have already laid of sound learning, not only of the heaven-sent gifts of quick apprehension or clear judgment or imaginative power, not only of the healthy mind in the healthy body that fits their fortunate possessor for work—work, the lot and the blessing open to every man and woman prepared to claim them. It consists, also, of the purity, dignity and strength of soul that time and its trials can alone verify, as they alone can, within human limits, bring these qualities to perfection. For the student, of all ages and stages, those trials are quotidian and diverse, and Heaven forbid that we should think them, even in the days of peace and quiet, restricted to the spheres of the examination-hall, the scientific arena or the literary market. And, as we have seen now and are seeing daily, they may take the tragic shape of demands not to be met, by either the bravest or the

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brightest of learners and teachers in our University, or by the flower of the country's youth, except in the full and unstinted spirit of absolute and entire self-sacrifice. We know that it has been so met by many of our graduates and undergraduates—comrades of many of you in your studies and sports, colleagues of some of you in your work of teaching or research, members of that academic body to which nearly all of us belong and which forms no inconsiderable element in the population of this great city and county. We know that it has been so met by them to whom were committed, in much the larger number of instances only a short while—alas, how short a while—ago, the talents of youth, ardour and lofty purpose; and that they have held high, in the fatal struggle of the battlefield or in the protracted agony of the hospital death-bed, the lamp they had, in the language of the sister parable, trimmed and in readiness. Together with these heroes, of land, sea or air, we commemorate those officers and soldiers of our King whose hard fate it is, we trust not for long, to be prisoners in the hands of the foe. And, at the same time, we thank those whom, though stricken to the ground in the fight, we have, by the mercy of God, been allowed to welcome home, recovered or recovering from their wounds or sickness, or whom we may hope thus to welcome—together with some at present missing from the roll, but not unreckoned by the Divine Providence which controls the lives and deaths of all men. Many of those who have served their King and country in the field, including perhaps some who are returning thither, undismayed and undepressed, in the true spirit of patriotic perseverance, to resume their interrupted service, have been honoured by military and other

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distinctions, which are gained by few, prized by all, and envied by none. We have ourselves no laurels of this kind to add for them and for their comrades, unless they will count as such the tributes of affection from kith and kin and from the *commilitium* of the piping days of peace, which their valour may, we pray God, help to bring back.

To all those graduates of our University, teachers and students, past and present, officers and employees, and members of its Governing Bodies, who have bravely confronted dangers and hardships of naval and military warfare, we would fain send word how we at home take pride in the thought, and take courage from it, that service such as theirs has been and is being rendered by members of the body to which they and we alike belong. Our message is also addressed to those members of two learned professions who, like them, wear the King's uniform in token of the services rendered by them, never more assiduously and unselfishly than during the present war, to him and to his sailors and soldiers. The physicians and surgeons who form part of the Medical Faculty of this University or hold its degrees, have given evidence at the front, and in our military and naval hospital-wards abroad and at home, of a devotion unsurpassed even in the annals of their magnanimous profession; perhaps, they number among them more than one who have generously, and I hope not in vain, sought to assuage private grief for a loss inflicted early in the War by transferring their own beneficial activity to the neighbourhood of its ravages. Nor can we err in associating with the aid abundantly bestowed by our medical men the efforts of those ministering women who have come forth from among their sister-students or graduates, past or present,

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at Manchester. They include, together with the nurses abroad and at home, the women-doctors, of whom many have bravely rendered valuable service in Serbia and more recently in southern Russia, in both military and civil hospitals; and those of our women-graduates who have undertaken temporary administrative work of various kinds in London and elsewhere. These are but a proportion of the helpers from among the women members of this University, growing in numbers with the public need for their services, in furtherance of a cause which is at once that of their University and country, and that of human sympathy with human suffering. I do not think you will consider it presumptuous in me, if I venture to say that nothing of late has made me feel so sure of the wisdom of the decision that men and women should work together in our University, than the way in which our women students, too, have proved themselves of late impressed by a sense of the duty resting upon us all, not to let our lamps go out and the door to be shut upon us.

And, if I say very little of that other, that sacred, profession of which many members are to be found in immediate touch with the combatants in this War, and ready to minister to them in health as well as in sickness and sufferings, and when at the last summoned to their side, often with terrible suddenness, it is not only because they, of all, are labouring zealously for no earthly reward. With their brethren left behind, to keep up whose numbers and to foster whose efficiency was never more incumbent than now on the Churches and the Universities, they share a responsibility exceeding that cast upon any other profession in the days of sin and

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sorrow in which our lot is cast. For they, in particular, are called upon, to justify, not by wellmeant and ingenious sophistry, but by direct personal appeal, the ways of God to man. May they have power, may they have grace to find the words of comfort, and to administer the spiritual support of spoken or unspoken prayer!

I have referred incidentally, as I could hardly but refer, to those left behind, some of whom have, while others, for one reason or another, have not, been able to make what seems a full use, in this hour of effort and self-sacrifice, of the talents entrusted to them on their own behalf and on that of their academic community. But the oldest among us are not too old, and the weakest are not too weak, to warrant our giving way, with folded hands, to a feeling that the effort is for others, younger and stronger than ourselves: because this feeling would be untrue—or else we might bury our talent in the earth, and crave to lie there by its side. Least of all, is there room for indulging so senile, so unreal a sense of disappointment in an academic community like ours, where many teachers and scholars, leaders of enquiry and research or participants in them, have learnt, or are learning, to render useful service to their country in the organisation and management of its defence, or in helping to preserve it from the more or less avertible consequences of this stupendous War upon its economic and social stability and prosperity. And, as I have spoken of those among us whose energies age has begun, or is with unwelcome speed continuing, to contract, so I may remind my younger fellow-members of this University of yet another task which it must be part of their life's duty, as it will of the rulers and members of other

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national Universities, to take upon themselves for the sake of their country, and for the sake of those ideals without which all University life is doomed to decay. You will not, and your sister Universities will not, be able so to "shape your old course in a country new" that you can, without changes, suit your system to the demands which new necessities, new developments, new possibilities bring with them. *Sapienti sat*: every University best knows its own requirements, and the more serious the necessary changes are, the more careful must be the deliberation for which they will call. Neither is the present the moment for discussing this side of our theme, nor can I refrain from deprecating the too speedy adoption of piecemeal reforms, when they involve more than the filling-up of unmistakable gaps in a system of academical studies, or the removal of palpable obstacles to its legitimate expansion. When, in due course of time, you have to consider the necessity or expediency of wider revision and developments, you will have need, and will, I feel sure, under the wise guidance which I trust this University may long continue to enjoy, give proof, of full confidence in its future, as well as of that loyalty to its past on which this confidence must always be largely founded.

It is for this reason, and not only from a deep sense of the special claims of today's gathering upon our sympathies, that we welcome this beginning of a series of commemorations of our Founders and Benefactors, which will, we hope, reach far into happier times and long continue to weave a wreath of generous traditions and inspiring memories round a still radiant sun. May I, before we part, touch on a few among these

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traditions and memories—for how could I rehearse them all, from that of the good and great Queen who gave our University, with her own royal name, its first three Charters, to that of the youngest graduate who has piously deposited on our library shelves the first copy of his earliest literary product or research? The names we pass by are, like those we mention, built into these walls; and for this, at least, we may thank our later academic origin, that no name calling for the pious remembrance of later generations will be forgotten because our chronicles are dumb. Already the contemporaries of the Founder of our College, of whom a few were known to some of us, have gone to their rest with him; already those who may be called the Founders of our University have for the most part followed. But what it would hardly be a forced figure to call their handiwork still surrounds us; and it is as if in their presence that I remind you of part of what we owe to them and their fellows.

Paradoxically enough, as you well know, the idea of the University of Manchester was of earlier origin than that of Owens College. Henry Fairfax, who, in the year before that of the outbreak of the Great Civil War, petitioned the Long Parliament for the establishment of a northern University, was himself a Yorkshireman, but had been educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. One of his contemporaries and friends there was George Herbert, who was more of a courtier than of an academic, but who, though he moved among fancies and forms, exercised his spirit in thoughts of the high and holy. Like all men of quick intelligence and broad sympathy, Henry Fairfax largely reflected the ideas and aspirations of his age. We are all more like our age than we are like our

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very parents, or they like their parents before them; and the University idea was characteristic of the earlier half of the 17th century in more European countries than one, for reasons into which I cannot now enquire. The northern petition, which designated Manchester as the fittest place for the foundation of a new English University, noted, as the chief reason for this choice, that here was the centre of these northern parts; and it mentioned, as an additional argument, the convenience of the College already built at Manchester—in other words of Hugh Oldham's Grammar School. How welljudged was the generation of which I am speaking in their estimate of the right relations between our Grammar School and our University! In the days of the actual foundation of the Victoria University, it was not shortsightedness, but historical circumstances, which for a time made these relations uncertain and, but for the goodwill of the authorities on both sides, would have made them uneasy; those days are long past, and the cooperation of our great Secondary School has become one of the essential conditions of the University's usefulness and prosperity. As you know, neither Manchester nor York, which, in or about 1641, sent up a rival petition, was successful on this occasion, and Cromwell contented himself with founding the University of Durham, for which the sequestered revenues of Dean and Chapter fell convenient, but whose history was to suffer a long interruption. The promoters of the earliest attempt to found, not a University, but a College whose teaching should be of the University type, were less intent upon the bearing of the academical interests of the nation on its public life in State and Church than had been the contemporaries of Fairfax and Cromwell.

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Those acquainted with English educational history in the 18th century, and in its latter half in particular, are aware with how large a grain of salt the common assertion is to be taken, that this was a period of stagnation in the educational, or for that matter in the religious, life of the country. It is true, with regard to higher education in particular, that our old Universities moved slowly when they moved at all, and that the era of universal examinations had as yet only very partially set in either west or east; it is, also, true that the efforts to recast on an undenominational basis those Nonconformist Academies which, in the previous period, had done much to preserve the love of learning and to enlarge its boundaries were, speaking generally, not crowned with success. But they did much by adhering to and improving on their inherited tradition of breadth of curriculum, and by defying the inevitable charges of shallowness of purpose and dissipation of energy when fostering the study, on the one hand, of history and literature and, on the other, of applied science. Such a scheme was that set on foot, in 1783, by Dr Thomas Barnes, with the support of the newly established Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester—a Society whose history was at a later date to be so intimately and productively connected with our own—for establishing a Manchester Academy, on University lines, to furnish, together with a systematic course of divinity, a preparatory instruction for the other learned professions. But the time was not yet; and the educational history of Manchester during the earlier half of the 19th century comprises, not one movement, but a succession of movements aiming at the same result. The consummation in view was, in 1836, described by James

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Heywood—afterwards one of the original Trustees under John Owens' will and both in and out of Parliament a broad-minded reformer to whose exertions University education in its old as well as in its new seats is deeply indebted—as "not only wanted, but actually called for, in Manchester." The University of London had then been recently founded, and the University of Durham refounded; and the age was one full of new aspirations for light and freedom and progress in every field and in every aspect of the national life.

It was under such influences, which I must not linger to trace, that our Founder, John Owens, and his friend —so far as his College was concerned, his *alter ego*— George Faulkner—attained to manhood. They seem to have belonged, at least in their earlier days, to different religious bodies; but it is sufficient for us that they were, both of them, men of their time, who knew its needs and knew their own minds. We have little to say about our actual Founder—either personally or as to the details of his character and career. But, as we gladly accept the features which look down upon us from the College wall —instead of his holding, like other Founders, a miniature edifice in his hand, since his Trustees did not begin by building—so we may well rest content with the biographical facts noted by the historian of the College and the University—himself long a pillar of both. What we can confidently say of John Owens is, that he had an open mind as well as an open hand, and that, besides a generous disposition and ready intelligence, there had fallen to his lot at least one other academic gift—the gift of friendship. For nowhere does that twice-blest growth take root so naturally and bear fruit so abundantly as in collegiate

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and university life, where we learn much that is of value and at times some things which we might better have left unlearnt, but where we learn nothing so easily at once and so completely as the priceless art or science—call it which you will—of friendship. In what does it truly consist but in loving and hating the same thing—in loving what in the eager days of youth seems to hover near our eyes with the divine mark of the ideal; in hating what in old age we would we might claim to have never failed to spurn with our feet, that which is base and mean. The friendship of the classroom or the playing-ground may or may not settle solidly down into the joint labours, or expand into a common share in the great achievements, of maturity; they may even, as they have in these latter days, suddenly ripen into the comradeship of the camp and the battlefield; but happy they who have enjoyed them at all events in the Maytime of life, since "summer's lease hath all too short a date."

The friendship of John Owens and George Faulkner dated from their schooldays and found its fullest expression in the wellknown circumstances of the revised bequest to the College, of which one of the pair was to become eponymous. They were both Manchester men—the one born and both bred—and the legendary fragments of their talk warrant a belief that their converse, whatever adventitious graces it lacked, had in it some pith. Although the age to which they belonged was awaking to the claims of physical science, of Faulkner at least we know that he was specially desirous to encourage the critical study of sacred literature; while to his fellow-trustees the most suitable acknowledgement of his free gift of the land and buildings first occupied by the College

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seemed the endowment of a chair of political economy—the chair afterwards held by Stanley Jevons, to whose teaching the highest British statesmanship lent a ready ear. Neither the conception of the Founders, as I may call them, of Owens College nor the system carried out from the first by its administrators, involved or implied any thought either of confining the instruction given there to professional teaching or of allowing its balance to lean unduly either to the Faculty of Arts or to that of Science. (Are not, by the way, these Faculties alike ill-named, though the Middle Ages are responsible for the undue expansion of the former, and the 19th century is for the improper restriction of the latter, appellation?) The Owens College, and the University of which it was the nursing mother, have always been true to the full significance of the University idea. The inscription on the tablet to the memory of John Owens, erected by George Faulkner in St John's Church, Deansgate, records, with special emphasis, his *comprehensive* benevolence; the first President of the extended Owens College and first Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University was the seventh Duke of Devonshire, among whose many qualifications were his distinction as a mathematician, and his interest, befitting his descent from a great chemist, in the application of science to metallurgical and chemical industries; his successors were great statesmen, and our present Chancellor is in addition one of the foremost of living English men of letters.

Nor is George Faulkner's the only name to be specially called to remembrance among the Trustees nominated in the will of the Founder of the College. To one of them, indeed, Samuel Fletcher, Faulkner is said, in his turn,

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to have owed the first inspiration of the thought of the foundation in Manchester of a College whose teaching should be on University lines; and there can be no doubt that he was a man of much breadth of view as well as practical beneficence. But who, as I have already hinted, shall trace the genesis of such ideas to their very fountain-head; or, rather, who will refuse to acknowledge that the clearest title to having originated them belongs, not to an individual, but to a generation or age, as the soil on which has fallen the celestial seed of a longing for religion and learning, light and liberty? Two others I should like to mention, both for their own sake and for that of their sons, of whose long labours on behalf of the College and of this community at large I was myself a witness, and who now have also passed away—the one, Mark Philips, the first member for Manchester, and the father of Herbert Philips, in whom his fellow-citizens recognised a man that laboured with incessant care in the cause of humankindness; the other Alderman William Neild, the second (and very nearly the first) Mayor of this city, in whose history he in strenuous days bore a conspicuous part, and the father of Alfred Neild, Chairman of the Trustees at the time of the extension of the College and for many years afterwards its Treasurer and the Chairman of its Council. Many are here who could bear testimony alike to the integrity of his character, to the high-mindedness of his purpose, and to his genuine love of learning, both human and divine. Of James Heywood I have already spoken; the good old name had a good sound in the walls of College and University, accustomed to the silver-tongued eloquence and generous sympathy of the Oliver Heywood of our own days. Alfred Neild

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was succeeded in the Treasurer's chair by Joseph Thompson, the loss of whom City and University have suffered more recently, and whose memory I have already recalled as that of the historian of the institution to which he gave the unstinted and unforgotten services of many years. A still later Treasurer was Edward John Broadfield, never weary of self-sacrificing service, least of all on behalf of the College and University for which he, like other members of his family, cherished so warm an affection.

In Alderman Thompson's lucid pages will be found the names of those of the Founder's Trustees who for various reasons did not act; they include the great name of Richard Cobden, whose house was the first home of the College, and, thanks to the munificence already noted, remained such for the better part of a generation, and that of Dr William Herbert, the first Dean of Manchester, distinguished both as a literary and a scientific writer, whose successor has most kindly taken part in our solemnity to-day. Time also fails me to recite the memorable list of Trustees subsequently appointed, of whom some passed over into the Governing body of the Owens College after its extension into an institution with new endowments, new opportunities and a new future before it, while a large proportion of them were among the Benefactors whose generosity made this extension possible. Among these not a few held leading positions in this community from whose political, commercial and social history, in the middle and later years of the 19th century and after, such names as Hardcastle and Gladstone, Houldsworth and Cheetham, to mention only a few, belonging to different periods, are inseparable. And

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there are two others whom I fain would add—the one that of Robert Dukinfield Darbishire, because the very process of the Extension recalls the ingenious intellect which suggested it, and because none of its administrators or agents served the College with greater fidelity of purpose or in a generous spirit more true to the ends for which knowledge is best worth seeking. The other name is that of John Edward Taylor, whose mind was steeped in the love of what is beautiful and choice, but most of whose life was spent in the control of a great organ of public opinion, established to offer courageous and responsible guidance to the most active portion of an active people in the questions on which the common weal depends. On his generous and munificent encouragement of the work of College and University I can hardly trust myself to dwell; but, speaking impersonally as well as personally, I may assert that, without the goodwill and support of powerful and independent organs of public opinion, it is impossible in our times for a great national undertaking to be successful—I had perhaps better have said, it is impossible for a great undertaking to become national.

The Extension of the Owens College marks the beginning of the second stage of its history, of which the foundation of the University was, as I have said, the natural sequence. To the earlier of these historic processes, accordingly, belong the chief among the honours due to those who took a foremost part in them, who made the new era possible or who gave it reality—though very often they were able to fulfil both functions at the same time. Such was, indubitably, the case with the friend whom alas! we are not forbidden to commemorate to-

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day, Sir Henry Roscoe. Fortunate in many things, though never unequal to his opportunities, he was specially fortunate in this, that the study of Physical, and more especially Chemical, Science was, when he stood on the threshold of his career, advancing, through the endeavours of eminent men, among whom was included his predecessor here, to a position in education such as it had not held before in modern experience, and, more especially, not in that of our own country. The stimulus supplied to the study of his science by the original work, here in Manchester, of Dalton, the aid given to his prosecution of it by the sympathetic support of Dr Henry Edward Schunck, a chief benefactor of our University, and by the unwearied cooperation of Schorlemmer, the advantage derived from the labours in a great cognate science of Joule and, later, of Balfour Stewart, remembered both as a thinker and as a writer, and, in these and other sciences, of eminent veteran and younger colleagues —were, one and all, in his and our favour. But it was his personal power, his undesigned and gladly acknowledged ascendancy over all with whom or for whom he worked, which was the true secret of the success that, as was ungrudgingly confessed by all, seemed to attend on every movement with which he identified himself. Many distinguished men of science worked here with him and after him; but it was the early renown of his chemical laboratory which was the primary cause of the twofold advance of the College to national importance and to national recognition. Yet, how kindly an illustration it is of the happy relations which in our University have always existed between widely different branches of research, that a highly-prized benefaction bestowed upon

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us by our great Chemical teacher should have taken the form of an endowment of historical study—a field of learning in which he had at one time hoped that his son might live to follow in ancestral footsteps!

Of the Extension movement, on Roscoe's invitation, Thomas Ashton assumed the guidance and control—a man born to lead, of great strength of will and greater nobility of purpose—one of that rare type on which Lancashire and England have never ceased to rely when in the face of important tasks and distressful crises. The buildings around us are the best monument of his extraordinary energy, seconded by the never-failing resource of our architect, and the architect of our sister Universities of the North, Alfred Waterhouse. Nor would it be conceivable, on an occasion like this, to pass by the unparalleled services, told and untold, during a long series of years—onward from the time of trial, when the numbers of the College were small and the hearts of many of its friends were faint—of Joseph Gouge Greenwood. On taking over an uncompleted task from his gifted predecessor, he made it the absorbing endeavour and the unselfish ambition of his life, working in thought and act *noctuque dieque*, with the unfaltering steadfastness which faith alone can sustain and carry through to achievement. And, together with his services, you will, I know, be mindful of those of Richard Copley Christie, who had been Greenwood's colleague from the very earliest chapter of our annals onwards, who continued, in various ways, to advance the interests of the College after he had resigned, in succession, the chairs which he had filled in it, and whose gift of his books (which he loved as only scholars of his refined type can love the best of good com-

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pany), and of their domicile the Christie Library, secures him a place among our chief Benefactors. With this munificence we cannot fail to associate (as indeed Christie was one of its joint conducting channels) that perpetuated in name by the hall where we are assembled, and again recalled in another of these buildings, the Engineering Laboratories, the generous gift of Sir Joseph Whitworth conjointly with other administrators and friends of the College, and more especially of Charles Frederick Beyer, Sir William Fairbairn and John Robinson. The first director of these laboratories was, you will remember—for some of us still very tenderly mourn his loss—Osborne Reynolds, a scientific man of rare original genius. If, on the present occasion, I am obliged to place a limit on the mention of individual benefactors, colleagues, and friends, whose names are, as I might say, upon my lips, it is not because, in their connexion with the various branches of our academic work, they are likely to be forgotten by anyone who has, in any capacity or at any time, taken part in it. But, standing as I do actually in the face of a great organised University as a whole, it would be an omission I could not forgive myself, were I not to recall the names of two former colleagues, to whom the initial organisation of the University was largely due—for we cannot easily imagine how it could have first taken shape and form, and have then been enabled to overcome the countless difficulties of its earlier days, without the guidance of Robert Adamson's philosophic mind and the impulse of Arthur Milnes Marshall's genius for action.

Among the men and women whose judicious bene-

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ficence or cordial interest in the work of College and University entitle them to a gratitude which will never find adequate expression, there have been many distinguished in public life; many Governors and Councillors who have left their impress upon our methods of academic rule and progress; many who, trained at this College or University, have since had an active share in the work of its administration or instruction; many who, impelled by an inherited or strenuously trained love of letters or of science, have encouraged that work by precious gifts, and by a sympathy which is the life's breath of intellectual effort. Like the companions of our youth, those who felt with us, thought with us, worked with us in the noontide of life, are, for us at least, beyond the reach of oblivion; these walls seem full of their presence, and this hall of their voices—may their spirits be for ever with us and with our successors!

And, if today we commemorate our Founders and Benefactors in this wider, as well as in the stricter, sense of the terms, so neither should we omit to call to mind those of other institutions of professional, technical, and general education indigenous to this city or county, which the wise and enlightened policy of their authorities has, in successive epochs of our College and University history, grafted on our own growth or closely connected with its educational endeavours. If, without adhering to chronological order—for the consummation of the union was, as some of us remember, a work of many years and of long and anxious deliberation—I mention first among these what has now long been the flourishing Medical School of our University, and of late a ready participant in her loyal contribution to the national efforts for carry-

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ing the present tremendous struggle to an abiding issue, I feel sure of the assent of the members of all the sister Faculties. So far back as 1856—in the distant days not long before the close of the Crimean War—it had been felt that such a union must sooner or later be brought about, if the value and usefulness of the College were not to lack an essential element, and if the training in this part of the country for the great healing profession were not to remain dissociated from the highest scientific instruction. But it had been judged that the time was not yet ripe, and that so great a further responsibility would too heavily weight the College in what still seemed a struggle for existence. Within sixteen years, the aspect of things had changed, and a benefaction as opportune as it was generous (Miss Brackenbury's) eased the way to the blending of Thomas Turner's foundation, the Pine Street School of Medicine, with the Owens College. Yet another three years had scarcely passed, when a University Charter was being sought by the College, and the claims of its large and rapidly increasing Medical School were, especially by one of its foremost teachers, Dr John Morgan, urged as one of the strongest claims of the united institution to the desired national recognition. But, once more, there were to be delays: nor was it till 1883, three years after the grant of the Victoria University Charter, that a Supplemental Charter assured to the University the right of conferring degrees in Medicine and Surgery. Not till that date did the new British University at last stand forth in her academic panoply.

If, among Collegiate foundations intimately associated with our own, and now furnishing in close conjunction

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with it the training required for divines, I first mention the Lancashire Independent College, it is partly because, earlier in the present year, the friends of that institution have been holding their hundredth annual meeting; though it was not till a generation after its birth that it was transferred from Blackburn to this city. When Owens College was opened, the Lancashire College sent to it their students who desired instruction in Arts, and this practice has now for many years been resumed, with happy results to which many here present would be ready to bear personal testimony. Similar arrangements have been, from time to time, made with other denominational Colleges; and, to many of us, it is a cause of special satisfaction to take note of the more recent developments of the efforts which first bore fruit in the *Schola Episcopi* of the learned and broad-minded Bishop Moorhouse—the Egerton Hall for graduates studying Church of England theology, especially for our Manchester Divinity degrees, and St Anselm's Hostel for undergraduates intending to enter later into Holy Orders. Not long after I came here, half a century ago, one of the first pieces of work I did outside my class-room was to arrange Bishop Lee's in some ways unique library bequeathed by him to the College; after that, I had my share, for which I am thankful, of the constant goodwill shown to our University and College by his several successors, beginning with the beloved Bishop Fraser. May this ever be so; and, while the highest of all studies continues to form, as happily it has formed from the first, an organic part of our academic system of teaching and research, may Cathedral and University come together, as they have today, to praise

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the Lord and, in times both of trouble and of prosperity, to show the people of His doings[1]!

From the very early days of the College and after, the process of blending its own activities with those of other educational or learned bodies has continued to expand and raise the scope of its labours. Under this head, I may call to mind, in particular, the absorption in our Evening Courses of the Working Men's College, whose designation recalls the strenuous days of the struggle against ignorance and prejudice by Maurice and his disciples; the transfer to the College of the collections of the Natural History and Geological Societies and their housing and arrangement, under the most capable expert direction, in our own Museum, thenceforth the centre of a wide field of scientific research as well as of popular interest, nowhere stronger than in Lancashire, in the studies which it illustrates. I may further refer to the merging of the work of the Association for the Higher Education of Women, in a happy hour for the great cause it had at heart, in our own class system—the first women's class held within these walls was that of my dear friend Augustus Wilkins, as fine a scholar as was ever bred on the banks of Cam—and to the subsequent admission of women students to their rightful share in higher education and its endowments, as well as in University degrees and distinctions. Nor would you wish me to refrain from recalling the great service rendered to our national education at large, as well as to the interests of our University,

[1] June 1921. As I see this page through the press, I have before me the account of the Quincentenary of the Manchester Cathedral, and of the part taken by the University in the commemoration.

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by those who conceived and carried out the organic union with it of the Manchester and Salford Day Training College, whose work still continues and has entered into a wider and a more comprehensive phase in our newly born Faculty of Education. The wise foresight of its founders, is, we may feel sure, destined to bear fruit more abundantly than ever, as the vital importance of the efficiency of our entire system of education is more widely and clearly recognised. Nor can I pass by the intimate alliance between the Manchester Art Museum and the University Settlement, which has domesticated in ancient walls noble modern conceptions of the services which Art and Learning can render to the people, or other aspects of popular service suggested by our active share in the University Extension movement, and its recent fruitful development in the Workers' Educational Association. Nor, again, can I omit mentioning the intimate association with College and University of the Royal School of Music, destined from the first to flourish in this community as "native and imbued" into its own element. Of still later date are the timely extension and systematisation of a most important side of our academical work by the establishment of the Faculty of Commerce and the inclusion in the University of the Manchester Municipal School of Technology as the Faculty of Technology, in pursuit of an academic policy which experience has already vindicated and which the requirements of the national future will more and more amply justify.

All these passages in our academic history mark so many steps towards unity of endeavour, so many advances towards the strength which unity, and diversity

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in unity, supply; nor need we harbour any doubts as to whether the Founders and Benefactors of these kindred institutions would have felt satisfied, had they been able to foresee this way of accomplishing their high-minded purposes. And there is one other institution of comparatively recent date belonging to our University whose rapid growth many besides myself have watched with a very special interest, and to whose Founders, if I may say so in the presence of some of them, a very real debt is due—I mean the Manchester University Press. I venture to repeat here what, with the same conviction, I have more than once said of kindred institutions elsewhere. The share of our Universities in the guidance of the national mind, as well as in the formation of the national character, depends not only on their teaching; it depends also in the productivity which it is the purpose, as it is the pride, of our University Presses to encourage and to maintain on a level worthy of the Universities themselves. And never was the need of the advancement of this side of academical activity more manifest, than it is certain to be in the era of new intellectual life which will form one of the happiest accompaniments of an abiding peace.

It lies outside my commission, although it would not be alien from my thoughts, today, to ask you to remember with gratitude the Founders of institutions and bodies whose history, while not organically connected with that of our University, is closely bound up with it by personal ties. Such—to instance but one variety among them—are the great libraries of this city, the laboratories of historical and literary researches and studies which have always been cherished by Manchester and Lancashire—

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and "herein in particular," besides our great Free Library, the Library founded by Humphrey Chetham, whose revered name will, I trust, long continue to inspire the labours of the learned Society that bears it, and the princely Rylands Library, the magnificent foundation of a chief Benefactress of our own, Henriquetta Rylands, which is now stretching forth an assuaging hand to the desolation of Louvain.

* * * *

I have done—or rather I have *not* done, for I have but touched the fringe of my subject, while seeking, as it was incumbent on me, to recall to you the wise judgment and noble liberality of the Founders and Benefactors who have gone before us, and whose names are so many links of the inviolable chain binding us to the past of our beloved University. Yet, in speaking of the past, I have also spoken of the present, some part of whose sacrifices and achievements, engraved for ever upon our hearts, as they will some day be inscribed upon these walls, may, without presumption and in no merely conventional way, be traced to the inspiring influences of our common academical life and its traditions. In return, these very sacrifices and achievements are themselves already to be numbered among the most generous and enduring incentives to the exertions of the future, as the pledges of a promise which, with the blessing of Heaven, some of us may live to see redeemed in full. It would not become me to dwell on that future, and, least of all, to say aught as to what new lessons it may have to teach our University, what new tasks it may have to prescribe to her, what new efforts it may have to demand from her to aid in producing and gathering-in the noblest fruits of the restored peace of the world. But there is a word

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of "good counsel" with which I would fain end. It is not mine, though I have a half-conscious feeling of having before now, in speaking to the Masters and Scholars of this University, cited the simple but solemn adjuration of the kindliest of our great poets: "Loke up on hye, and thankè God of alle." Today, in this hour of thoughts both grateful and sorrowful, it is as if we must invert these twin admonitions. Let us, as we were bid in the words which we have heard this morning and which have so often risen from grateful hearts, thank God for those who have been honoured in their generation and left a name behind them, and by whom the Divine Hand has wrought what good things this University has achieved and what great things it may be destined to accomplish in the future. And let us offer our thanks, in particular, for those whose early manhood has earned for them at once the first-fruits and the full guerdon of their efforts—the noblest of deaths and the peace which passeth all understanding. But let not our thanks be the end of our hopes! Before our University lie, with the arduous heights, the sunny plains of the future. In the world of science and in the world of letters, and in the vast range of studies concerned with one or other of the ever multiplying spheres of knowledge, no boundary seeks to prohibit the student's full use of his birthright, the honest search after truth. Over us, and in us, are those moral laws which are eternal. May our University continue to aspire, and may it also continue to trust! Look up on high, not only in anxious quest of the power which springs from knowledge and makes for freedom, but also in perfect assurance of the Wisdom and the Love which are Divine!

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26. THE FOUNDER OF PETERHOUSE

(*Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. III, 1885)

BALSHAM, HUGH DE (*d.* 1286), Bishop of Ely and founder of Peterhouse, Cambridge, was born in the earlier part of the 13th century, most probably in the Cambridgeshire village from which he may be presumed to have taken his name. Matthew Paris, in the only passage where he mentions the Bishop by name, calls him Hugo de Belesale, which is doubtless the reason why Fuller introduces him as "Hugo de Balsham (for so he is truly written[1])." "It was fashionable," says Fuller, "for clergymen in that age to assume their surnames from the place of their nativity"; and "there is no other village of that name throughout the dominions of England." The Bishop's supposed birthplace lies about ten miles from Cambridge and nine from Newmarket, in a pleasant neighbourhood, which justifies to this day Henry of Huntingdon's description of it, cited by Fuller, as "amœnissima Montana de Balsham." The village is one of those specified in 1401, in connexion with a long-standing controversy between the Bishops of Ely and the Archdeacons of Ely who called themselves Archdeacons of Cambridge, as under the direct jurisdiction of the Bishops[2]. At one time the place was an episcopal manor-seat, and Bishop Simon Montague from time to time took up his abode there[3]. A series of "fish-

[1] See *Chronica Majora*, v, 589 and *Worthies*, I, 165.
[2] Bentham's *Ely*, 269.
[3] Mullinger, 224, note 3.

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ponds" attests residential occupation. The Rectory of Balsham was held from about 1330 by William de Hausthorpe, Fellow of Peterhouse and Warden of St John's Hospital till 1334 (he died at Balsham in 1346), and by Dr Andrew Perne (who left a benefaction to the parish, payable by his College) from about 1565 to 1589. The beautiful church, which was restored a generation ago, contains some curious 14th century stalls, a noble rood-screen of the same date, and some fine 15th century brasses[1].

At the time of the death of William de Kilkenny, which occurred in September, 1256 (STUBBS), or possibly as late as January, 1257 (ABP. PARKER), and in any case within two years after his election to the bishopric of Ely, Hugh de Balsham was (according to the usually accepted reading of MATTHEW PARIS) Sub-prior of the Monastery of Ely. As such, it was his duty to assist the Prior, and in his absence to preside over the Convent; he was accordingly lodged in convenient apartments, and a sufficient income was assigned to his office (BENTHAM). The Ely Monks cannot but have been mindful of the unfairness with which, in the earlier part of the century, Hervey, the first Bishop of the See, had carried out the royal mandate for a division of the lands of the Monastery of Ely between the Convent itself and the newly created See; and this may have helped to determine their independent conduct on the death of William de Kilkenny. The last two Bishops had been personages of political consequence. It appears to have been the intention of

[1] (1921). It has recently been adorned by some admirable woodwork, largely designed by the present Rector and wholly executed under his superintendence.

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Henry III to ensure the appointment at Ely of a successor of the same stamp; for upon William's death the King immediately, by special supplicatory letters and official messengers, urged upon the Monks the election of his Chancellor, Henry de Wengham, to the vacant See. But the Monks, or the seven of them whom it was usual for the whole Conventual body to name as electors, acting on the principle (says MATTHEW PARIS) that it is unwise to prefer the unknown to the known, without delay chose their Sub-prior, "a man fitted for the office, and of blameless character." The King, angered at his repulse, refused to accept the election, and allowed John de Waleran, to whom he had committed the custody of the temporalities of the See, shamefully to abuse his trust. Without the fear either of St Ethelreda or of God before his eyes, he cut down the timber, emptied the parks of their game and the ponds of their fish, pauperised the tenants, and did all the harm in his power to the Monks and to the Diocese at large. And while the Bishop-elect and the Convent were hoping to be heard in their own exculpation on a day appointed by the King for the purpose, Henry made use of the occasion to break out into abuse against the choice they had made, inveighing against the Bishop-elect above all on the ground that the Isle of Ely had from of old been a place of refuge for defeated and desperate persons, and that it would be unsafe to commit the custody of a place which was much the same as a citadel to a simple cloistered Monk, feeble, unwarlike, and without experience in statecraft. Accordingly, on the feast of St Gordian and St Epimachus, May 10th, 1257, the election of Hugh, though perfectly in order, was quashed by the united action of the King and Boni-

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face of Savoy, the Archbishop. But, before this (for such seems to have been the order of events), the Bishop-elect had betaken himself to Rome, there to appeal to the Pope (Alexander IV); while the Archbishop had written to his personal friends at the Papal Curia, asking them to thwart Hugh's endeavours. The Archbishop appears (from a statement in Bentham's *Ely*, 179, note 7) to have taken up the untenable position that, should the election be annulled, the appointment would devolve upon himself; in which case he intended to name Adam de Marisco. Hugh spent considerable sums in vindication of his claims; and Henry de Wengham, who had been no party to the royal application in his favour, entreated the King to stay his manœuvres and "armed supplications" against the pious Monks who had chosen a better man than had been recommended to them. When he heard that the famous Franciscan, Adam de Marisco (Marsh), had been proposed by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Boniface), the modest Chancellor protested that either of the two others was worthier of the See than himself. On the other hand, Adam de Marisco (according to the same authority, Matthew Paris, whose prejudice against the Franciscans is transparent), although an old and learned man and a Friar who had renounced all worldly greatness and large revenues in assuming the religious habit, was reported to have given a willing consent to the substitution of himself for Hugh de Balsham.

Hugh de Balsham succeeded in obtaining not only confirmation, but also consecration from Pope Alexander IV, October 14th, 1257 (*Profession Roll of Canterbury*), and returned home. As for Henry de Wengham, his modesty was rewarded by his election to the Bishopric

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of Winchester two years afterwards[1]. Adam de Marisco died within a few months of the termination of the dispute. Had his life been prolonged, his election to the contested bishopric might have exercised a momentous influence not only upon the history of that See, but also upon that of the University with which it was already closely connected. He had been the first Franciscan who read lectures at Oxford, and was, "if not the founder, an eminent instrument in the foundation, of that school, from which proceeded the most celebrated of the Franciscan schoolmen[2]." A generation had hardly passed since the Franciscans had established themselves in England, and already their numbers had risen to more than 1200, and Cambridge as well as Oxford was among the towns where they multiplied. Readers or lecturers belonging to the Order were here appointed in regular succession[3]. The success of the Franciscans at the English Universities was doubtless in some measure due to the fact that, after a violent struggle between the citizens and the University of Paris, ending in 1231, the Regulars had there achieved a complete triumph over the Seculars, and that in this triumph the Franciscans had largely participated[4]. Not only did the Franciscans establish themselves at Cambridge as early as 1224, but in 1249 the Carmelites moved in from Chesterton to Newnham; in 1257 the Friars of the Order of Bethlehem settled in Trumpington Street; and in 1258 the Friars of the Sack or of the Penitence of Jesus Christ settled in the parish

[1] See Matt. Paris, v, 731.

[2] Brewer, *Monumenta Franciscana*, preface, lxxx.

[3] For a list of those at Cambridge, seventy-four in number, see *Monumenta Franciscana*, 555–7.

[4] Crevier, *Histoire de l'Université de Paris*, I, 389 *seqq*.

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of St Mary (now St Mary the Great), whence they were afterwards moved to the parish then called St Peter's without Trumpington Gate. So many Orders, writes Matthew Paris, under the year of Hugh de Balsham's election, had already made their appearance in England, that the confusion of Orders seemed disorderly[1]. At Cambridge there were added at a rather later date (1273) the Friars of St Mary, and two years afterwards the Dominicans. Besides these establishments, older Foundations existed, of which here need only be mentioned that of the Augustinian Canons who had been for a century and a half settled in their priory at Barnwell, and that of the Brethren of St John's Hospital, who were likewise under the rule of St Augustine, and whose House had been founded in 1135 by Henry Frost, a Cambridge burgess[2]. Under these circumstances, there can be little doubt that the succession to the Ely Bishopric of such a personage as the eminent Franciscan, the *Doctor Illustris*, would have been a very important if not a very welcome event for the University of Cambridge, as well, perhaps, as for the Diocese at large; and the election of Hugh de Balsham accordingly possesses, even negatively, a certain significance[3].

Of matters concerning Hugh de Balsham's episcopal administration nothing very noteworthy is handed down to us. He certainly took no leading part in the great political struggle contemporary with the earlier years of

[1] *Chronica Majora*, v, 631.

[2] See Cooper, *Annals of Cambridge*, I, 25–55; and cf. Mullinger, 138–9.

[3] The above account of the dispute and its issue is mainly collected from the *Chronica Majora* of Matt. Paris, v, 589, 611, 619–20, 635–36, 662.

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his episcopate; but there is no reason for supposing that he sided against the leader of the Barons, the friend of the great Franciscan teachers. On the contrary, we have the statement of Archbishop Parker[1] that Hugh de Balsham was one of those Bishops who denounced the penalty of excommunication against violators of Magna Charta and of the Forest Statutes. It is improbable that he sought to effect any important improvements in the architecture of his beautiful Cathedral, in emulation of the achievements in this direction of his last predecessor but one, Bishop Hugh Northwold. On the other hand, he seems to have been a zealous guardian of the rights of his see, and a liberal benefactor both to it and to the Convent out of which it had grown, and to which he had himself so much reason to be attached. Soon after his return from Rome, in the year 1258, he recovered the right of hostelage in the Temple, formerly possessed by the Bishops of Ely, from the Master of the Knights Templars who had contested it. The power of the Templars was already on the wane, and Hugh Bigot, Justiciary of England, condemned the Bishop's opponent to heavy damages and costs[2]. The estate in Holborn, on which the Bishops of Ely afterwards fixed their London residence, was not acquired till the time of Hugh de Balsham's successor, Bishop John de Kirkeby. Bishop Hugh's acquisitions were nearer home. He purchased the manor of Tyd, which he annexed to the See; and in lieu of two churches (Wisbeach and Foxton) which had belonged to the See, and which he had appropriated to the Convent, and of a third (Triplow) which he had assigned to his

[1] *Acad. Hist. Cantab.* appended to *de Antiq. Britann. Eccl.*
[2] Bentham, 150.

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scholars in Cambridge, of whom mention will be made immediately, he purchased for his Bishopric the patronage of three other churches[1]. He augmented the revenues of the Almoner of the Convent by appropriating the Rectory of Foxton to that officer[2]. And we may be tempted to recognise the influence of comfortable Benedictine training as well as a considerate spirit in his obtaining (if it was he who obtained) the papal dispensation granted during his episcopate to the Monks of Ely, which, in consideration of their Cathedral Church being situate on an eminence and exposed to cold and sharp winds, allowed them to wear caps suited to their Order during service in church. On the other hand, he had a vigilant eye upon the indispensable accompaniments of episcopal authority, issuing in 1268 an Order to his Archdeacon to summon all parish priests to repair to the Cathedral every Whitsuntide and to pay their pentecostals, and to exhort their parishioners to do the like, under pain of ecclesiastical censures[3]. In 1275 we find him maintaining the rights of his See against the claims of (the Dowager) Queen Eleanor, who was a benefactress of the University, to present to the Mastership of St John's Hospital at Cambridge[4].

But it is in the services rendered by this prelate to the University of Cambridge itself, where he laid the foundations of a system of academical life which has, in substance, endured for six centuries, that his title to fame consists. Apparently a man without commanding genius, and belonging to an Order which was already thought to have degenerated from its greatness and

[1] Bentham, 150.
[2] *Ibid.* 128.
[3] *Ibid.* 150.
[4] Cooper, *Annals*, 1.

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usefulness, the Benedictine Bishop became the father of the collegiate system of Cambridge, and at the same time the founder of a College which has honourably taken part in the activity and achievements of the university. A few words are necessary to show how Bishop Hugh de Balsham came to accomplish the act that has made his name memorable, and what precedents or examples were followed in the foundation of Peterhouse.

Various circumstances had contributed to hasten the growth of the two English Universities in the earlier half of the 13th century, and to draw closer the relations between them and the University of Paris upon which they were modelled. At Paris, not fewer than sixteen Colleges are mentioned as founded in the 13th century (indeed two are placed as early as the 12th), among which the most famous is that of the Sorbonne, established about 1250. At the Sorbonne, as elsewhere, poverty was an indispensable condition of membership[1]. At Oxford, where the intellectual efforts of Paris had, under the guidance of the Franciscans, been equalled and were soon to be outstripped, it might seem strange that the earliest collegiate foundation—that of Walter de Merton (1264)—should have expressly excluded all members of Regular Orders[2]. But the dangers involved in the ascendancy of the Monks and Friars must have been already patent to many sagacious minds; and it may be worth noting that Bishop Walter de Merton had been Chancellor of the kingdom in the years almost immediately preceding the date of the foundation of his College (1261–2), when the King's troubles were at their

[1] Mullinger's *History of Cambridge*, 127 and note 3.
[2] *Ibid.* 164.

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height[1], and that he was accordingly by position an adversary of the Franciscan interest. And, in any case, the Monks and Friars were already sufficiently provided for, so that there was no need for including them in a new foundation. In 1268, when Hugh de Balsham presumably had not yet formed the design of establishing a college of his own, he appropriated to Merton College a moiety of the Rectory of Gamlingay in Ely Diocese and Cambridge County[2]. These examples, then—for the "hostels" which already existed in the University can hardly be taken into account—Bishop Hugh had before him when, manifestly after mature reflexion, he proceeded, by giving a new form to an earlier benefaction of his own, to open a new chapter in the history of one of our Universities.

The Bishops of Ely, it should be premised, had consistently claimed to exercise a jurisdiction over the University of Cambridge; all the Chancellors of the University, from the middle of the 13th century (1246), when the earliest mention of the dignity occurs, to the end of the 14th, received episcopal confirmation; nor was it till 1433 that the University was by papal authority wholly exempted from the jurisdiction of the Bishops[3]. Indeed, it has been argued that the prerogatives of the Chancellor were originally ecclesiastical, and that the highly important powers of excommunication and absolution were derived by him in the first instance from the Bishop of Ely[4]. This relation is illustrated by the circumstance that, in 1275, Bishop Hugh de Balsham issued

[1] Mullinger, 164, note 1.
[2] Kilner, *Account of Pythagoras's School*, 1790, 87–90.
[3] Bentham, 159, note 7.
[4] Mullinger, 141.

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letters requiring all suits in the University to be brought before the Chancellor, and limiting his own authority to appeals from the Chancellor's decisions[1]. The Bishop's readiness to make a concession to the University deserves to be contrasted with his tenacity in resisting the Master of the Temple and the Queen Dowager. Again, in 1276, the Bishop settled in favour of the University the question of jurisdiction between the Chancellor and the Archdeacon of Ely, who, having the nomination of the Master of the Glomerels (i.e., it would seem, the instructor of students in the rudiments of Latin grammar), sought to make this privilege the basis of further interference with the Chancellor's rights. Bishop Hugh's decision on this head was given with great clearness; and, at the same time, he approved a statute, published by the University authorities, subjecting to expulsion or imprisonment all scholars who, within thirteen days after entering into residence, should not have procured or taken proper steps to procure "a fixed master[2]." Rather earlier, in 1273, under date "Shelford, on Wednesday next after the Sunday when 'Letare Jerusalem' is sung," he brought about a composition between the University and the combative Rector of St Bene't, who had denied to the University the customary courtesy of ringing the bell of his church to convene clerks to extraordinary lectures[3]. Nothing of course could be more natural than that the Bishops of Ely should look with a kindly eye upon the neighbouring seat of learning, as in the 13th century

[1] Mullinger, 225.

[2] Bentham, 150; Mullinger, 226; and cf. as to the Master of the Glomerels *eund.* 140, 340. The entire very interesting decree is printed in Cooper, 1, 56–58.

[3] Cooper, 1, 54.

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it might already be appropriately called. The tradition that the Priory of Canons Regular at Cambridge, known as St John's House or Hospital, "upon" which St John's College was founded several centuries afterwards, was instituted by Nigellus, second Bishop of Ely, rests on no solid grounds[1]; the origin of this House was, in fact, due, as stated above, to the munificence of a Cambridge burgess. Eustachius, fifth Bishop of Ely, it is true, "stands in the front of the founders and benefactors" of St John's Hospital[2], and it was he who appropriated to it St Peter's Church without Trumpington Gate. Hugh Northwold, eighth Bishop, is said by at least one authority to have placed some secular scholars as students there, who devoted themselves to academical study rather than to the services of the church[3]. Bishop Northwold also obtained for the Hospital the privilege of exemption from taxation with respect to their two hostels near St Peter's Church. William de Kilkenny, ninth Bishop, had little time for the concerns of his diocese, though he left two hundred marks to the Priory at Barnwell for the maintenance of two chaplains, students of divinity in the University.

Among the charters of Peterhouse are letters patent of the 9th of Edward I (1280), attested at Burgh Dec. 24, which, after a preamble, conceived in the medieval spirit, about King Solomon, grant to Bishop Hugh the royal approval (licence) of his intention to introduce into his Hospital of St John at Cambridge, in lieu of the secular brethren there, "studious scholars who shall in every-

[1] See Baker, 13, 14. [2] *Ibid.* 17.

[3] The authority is Parker, *Sceletos Cant.*, 1662, cited by Kilner, and by Bentham, 147, note 4.

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thing live together as students in the University of Cambridge according to the rule of the scholars at Oxford who are called of Merton[1]." This document at all events fixes the date of the royal licence, on which there can be little doubt that action was immediately taken. It is clear that Hugh de Balsham's Scholars were placed in St John's Hospital in substitution for the secular Brethren already residing there. Very possibly the designation of the Ely Scholars as "scholars of the Bishops of Ely" may imply an acknowledgment of the anticipation by Bishop Northwold of Bishop Hugh de Balsham's intention to provide for advanced secular students. For not more than four years afterwards, in 1284, it was found that a separation of the two elements would better meet the purpose which the Bishop had at heart. By an instrument dated Doddington, March 31, 1284, which was confirmed by a Charter of King Edward I, dated May 28, 1285, Bishop Hugh de Balsham separated his Scholars from the Brethren of the Hospital. Dissensions had from various causes and on several occasions arisen between the Brethren and the Scholars, and finding a further continuance of their common life "difficult if not intolerable," they had on both sides proffered a humble supplication that the localities occupied as well as the possessions held by them in common might be divided between them. The Bishop accordingly assigned to his Scholars the two hostels (*hospicia*) adjoining the churchyard of St Peter without Trumpington Gate, together with that church itself and certain revenues thereto belonging, inclusive of the tithes of the two local mills

[1] *Documents relating to the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, II, 1.

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belonging to that church. The Brethren were compensated by certain rents and some houses near to their hospital which had formerly been assigned to the Scholars. By further instruments dated severally at Doddington, as above, and at Downham, April 12th of the same year, and confirmed by the same royal Charter, he assigned the church of Triplow, formerly allotted to his Scholars and the Brethren in common, to his Scholars alone[1].

This account agrees with the statement in the second of the statutes afterwards given to Peterhouse by Simon Montague (seventeenth Bishop of Ely, 1337–45), April 9th, 1344, according to which his predecessor, Hugh de Balsham,

> desirous for the weal of his soul while he dwelt in this vale of tears, and to provide wholesomely so far as in him lay for poor persons wishing to make themselves proficient in the knowledge of letters by securing to them a proper maintenance, founded a house or college for the public good in our university of Cambridge, with the consent of King Edward and of his beloved sons the prior and chapter of our cathedral, all due requirements of law being observed; which house he desired to be called the House of St Peter or the Hall (*Aula*) of the scholars of the bishops of Ely at Cambridge; and he endowed it, and made certain ordinances for it (*in aliquibus ordinavit*) so far as he was then able, but not as he intended and wished to do, as we hear, had not death frustrated his intention. In this house he willed that there should be one master and as many scholars as could be suitably maintained from the possessions of the house itself in a lawful manner.

Bishop Simon adds that the capabilities of the House had since proved barely sufficient for the support of fifteen persons, viz. a Master and fourteen Scholars (Fellows),

[1] Both instruments are recited at length in the charter confirming them; see *Documents*, II, 1–4.

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a number which has only in our own days been reduced to that of a Master and eleven Fellows[1].

It would be useless to enquire to what precise extent the Statutes of Simon Montague represent the wishes of the Founder. There can, however, be no reasonable doubt but that in general they closely correspond to them, more especially as the second of Bishop Simon's Statutes declares his intention of following the desire of Bishop Hugh to base the Statutes of Peterhouse upon those of Merton[2]. The Peterhouse Statutes are actually modelled on the fourth of the Codes of Statutes given by Merton to his College, which bears date 1274. Accordingly, the formula "ad instar Aulæ de Merton" constantly recurs in Simon Montague's Statutes, e.g. in Statutes 16, 22, 28, 30, 39, 40, 57, 58. Inasmuch as, according to Statute 43, a Fellow who has entered into a monastic Order is after a year of grace to vacate his fellowship, Hugh de Balsham may fairly be assumed to have, in the same spirit as that in which his successor legislated for his College, designed that it should provide assistance for students, without, on the one hand, obliging them to become monks, or, on the other, intending anything hostile against monasticism. The endowment of the College was not given, as the same Statute affirms, "nisi pro actualiter studentibus et proficere volentibus." It must be allowed that the true principle of collegiate endowments could not be more concisely enunciated[3]. The directions taken by the studies of the College were necessarily determined by the educational views of the age; but Statute 27 shows it not to have been intended that the study of Divinity should

[1] *Documents*, II, 7–8.
[2] *Ibid.* II, 8.
[3] See Mullinger, 233.

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either absorb all the energies of the College, or be entered upon until after a preliminary study of the "Liberal Arts[1]." It may be added that Statute 27, which allows one or two Scholars of the College at a time to carry on their studies at Oxford, is most inaccurately represented by Warton's assertion[2], that "Bishop Hugh de Balsham orders in his statutes, given about the year 1280, that some of his scholars should annually repair to Oxford for improvement in the sciences—that is, to study under the Franciscan readers."

Bishop Hugh de Balsham did not long survive the foundation of Peterhouse. He died at Doddington on June 15th, 1286, and was interred on the 24th of the same month in his Cathedral Church, before the high altar, by Thomas de Ingoldesthorp, Bishop of Rochester[3]. His heart was separately buried in the Cathedral near the altar of St Martin[4]. His benefactions to his Foundation had been numerous, and are duly recorded in the same memorandum, "to wit, four 'baudekins' with birds and beasts, five copes, of which one is embroidered in red, a chasuble, a tunic and a dalmatic, three albs, two cruets, the church of St Peter without Trumpington gates, the two hostels adjoining, mill-tithes" (i.e. of Newnham mills), "several books of theology and other sciences, and three hundred marks towards the building of the

[1] In short, the studies encouraged are advanced studies in Divinity as well as (in a less liberal measure) in Law and Medicine. These were the higher University studies of the age, and the spirit of Hugo de Balsham's Foundation was therefore the same as that which animates the highest conceptions of academical work in our own day.

[2] *History of English Poetry*, section 9.

[3] Bentham, 151.

[4] See memorandum appended to Peterhouse Statute of 1480 in *Documents*, II, 45.

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college." According to another source of information[1] the books and the three hundred marks were left by the Bishop in his last will; and with the money his Scholars purchased a piece of ground on the south side of St Peter's Church (now St Mary the Less), where they erected a very fine Hall. There seems reason to believe that the land on part of which the present Hall is built was bought by the College from the Brethren de Sacco and the Brethren of Jesus Christ. For the rest, the College records of the Founder are extremely meagre, and dwell especially on his good works in appropriating rectories to religious and educational purposes, but not without at the same time compensating the See at his own personal expense.

The services and benefactions of Hugh de Balsham were not left unacknowledged either by his College or by the University. The latter, by an instrument dated Cambridge, May 25th, 1291, and sealed with the University seal, bound itself annually to celebrate a solemn commemoration of his obit[2]. His successors have, through all the changes which the Statutes of the College have undergone, remained its Visitors. It is noticeable in this connexion that, when in 1629 an amended Statute was obtained at the instance of the College from Charles I, prohibiting the tenure of fellowships by more than two natives of the same county at the same time, an exception was made in favour of Middlesex, and of Cambridgeshire with the Isle of Ely, whence "the greater part of the College income is derived." Of these two counties four natives might simultaneously hold fellowships[3], it having

[1] See Bentham, 151. [2] Bentham, 151.
[3] Peterhouse statute of Charles I in *Documents*, II, 105.

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been urged that "Hugo de Balsham, the Founder, and all the prime benefactors of the College were of those counties (the southern) which the statute" of Warkworth, assigning half the fellowships of the College to the north of England, "most wrongs[1]." Quite recently, when, on the occasion of the restoration of the Hall at Peterhouse, the College and its friends provided for a becoming artistic commemoration of its worthies and benefactors, the place of honour was as of right assigned to a finely imagined semblance of its revered founder. It may be added that the arms of Peterhouse (gules, three pales or) are those of its founder, with the addition of the border, usual in the case of religious foundations[2].

[*Matthæi Parisiensis Chronica Majora*, ed. Luard, vol. v, Rolls series, London, 1880; Bentham's *History and Antiquities of the Conventual and Cathedral Church of Ely*, Cambridge, 1771; Mullinger's *University of Cambridge from the earliest times to the Royal Injunctions of* 1535, Cambridge, 1873; *Documents relating to the University and Colleges of Cambridge*, vol. II, London, 1852; *Statutes for Peterhouse*, approved by H.M. in Council (preamble), Cambridge, 1882; Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, vol. II, Cambridge, 1842; Baker's *History of the College of St John the Evangelist, Cambridge*, ed. Mayor, Cambridge, 1869; *Monumenta Franciscana*, ed. Brewer, Rolls series, London, 1858. The late Mr E. R. Horton, Fellow of Peterhouse, and afterwards a generous Benefactor of the College, most kindly revised the whole of this article, and made numerous valuable suggestions embodied in it.]

[1] Peterhouse statute of Charles I in *Documents*, II, 99.
[2] Bentham, Appendix, p. 42.

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27. POSTSCRIPT AND ENVOI

[1921]

I HAD at first thought of concluding this Collection by reprinting (with permission) an article entitled *The Peterhouse Sexcentenary*, which appeared in *The Saturday Review* on December 20th, 1884, two days before the actual celebration of the event—one of supreme interest to all members of our beloved College. But the earlier part of that article has been anticipated in the notice of the Founder which I have been allowed to reproduce from the *Dictionary of National Biography*; while the remainder is, in more senses than one, too imperfect a record of the historic achievements of Peterhouse to let its revival, except in the case of a sentence or two, seem desirable. The occasion was, indeed, a memorable one; but, like all things human that belong to the past, it already has its melancholy side. The dinner in Hall was graced by the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence, then Heir-Apparent to the Throne; it was presided over by my predecessor, Dr Porter, who had identified his own career with the promotion of the honour and welfare of his College, and to whom was mainly owing its recovery, in its outward aspect, of much of the dignity of its past, enhanced by artistic additions of a high order. The most effective speech at the dinner was that of the late Mr Russell Lowell, then Ambassador of the United States to this country. Another of the guests was Lord Hartington (afterwards Duke of Devonshire and Chancellor of the University), who announced to us—*eheu!*—the approaching relief of Khartoum. But the lapse of

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years since the Sexcentenary of 1884 has added so largely to the list of members of Peterhouse whom we then commemorated, at least in spirit, as to leave it wholly inadequate. Brought up to the present date, it would include, above all, the great scientific name of Lord Kelvin, long our Senior Fellow, and always a most loyal son of the College, together with that of his congenial partner in the time-honoured combination of "Thomson and Tait." The College has had the sympathy of a host of former pupils in the loss of Routh, the legitimate successor of Hopkins as, for many a year, the leading mathematical teacher in the University. Like these have passed away, among eminent servants of Church and State, the late Archbishop Maclagan, whose refined personality will long continue a cherished remembrance; Lord Gorell, one of the pleasantest of friends, as he was one of the most understanding of Judges; our recent benefactor, Sir Charles Abercrombie Smith (one of Routh's most successful pupils); Sir Richard Solomon, another distinguished South African administrator; Sir William Henry St John Hope, the eminent antiquary; and Dr Herbert Birdwood, the light of our eyes as an undergraduate, and afterwards a public servant whose devotion and beneficent activity is unforgotten in India, with many others, whose merits and whose attachment to Peterhouse, as those of the few I have mentioned, I half falter in recalling.

But I have a further reason for leaving my article on the *Peterhouse Sexcentenary* unreprinted, except in a passage or two. And this is the utter incompleteness of its references to the Worthies of our College history in the course of its first six hundred years. This *caveat*

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applies very specially to the list of our Benefactors, medieval and modern, before and after Dr Perne, whose own memory should be assured, at all events, of our gratitude. It applies, likewise, to our long list of distinguished ecclesiastics, including a galaxy of Archbishops and Bishops in Tudor times, and later—among them John Cosin, perhaps the most illustrious of all our Prelates, as his name was that most intimately connected with the vicissitudes of our College history before, during and after the Revolutionary crisis[1]. It applies, again, to our list of statesmen, diplomatists and politicians of various kinds and colours—which comprises active servants of the State from Edward IV to Elizabeth, a troop of gallant Peterhouse combatants and sufferers for the cause of the Crown and the Episcopal Church, and a less numerous band of adherents to Parliament and Puritanism, with John Penry, who died for his invectives, as perhaps the earliest, and Colonel Hutchinson as (thanks to his wife) certainly the best-remembered, among them. In the 18th century and afterwards, our connexion with politics was less marked—perhaps the most conspicuous figures of this class are those of the Duke of Grafton, George Tierney and the first Lord Ellenborough[2]. His name

[1] Henry (afterwards Cardinal) Beaufort, an ecclesiastic of whom one seems obliged to speak with bated breath—for the Chair of St Peter was at one time thought within his reach—resided here, according to our Computus Roll, as a "perendinant" in 1388–9. A prelate of a very different type—no other than Hugh Latimer—was, in a wider sense than Cardinal Beaufort, a Peterhouse man, having been a pupil of John Watson, a Fellow of the College, before the latter became Master of Christ's.

[2] He was son of Dr Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle and Master of the College, with which his family long maintained a valued connexion.

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antithetically suggests that of another Chief Justice, Sir Francis Pemberton, the defender of the Seven Bishops against the despotic efforts of James II; and with these are associated a long list of earlier and later legal luminaries. The sister profession of Medicine attracted not a few Peterhouse men in the Tudor and Stewart periods, among whom two at least became Presidents of the College of Physicians, while later, Sir William Browne, whose Benefaction to the College was absorbed by the University, stood forth on behalf of the self-reliance of British Medicine and Surgery. Before him, Sir Samuel Garth had, in spite of doubters, vindicated the time-honoured connexion between Medicine and Letters. And, though I fear we cannot, as we once thought we could, claim the great name of William Harvey for Peterhouse[1], we may, in recalling those of some of the leaders in academical studies proper who were members of the House, refer with full confidence to the series of distinguished mathematicians, physicists and other men of science, of whom Peterhouse was the seminary—from John Holbrook, Chancellor of the University, Master of Peterhouse, and one of the foremost mathematicians of his age (the earlier half of the 14th century)[2] to Henry Cavendish, the great silent discoverer and the true predecessor of the men of science who were the pride of the College in these latter days. The list of our Classical scholars from Jeremiah Markland to Shilleto, has been shorter (we can reckon but one Senior Classic—the late George Druce—against

[1] On the other hand, we may (on unimpeachable evidence) so claim that of the celebrated *dilettante* in Science, Sir Kenelm Digby.

[2] The fame of the younger Isaac Barrow may be said to belong to Trinity.

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four Senior Wranglers); but it includes some distinguished names. If, on the other hand, I return with pardonable partiality to the historians, I must begin with John Warkworth, the Lancastrian Chronicler in his Master's Lodgings. When, in after days, the Professorship of Modern History (coupled with that of another "elegant" study, Modern Languages) was established in the University, it was conferred upon Samuel Harris of Peterhouse, and after his death it passed to Shallett Turner of the same College. For a few months it was in the hands of a Trinity man, and was then accepted by the true scholar and faultless poet whom Peterhouse could, unhappily, no longer claim as her own. When, without taking into account Thomas Campion, the popularity of whose musical genius did not prevent his dying in obscurity, or Joseph Beaumont, Master of the College and the honoured author of *Psyche*, one thinks of Crashaw and Gray, one is fain to conclude that Peterhouse has not been fortunate with its poets; while of Thomas Heywood, "the prose Shakespeare," whose hand was, however, in too many plays to prove itself a master-hand in all, no trace seems to remain either in the College or in the University. As for Gray himself, it seems time for the tragicomedy of his parting from Peterhouse to be forgotten in charity to both sides. Rather would one indulge a fancy that the peaceful gardens and grove of his old College were not absent from his mind when, in the beautiful "Ode for Music" he recalled the level lawn which he had trodden, and

> The brown o'er-arching groves,
> Where willowy Camus lingers with delight.

The last Peterhouse man who has filled the Chair of

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Modern History was the late Professor Smyth, a resident of great social gifts, whose lectures are still held in respect, and are said to have been very popular, till the establishment of the Little-go carried off the majority of his hearers. Thus cruelly was avenged the memory of John Jebb of Peterhouse, the examining reformer of a previous generation, who was born out of his time and that of the comprehensive examination systems of later days, so fully grasped by tutors like the late Barnard Smith.

The gaps which it would be necessary to fill in revising my rapid survey of 1884 are, fortunately for the College and those interested in its life and progress, supplied in the admirable volume on *Peterhouse* contributed to the *Cambridge College Histories* series by my friend Dr T. A. Walker, the present Senior Bursar and Librarian of the College. The connected account of its history there given he has since supplemented by his *Admissions to Peterhouse from* 1615 *to* 1911, with biographical notes, published by our University Press in 1912, and he hopes to add a volume of Admissions before 1615, and possibly another, dealing particularly with the lives of the successive Members of the Society. To these sources I feel it a pleasant duty, in taking leave of my readers, to refer them for an appreciative account of the good men and true, whose lives and work have together made the fame of the College to which it has been the privilege of my life to belong. The last period of our College history through which we have passed together has been that of the Great War—of whose sacrifices and losses Peterhouse has had its full share.

Among all the Worthies of the College who look

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down into our Hall from its windows of stained glass, the primary honour remains, of course, due to the Founder himself, whose image occupies the centre of the magnificent window at the head of the High Table. If,

> as long as Balsham's stone
> Shall stand on ground,

the principle of his foundation continues to be held in honour, neither will University Commissions interfere with its traditions, nor time tarnish its honourable name. Of illustrious men, we know, all the world is the sepulchre, but even a small College, where education and learning are truly cherished, may be the seminary.

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